JUNE 8, 1946 10c

Liberty

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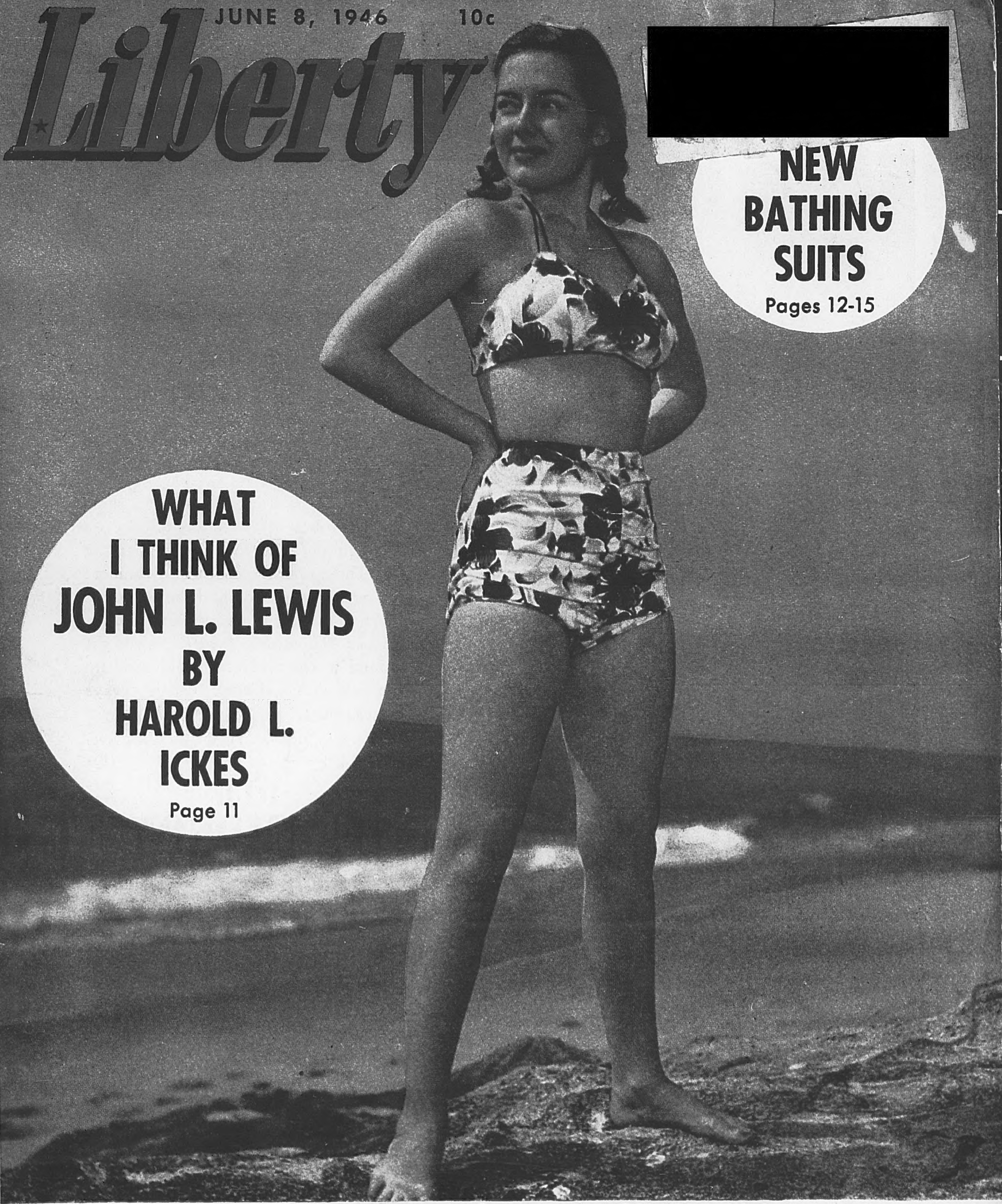

NEW BATHING SUITS

Pages 12-15

WHAT I THINK OF JOHN L. LEWIS BY HAROLD L. ICKES

Page 11

Book: HOW TO BE A CIVILIAN

Morton Thompson's hilarious last word on the subject

When the course has been long,
And your bets have been wrong,
And you've beat down the rough
all day.

The nineteenth is where
There's a drink and a chair—
To drive all your troubles away.

H. E. Kelley

What makes the 19th the #1 hole

Win, lose or draw, there's one thing you can bet on with confidence—a "Thompson" highball. That's because Old Thompson is blended by Glenmore in Kentucky and you find the Glenmore touch-of-quality in every tasty sip.... Choose "Thompson" when next you get around to the nineteenth and wind up the day with a partner who is always par excellent.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Blended Whiskey
A Glenmore Product

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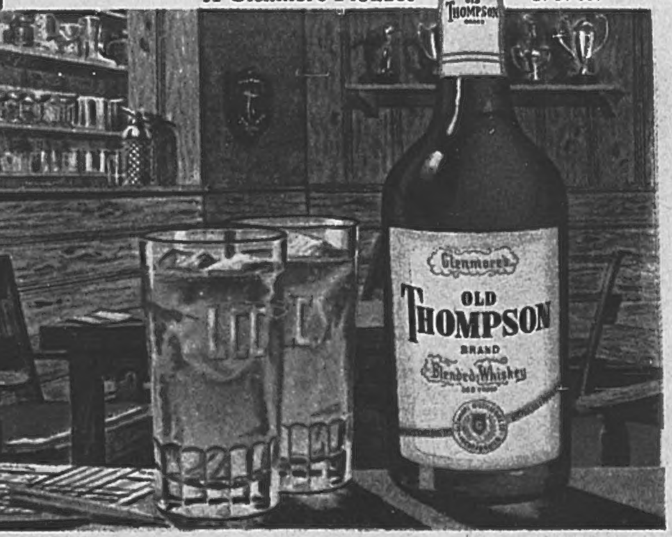

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Note striking family resemblance between Mother, Jimmie and Ronnie—around the mouth, especially! Those sparkling three-of-a-kind smiles are proof that the Allen teeth and gums get proper care. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

How a Model Mother became a Star Model

Her sparkling smile made camera fan Genevieve Allen a camera star

"ALL I wanted, really, was to learn photography, my husband's hobby," insists lovely Mrs. Charles Allen of Beverly Hills.

"But photographers told me that a smile like mine belonged in *front* of the camera. So I became a glamour gal—*me*, with Jimmie 8 years old and Ronnie 4!"

Now, Genevieve Allen knows what every successful model knows—the importance of a sparkling smile. So she's making sure her young sons guard their future smiles, too, by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Mrs. Allen's dental care *must* be a good one—it's based on the very same theme that thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start Today with Ipana and Massage

A fight in the family as Mother referees, to be followed by the other half of nightly workout—on teeth and gums with Ipana. For neglected gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

This way to a handsome smile. Trust a "model" mother to safeguard the future smile of her son. She sees to it that after Ronnie brushes his teeth vigorously, he massages a little extra clean-tasting Ipana on his gums to speed up needed circulation and help keep gums from becoming soft and tender.

If parents went to school today, they'd learn what so many children already know--the value of gum massage. For proper care of teeth and gums is taught in thousands of classrooms. A nationwide survey shows 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*

so **good**

...it invites comparison

Make the test yourself. Compare Motorola for BEAUTY • PERFORMANCE • TONE with ANY radio at ANY price!

Model illustrated is a powerful Motorola portable that enables you to take music along wherever you go. The built-in AERO-VANE antenna brings in every program with power and clarity. Operates on its own batteries and/or AC/DC current. Ask your dealer for demonstration today!

ORIGINATORS OF THE FAMOUS "HANDIE TALKIE"

Motorola PORTABLE Radio

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

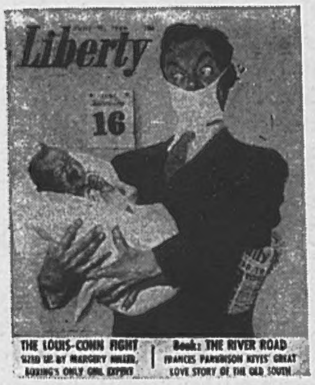
FICTIONEER

ERNEST LEHMAN is one of those rare persons who set out to be a writer and never did anything else. Fiction is now his forte, but it was when he was writing articles about Broadway personalities that he met the fast-moving, hard-boiled crowd who figure in many of his stories. He's also a dramatic critic and radio gag writer. With a story about to be made into a movie, he's now hibernating in Provincetown and working on a novel. Probably he would have been a perfect first sergeant, because nobody, including his wife, can make a bed to satisfy him. He's glad to make his own and lie in it, thinking up short stories like YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG TWICE on page 34.

TENNIS CHAMP

BOBBY RIGGS and tennis have been practically synonymous since 1936, when he broke into sports headlines by copping the National Junior Championship. And he stayed right there—winning the Wimbledon championship in 1939, and the American Singles in 1939 and 1941. After a stint with the Navy as athletic specialist, he returned to the courts to wrest the World's Professional crown from Donald Budge, and defended it successfully six weeks later in a sensational indoor match. Having jumped the fence from the amateurs to the pros himself, he's in an ideal spot to tell why and how the pros are BUSTING THE TENNIS RACKET (see page 18).

NEXT WEEK


Liberty
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THE LOUIS-CONN FIGHT SIZED UP BY MARGERY MILLER, BOXING'S ONLY GIRL EXPERT
Book: THE RIVER ROAD FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES' GREAT LOVE STORY OF THE OLD SOUTH

HOW long will the Japs twiddle their thumbs in the face of MacARTHUR'S MISTAKES? With the experts twiddling theirs, says Victor Boesen, and the military running Japan, the average Nip finds little in democracy either to warm him or feed him. . . . Let a female fight expert give you the odds on Louis and Conn. In "IN THIS CORNER . . . !" Margery Miller casts an intuitive eye on the biggest battle since V-J Day—and maybe sticks her pretty neck out. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE RIVER ROAD, by Frances Parkinson Keyes, is a moving and colorful love story of Louisiana.

TIRE TROUBLES DON'T HAPPEN...
THEY'RE COMMITTED!

Don't scrunch your tires into the curb even at 3 miles an hour for that's the way flats are born.

Don't jam your tires between the steel rim and a stone curb, or bang them into sharp road ruts, or slam them across car tracks at high speed—especially when underinflated—for you may rupture the ply fabric, and then a thousand miles or more later you'll have a flat tire.

Any LEE TIRE service man can forecast such failures weeks in advance by taking off the tire and inspecting the casing on the inside, so have your tires inspected regularly.

No road condition can build up enough internal pressure to explode a sound LEE passenger car tire. They'll take a terrific beating for thousands of miles but even they can be abused and neglected.

Tire troubles don't happen; they're committed; and care is the obvious antidote.

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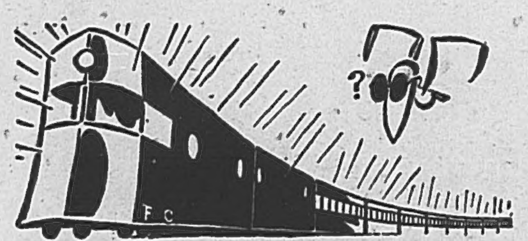
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

NOTHING BUT ROMANCE

Chicago, Ill.—No doubt There's Romance in Railroads, as Paul Gallico says (April 20). But if the railroads don't do something besides decorate their interiors and exteriors, there isn't going to be much left but romance as far as cross-country passenger traffic is concerned.

For a change, how about working on noiseless cars, smoother than air traffic, and 100 miles or better average per hour?—*John Fletcher.*



Most war-worn train travelers will, we think, settle for fulfillment of Mr. Gallico's predictions.—Vox Pop Editor.

NO MORE BEATINGS

Topeka, Kans.—We are at this very moment edging slowly into the humanitarian age. There was a time when anyone so inclined could beat his horses, dogs, children, and wives unmercifully without compunction or interference. Those unhappy days are gone, let us hope, forever.—*Carrie Miller Briles.*

Obviously, Miss Briles is not a careful reader of newspapers.—Vox Pop Editor.

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Sasakwa, Okla.—Let me say with all sincerity, and as a small dirt and stock farmer, that the very things which Paul Hunter so loudly praises the "courageous General Motors" for in his editorial (April 27) are the very things that are fermenting the isms among the common people.

The people I know are ready to defend the American way of life with their lives, but they are beginning to doubt that the American way means that some must do the labor with just a very short inexpensive vacation (if they happen to be lucky), while others do very little and live in luxury with their yachts.

If the big corporations keep on refusing to give the producers (the laborers) a share in the things they produce sufficient for a decent living, something is going to happen in this country a lot of people are going to regret. And the labor unions won't be the cause of this, either.—*G. S. Ramsey.*

VOICES FROM THE FARM

Trail, Oreg.—So you can't make a living on a farm (Vox Pop editor's note, April 27). Are you kidding? *I* haven't heard of any farmers actually dying of said inability. More deaths, according to statistics, occur from nervous prostration, trying to eke out a living in the city and keep up with the Joneses.—*Carma McCarty.*

Amen!—Vox Pop Editor.

Johnstown, Pa.—Evidently you don't know very many real farmers. How do all our farmers live, if they can't make a living on a farm?—*Mrs. Howard H. Weaver.*

Tipton, Mo.—A person who likes the idea of getting out of the rush of city life and getting his hands soiled with God's good earth, one who gets a thrill from seeing crops of vegetation, animals, poultry grow and mature under his guidance, and one who has reasonable intelligence, can succeed on the farm! And he will thoroughly enjoy the labors and study needed to attain success!—*Ellis J. Nickel.*

South Carolina—I know you can make a living on a farm, for my father has—and with fifteen mouths to feed, too! The boys are husky and the girls are nice—complete with curves too.—*J. P. Tanner, Jr.*

BACK TO NORMALCY

Fairfield, Calif.—Inflation is always caused by shortage, and shortage is always the result of too much control by those who know nothing about it.

Supply and demand will eventually have to regulate prices, as it has always done in the past and will do after the New Deal has been forgotten.

Why let any man defy nature? It will catch up with him sooner or later, and the sooner it does, the sooner prices will settle down to normal.—*E. L. Dearborn.*

PLUG FOR THE VETS

Chicago, Ill.—As personnel director of a company employing some 250 people, I get hot under the collar when I read a letter like Dave Connell's (Vox Pop, April 20), criticizing the work of ex-servicemen.

In our organization I have about 100 of them and they stand out head over heels above all other employees. Their attendance is nearly perfect; their production tops.—*E. Nordbol.*

LABORATORY ATROCITIES

Lansing, Mich.—We real humanitarians are not made monkeys of by propaganda articles like The Lady Is No Monkey, by Robert T. Furman (April 27). Its purpose is just to rationalize the cruel practices and atrocities practiced on the animal kingdom in the laboratory. The posed monkey pictures were obviously the skill of an artist hooked up with the vivisectionists.

You underrate our intelligence a little with those gentle diaper-and-bottle pictures. Why not show the true ending of Colette, the lady monkey? She will have long needles pushed into her, leaving her paralyzed; or, better yet, have a camera shot with a cancerous tumor planted on her. And then she'll be experimented on without end until her death.—*Beryl M. Shook.*

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT

Baltimore, Md.—Maybe in the long run the meek shall inherit the earth, as Francis A. Brogan says in Vox Pop, April 27. But when it comes right down to you and me, it's survival of the fittest.—*C. R. L.*

TENNIS AND GLAMOR DON'T MIX

Marblehead, Mass.—Probably some of our boys, after seeing the picture of Rebel Randall (Camera Eye, April 20), will choose her as "Miss Tennis Ball of 1947"—if she lives that long. I only say this because if she really did play tennis that auspicious day, she undoubtedly died a horrible death. Take a look at those shoes! If she ever tried to chase a ball, she couldn't help but turn her ankle, fall, and break her pretty neck. Not only that, but shoes of that sort are not allowed on the tennis courts.

And now, traveling up to "My, what nice teeth she has!" how about that bra top? One good back-hand swing and she'd not only lose the bra but her dignity as well.—*Lois I. Thompson.*

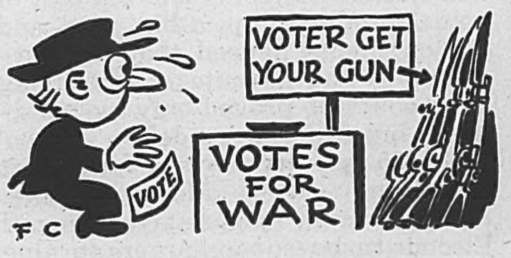
A masterpiece of understatement.—Vox Pop Editor.

ROAD TO WORLD PEACE

Winterhaven, Calif.—Sure as gospel there is a way to world peace. Conscientious objectors in concentration camps are demonstrators to it but lack moral support. An army of them is the answer to world peace. —*H. C. Wray.*

Nampa, Ida.—If the people really want future peace instead of talk, they cannot leave it to the financial and military powers that be.

Instead, the people must demand that they, and they alone, have the sole power to declare, or not to declare, war by direct vote. And if a majority should vote for war, those so voting would constitute the combat forces and all military personnel. —*Nathan E. Hcston.*



YOU'VE GOT TO COMPROMISE

New York, N. Y.—So Wallace, if he were President, would command the respect of both our former allies, and would be able to act as mediator and leader in world affairs. I beg to differ with Dorothy Warriner (Vox Pop, May 4).

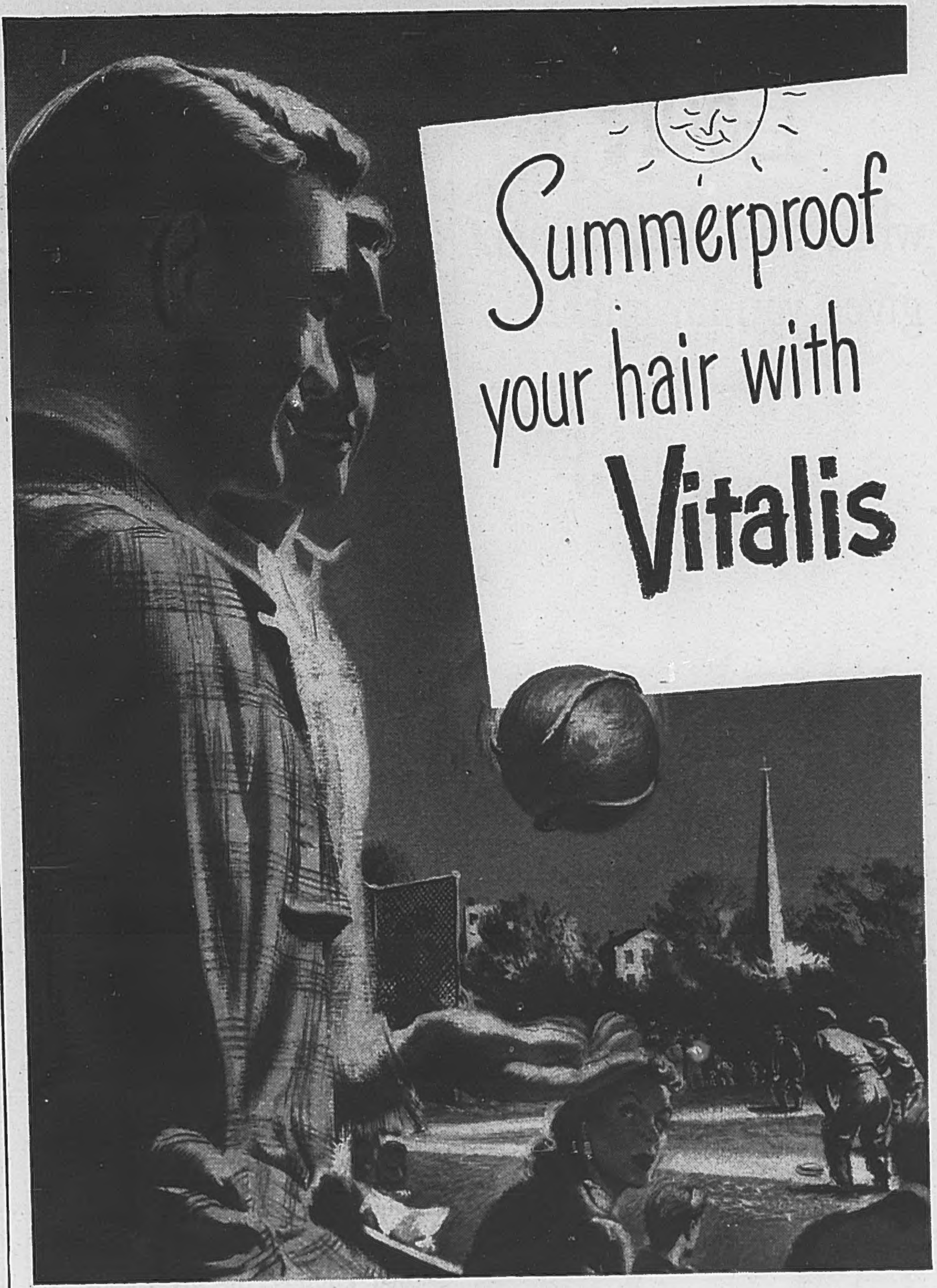
Did anybody ever explain to her the necessary relationship of compromise and mediation (and leadership and respect for that matter)? Wallace doesn't know the meaning of the word "compromise," and until he learns it he can never sit down at a diplomatic table and thrash things out—conversationally or otherwise. —*James R.*

Is compromise a synonym for appeasement?—Vox Pop Editor.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Baltimore, Md.—There seems to be a slight mix-up as to which baby is which in the Camera Eve (April 27). My son, Ian Duncan, is not the perplexed child, but rather the elated one looking directly into the camera.—*Andrew A. Duncan.*

The perplexed one was the caption writer. —Vox Pop Editor.


Summerproof your hair with Vitalis

Summer's really hard on your hair.

Precious, protective natural scalp oils are baked out by the sun, washed out by water, dried out by the wind . . . leaving you with dull, brittle, impossible-to-manage hair.

But . . . ! Now that Vitalis is back you can *"Summerproof"* your hair!

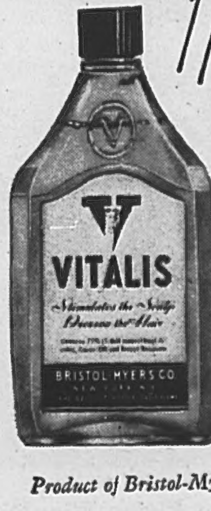
Here's the quick, easy, "weatherbeating" way to better-looking hair than you've had in many a summer!

here's how

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. Before you exercise, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis are in there helping natural scalp oils do their job. You're *protected,* come sun or water. Now, 10 seconds to comb. You're looking swell . . . thanks to the "60-Second Workout!"

2. After exercising, repeat. This time, Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" have a different job: To help replace protective oils the sun dried out and water washed away. Feel that stimulating tingle as you rout loose dandruff, help retard excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb, and look at you! Handsome. And set to *stay* that way!



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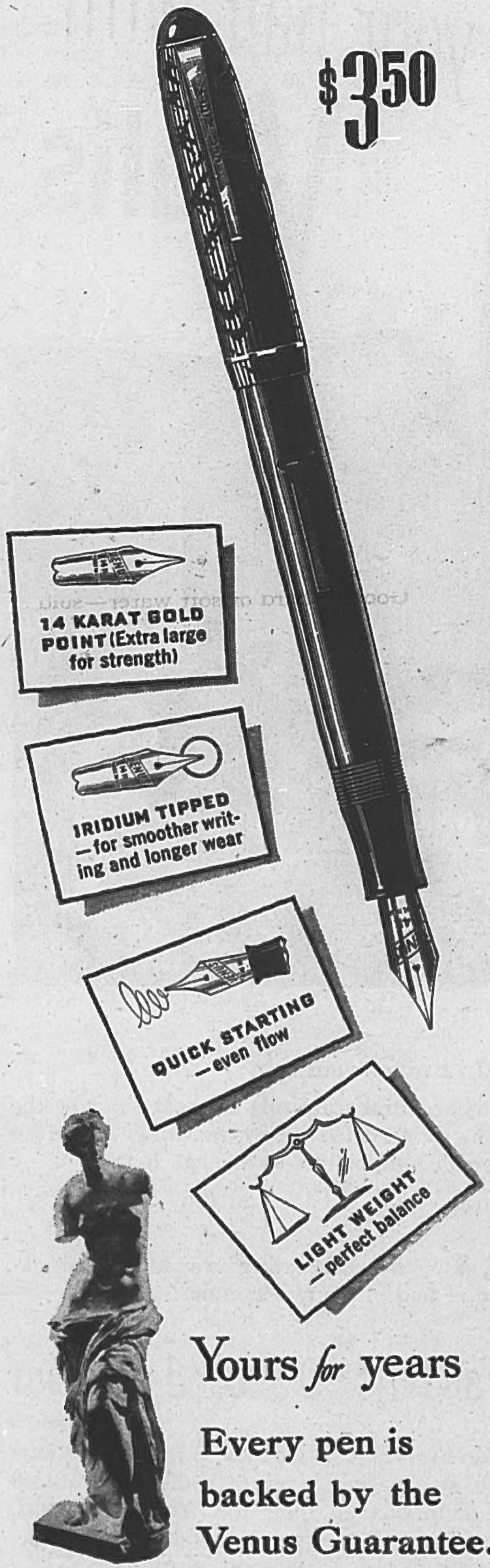
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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Now it's unveiled—the Northrop Flying Wing, a wartime secret, huge and bat-shaped, first aircraft of a new, different type

THE Northrop Flying Wing unveiled recently at Hawthorne, California, is the culmination of many years of dreams and ideas in the minds of aeronautical engineers. Without much doubt it is the 1946 sensation of the air.

An odd-looking giant, it is an Army war product. Originally designed for ultra long-range bombardment, it now appears as a potential economical cargo carrier. Cost of the first one: $13,000,000. Benefit: now that the war is over it will prove or disprove a great many aerodynamic theories, for this Flying Wing is just what its name implies—a true wing.

Early in the war there were press reports about the Flying Wing. Then the Army clamped down completely, and during the days of censorship not even a mention of such an aircraft could be given in the public prints. But those who knew of this big 89,000-pound airplane have awaited with intense interest the unveiling and the first flight tests.

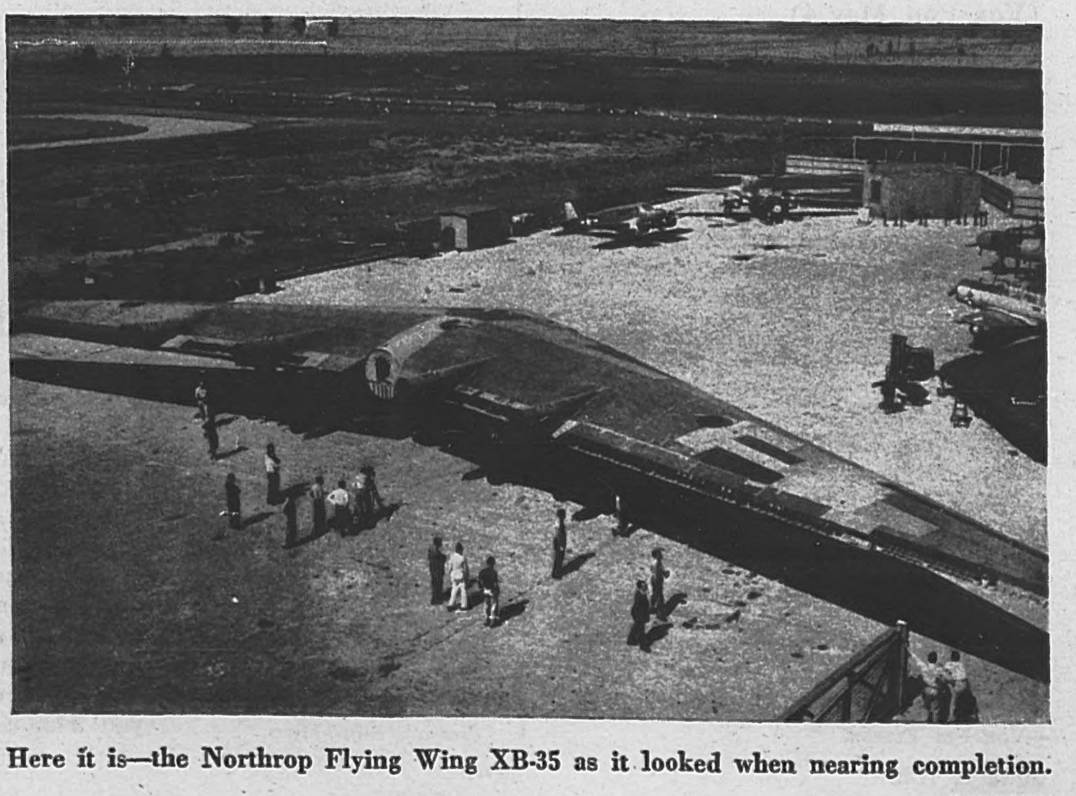
What the engineers call a gross overload—loading up the Wing to its ultimate weight—amounts to about 209,000 pounds, or 104½ tons. As airplanes go, that puts the Northrop Wing up in the top brackets. So this is no modest experiment—this is the real thing.

Single-place experimental wings have been seen by sharp observers in southern California for several years. Curious-looking "bats," they moved swiftly about the skies. But little or nothing could be said about them.

Called the XB-35, the big machine represents the culmination of flying-wing-design experiments begun by John K. Northrop, president of the company, as far back as 1923. A war was needed to justify the big cost of actual production of a big wing, and the engineers figured that the performance and advantages of a flying wing could be proved only by building a big full-size model.

XB-35 is powered with four Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines, equipped with single-stage General Electric turbo-superchargers turning four eight-bladed Hamilton Standard coaxial pusher propellers, and designed to deliver a total of 12,000 horsepower under military power. The crew nacelle is pressurized for high-altitude operations.

The plane just completed is the first of fifteen such aircraft, identical in over-all dimensions, which are to be produced by Northrop for the Army. Its wing span is 172 feet and the total area of the wing is 4,000 square feet. The plane has no conventional fuselage or tail surfaces. It



Here it is—the Northrop Flying Wing XB-35 as it looked when nearing completion.

is shaped like a giant bat in flight, or even more like a giant boomerang, and carries its engines in submerged housings which do not protrude from the wing surface.

You may well ask how the plane is controlled, since it has no tail surfaces. Control is achieved by means of "elevons" developed by Northrop to combine the functions of elevators and ailerons.

Normal crew for the XB-35 is nine men: pilot, co-pilot, bombardier, navigator, engineer, radio operator, and three gunners. Cabin space is available for six more men to alternate with crew members on long missions.

Speed and range? The Army has disclosed that the designed range is 10,000 miles. At this writing the speed estimate is still secret, but is supposed to be high.

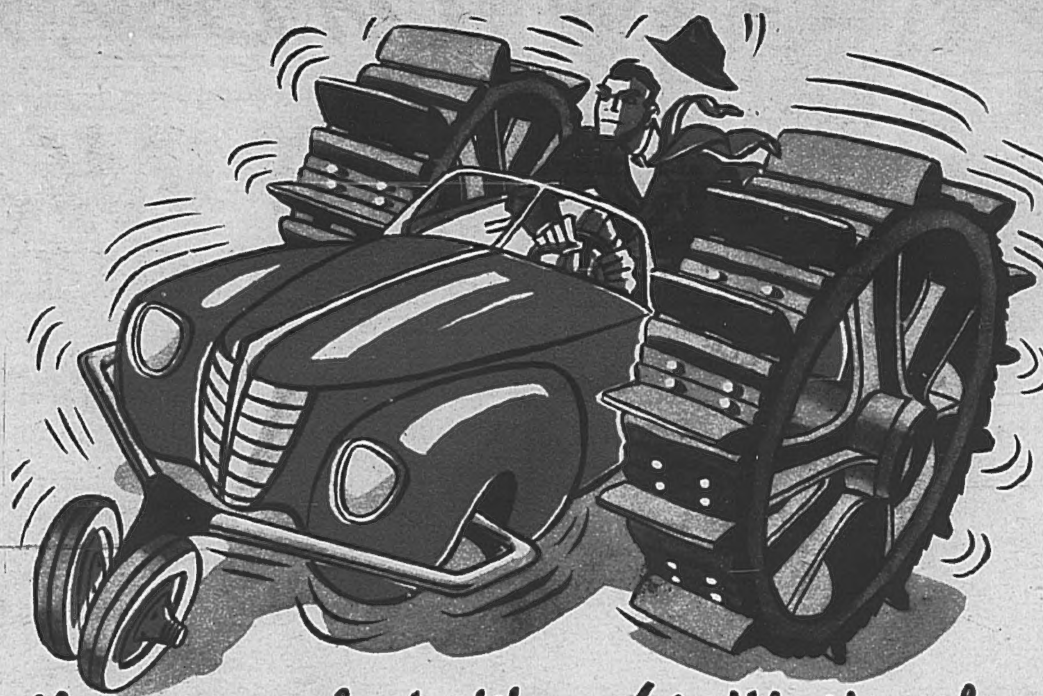
WHY has the Army gone to the trouble of building such a radically different airplane? The answers can be supplied by Walter J. Cerny, director of engineering for Northrop:

The low-drag, high-lift feature of the Flying Wing means that it can transport any weight faster, farther, and at smaller expense—if the engineers have calculated correctly. The wing is simpler to construct than the conventional airplane because it presents few structural complications. It costs less to build.

It has a better distribution of weight. It affords ease in loading and unloading cargo. For military purposes it presents a smaller target. Compared with a conventional airplane of identical power, gross weight, and fuel load, the Flying Wing can carry one fourth more useful load of passengers, cargo, or fuel; can travel one fourth farther with an identical fuel load; can travel substantially faster with the same "thrust" or applied horsepower, or transport more load over a given distance on a given amount of fuel.

Then the question arises, if the Flying Wing is so good, why hadn't it been built before? The answer might be that airplane design began following certain lines years ago and each successive design was another improvement of the same conventional pattern. To go back and start over with something radically new entails great expense. When it looked as though the United States would have to bomb across the seas without any intermediate bases, the cost of starting afresh with a new basic design was justified. It was possible, then, that the Flying Wing would be all we had to accomplish the ultra long-range bombing. Whether the engineers were right will now be seen.

What you are seeing in photographs, magazines, and newsreels is one of the best-kept war secrets. And what you see may presage a new era in airplane performance too, because the XB-35 powered with jet might really revolutionize things in a big way.



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WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
MUSIC

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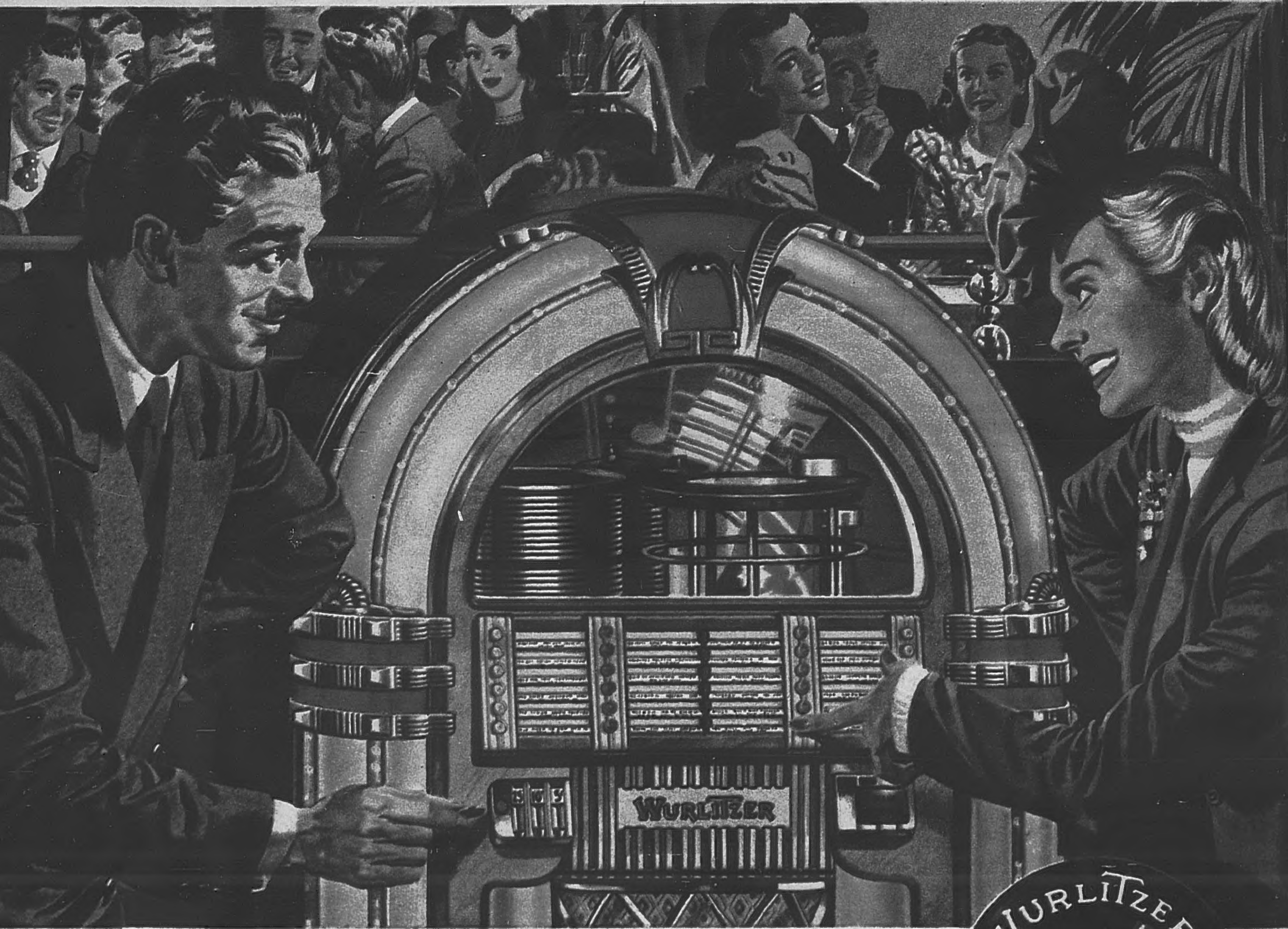


WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
MUSIC

America's favorite nickel's worth of fun

The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.

All over America today, people in search of good entertainment at a reasonable price are learning to look for the Wurlitzer *Sign of the Musical Note.*

There you find Wurlitzer Music... 24 of the latest tunes played by the greatest bands in the land... for only a nickel a number. Pick your favorites from a musical menu of sweet numbers, jazz classics, hill billy hits, waltzes, fox trots, polkas.

You'll go home humming their haunting melodies, higher in spirit, happier at heart for having spent a pleasant musical interlude by spending only a few small coins. That's why Wurlitzer Music is nationally known as *America's Favorite Nickel's Worth of Fun.* The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.

THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, electronic organs, and juke boxes is heard "'round the world." Wurlitzer is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name... also America's largest, best known, manufacturer of juke boxes and accordions.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

The Most Powerful Man in America

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

The man who negotiated with John L. Lewis when the country had its back to the wall, tells why the boss of the miners now holds the whip hand over America's economic life

THE most powerful man in the country today, and not the least dictatorial-minded, is John L. Lewis, the scowling president of the United Mine Workers of America. He has held that prominence since the end of the war, and as a matter of fact, had it not been for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he would have become the most powerful man in the country on December 7, 1941.

If this seems to be a strong statement, consider what Mr. Lewis can do, if he so desires. He can shut down the nation's steel mills, halt the production of automobiles, black out half of the cities of America, bring most of the railroads to a standstill, shut off the heat in 10,000,000 homes, throw millions out of work, directly or secondarily, and, among other things, end the production of nylons, thus blighting the lives of American women.

Practically all our railroads burn coal. Much of our electricity is produced in steam-driven plants. Most of our homes, whether they be single dwellings or apartments, are heated by coal. It is the basic ingredient out of which nylon, plastics, and important synthetic drugs such as the sulfa family are manufactured. The plain fact is that this country operates by coal.

For all practical purposes, there is little or no coal in this country which is produced unless by the grace of John L. Lewis.

This situation has been true ever since Pearl Harbor day, for it was on that day that John L. Lewis signed a contract which brought into the United Mine Workers union the last important group of unorganized employees in the coal-mining industry—the miners who worked for the steel companies in the so-called "captive mines."

By this contract Lewis achieved a virtual monopoly over the labor of almost all of those who work in the coal mines. Had not the war intervened, thereby increasing tremendously the powers of President Roosevelt, Lewis might well have become the country's economic dictator.

His strength lies not only in the fact that the miners of his union produce almost all of the bituminous and anthracite mined in the United States, but in his dictatorial control of that union, and the nature of coal mining.

Since he assumed the presidency of the union, he has controlled it through the power of union patronage. He exercises arbitrarily the power to appoint and to pay out of the union treasury all of the organizers of the mine workers and many of the union officials, and these appointments are not subject to review. In short, there has not been, nor is there now, much democracy in the mine workers' union. Like other dictators, Lewis has grown more powerful by the jealous use of his power. He not only holds and exercises the appointing power of the union; he is the custodian of its funds out of which he pays salaries and emoluments determined only by himself. In the depths of the depression the only people in the mine workers' organization who were making a decent living were the organizers and district officials. Is it any wonder that they were loyal to John L. Lewis, the man who could hire them at a salary determined by himself—and fire them?

In some districts a residual degree of autonomy and democracy was retained and the district president elected. But whenever a president has been selected in opposition to the wishes of Lewis, or when one elected with the approval of Lewis came to disagree with the great man, the district was likely to be invaded by scores of organizers from the national headquarters—"goon squads," the miners call them. And that would be the end of the recal-

(*Continued on page 76*)

Surf Styles

BRILLIANT is the word for this Gantner & Mattern suit of dazzling yellow velvet knit worn by Gail Russell. The front and bra are of acetate jersey.

BY BEE BANGS

THE sun is climbing higher, the water's getting warmer, and summer's just around the corner. What better time, then, to engage in a bit of research and some forecasting about the surf styles of 1946?

Forthwith, Liberty applied itself to a survey of West Coast swim suits as seen against Emerald Bay and Crystal Cove backgrounds at California's Laguna Beach.

It found that the Western suits, always created with an eye both to swimming and to long hours of hot sun-bathing, were this year brief and beautiful, brief and brilliant, brief and sturdy—and brief.

It discovered also that a good bit of frivolity had been added to these form-fitting creations—a touch of frill in color, pattern, material, cut, or combinations thereof.

The designers whose work appears

Miss Welles (left) models the SHOCKING item. Miss San Juan wears INDISCREET by Jantzen. Though daring in cut, the suits are really made for swimming.

here have made artful use of such fabrics as broadcloth, acetate jersey, glazed chintz, cotton, and new elastic materials which retain the appearance and feel of heavy silk jersey. Several of them possess a useful versatility. For example, one has a long-sleeved blouse perfectly suited for luncheon-table wear. Another becomes a sun suit by adding bodice and skirt to a scanty swim suit, and a third comes with matching beach coat.

The suits shown here are worn by Virginia Welles, featured in Paramount's Ladies' Man; Olga San Juan, appearing in Blue Skies at the same studio; and Gail Russell, who has the feminine lead in Paramount's Calcutta.

The togs were designed by Caltex, Catalina, Cole of California, Gantner & Mattern, Jantzen, and Mabs of Hollywood.

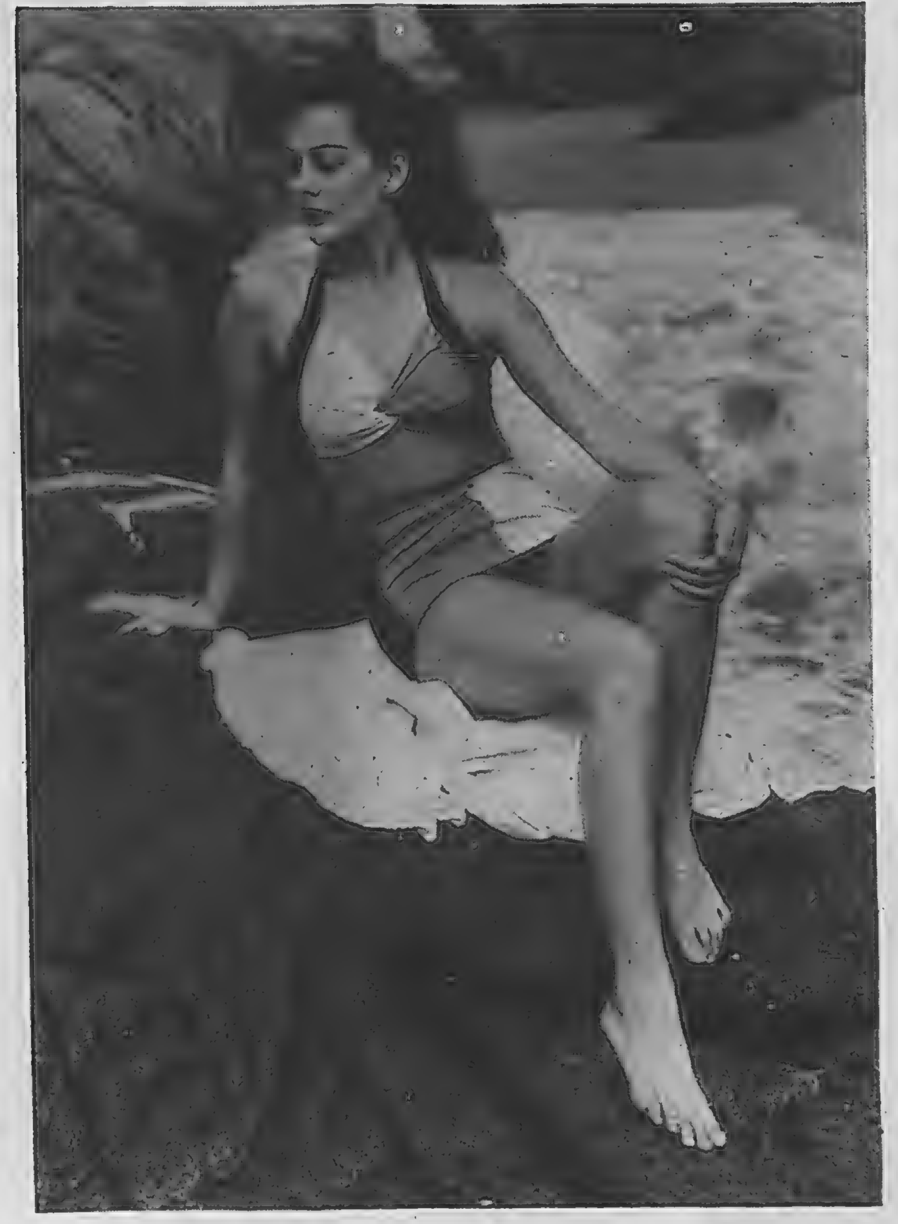
On the cover, Virginia Welles wears Mermaid Panties as designed by Gantner & Mattern in a gay floral print on acetate jersey—an ensemble that's one of the season's neatest. Front shirring on the bra and panties adds an extra touch of femininity to the otherwise snugly fitted line.

For frills, Caltex presents this white rayon jersey with a ballerina skirt. A beach coat is designed to match. Miss Welles wears three items from Cole's five-piece peasant group. Included also: a patio-length skirt, snugly fitted bra.

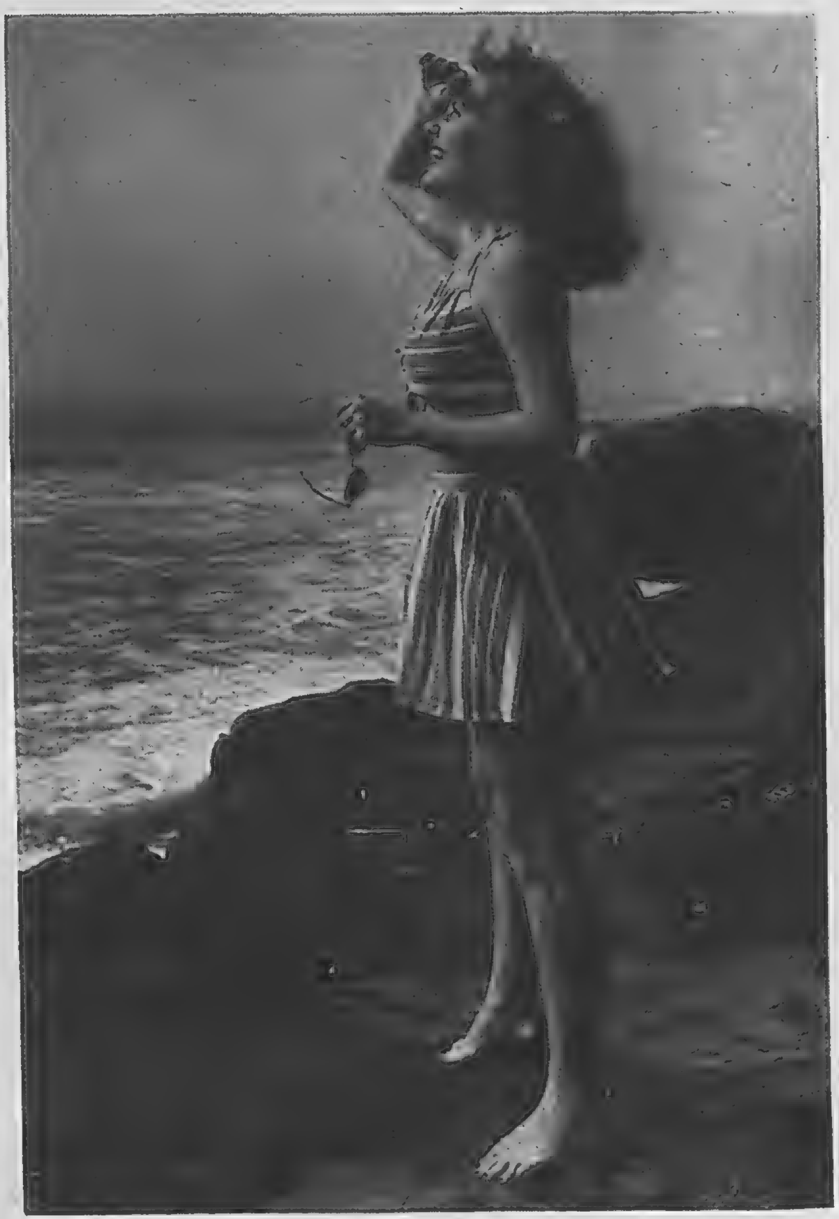
Rompers make the most youthful style of all for either swim or sun suit. Gantner & Mattern suggests them as worn here by Virginia Welles. The SPANISH DANCER model is a bright figure print on a background of yellow. The material is the ever-popular spun rayon

This broadcloth suit is versatile. Gail Russell wears the long-sleeved blouse that's ideal for a luncheon. It has an elastic midriff, and Mabs of Hollywood calls it SUN SPLASHER.

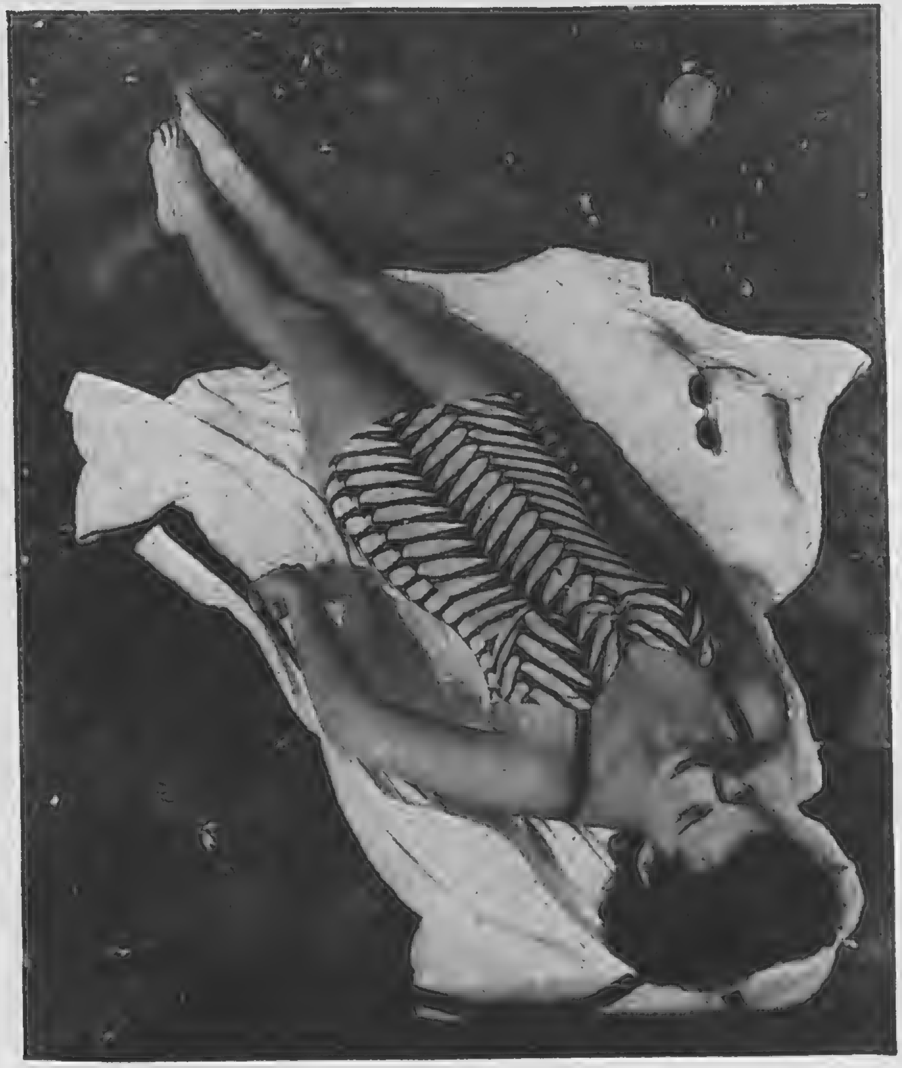
Here's an open-sided effect which Catalina makes in bright plaid taffeta and calls it BUTTON-UP. It's designed for swimming, and is clearly just as right for a sun suit. Buttons are provided to allow for easy adjustment to any size.



EYE CATCHER is hailed as one of the most popular Catalina suits of the new season. It comes in varied and luscious colors but one material—the firm's Elast A-Q fabric which feels like heavy silk jersey but will stretch like lastex. Gail Russell's the model here.



For those who want a skirt with the suit, a Gantner & Mattern's SUN-SWIM achieves the compromise. Sun suit in appearance but a swim suit in performance, it is flared for graceful line. This one, worn by Miss Welles, is acetate jersey in gay contrasting stripes.



This one, thanks to concealed side lacings, claims complete adjustability. It's startling in red and white stripes on glazed chintz material, and it bears a name to match. The manufacturer, Catalina, calls it the WHISTLE SUIT. Olga San Juan models for you here.

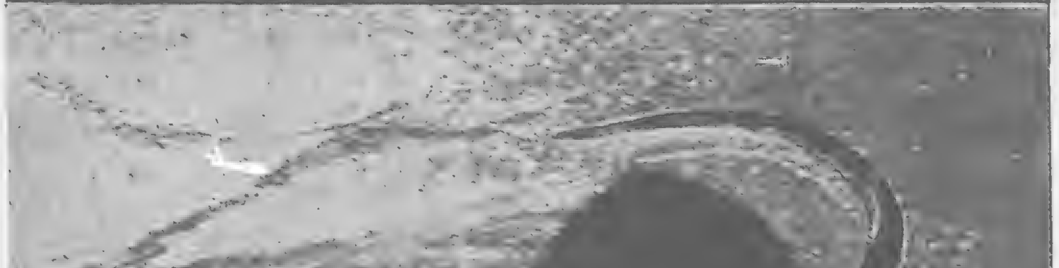
Just about the ultimate in striking patterns is this LEAF PRINT design in gleaming silver on a background of blue. It has an unusual feature, too—a separate inner bra of special design. A Gantner & Mattern suit, it's modeled by Gail Russell.

Take This, You Rat!

This is the common brown or Norway rat. There are probably 130,000,000 in the country.

After centuries, man at last is on the verge of victory over one of his deadliest enemies. An amazing new poison singles out the rat for destruction

BY ALFRED H. SINKS



This test rat has walked down a path liberally dusted with ANTU. The chemical irritates his foot pads, and he licks off the dust. In a little while he's dead.

"I'LL bet a rat hates to cross the street!"

So thought Dr. Curt Paul Richter as he watched a couple of dozen captured rodents slink along the walls of the special pen he had built in the Phipps Psychological Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University Hospital. He noted that they always made for the wall and clung to its protection, avoiding the open spaces.

Dr. Richter's observation led to the first really scientific anti-rat campaign in history. He reasoned that if rats hate to cross a street, he would organize an extermination campaign on a block-by-block basis. Surrounded on four sides by paved streets, to the rat mind a city block would be a kind of island.

But there was more to Dr. Richter's anti-rat drive than that. A few months earlier he had stumbled on one of the most curious scientific discoveries of modern times.

He had found a magic bullet that was especially poisonous to rats. Just a trace of this chemical was fatal to them. Furthermore, it proved to be the first good "tracking" poison. Rats walking over surfaces dusted with it would lick the irritating powder from their paws with fatal results. Thus, the trouble of preparing baits and the danger of leaving poisoned baits where dogs, cats, or other animals could get them was avoided.

However, there was more to be learned if millions of people living in rat-infested cities were to be rid of this age-old disease-carrying pest.

Dr. John Emlen of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene devised this "sock" to handle wild rats in safety. He's determining the lethal dosage—one pound to 200,000 rats.

We've been fighting these loathsome rodents for centuries and haven't got to first base. Why? First, until the last few months we have had no really effective weapon against them. Second, too often rats actually seem able to outguess their human foes.

But in the war of Man versus Rat the tide of battle began to turn one morning late in 1941, when Dr. Richter entered his laboratory in Johns Hopkins University Hospital and found—six dead rats!

Each of the six rats had been given just a taste of a (so any chemist would have sworn) perfectly harmless chemical. It was called phenyl thiourea. It had been tasted by thousands of human beings and had done them no harm. Yet something had killed these rats. And it looked as though it must have been phenyl thiourea.

Dr. Richter simply couldn't understand how that was possible. Neither could any other scientist. That started it. That and the war.

In the earliest days of the war, in a score of big cities, citizens began to notice more and more rats about. The rats seemed to grow bolder as they grew more numerous. And police received more and more reports of infants bitten by rats.

The War Department and the experts of the U. S. Public Health Service had even more serious cause for worry. War and plague have always gone hand in hand. Our Intelligence in Europe sent back definite proof that the Nazis were working on new techniques of germ warfare. Disease germs—borne among armies and civilian populations by rats and their parasites—could kill more people than bullets or bombs.

So the government, through the Office of Scientific Research and Development, began a frantic search for an effective weapon against rats. A grant of money was given for experiment to the scientists of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior. After a long and arduous search—as a result of their 1,080th experiment, in fact—the government men discovered the most poisonous substance yet known. They promptly christened the new chemical "1080."

Tested with utmost caution by experts, 1080 proved amazingly effective against rats. The only trouble was, it was equally deadly to humans, pets, and domestic animals. So 1080 will never be allowed to get into the hands of ordinary citizens. It's a product to be used by exterminators only.

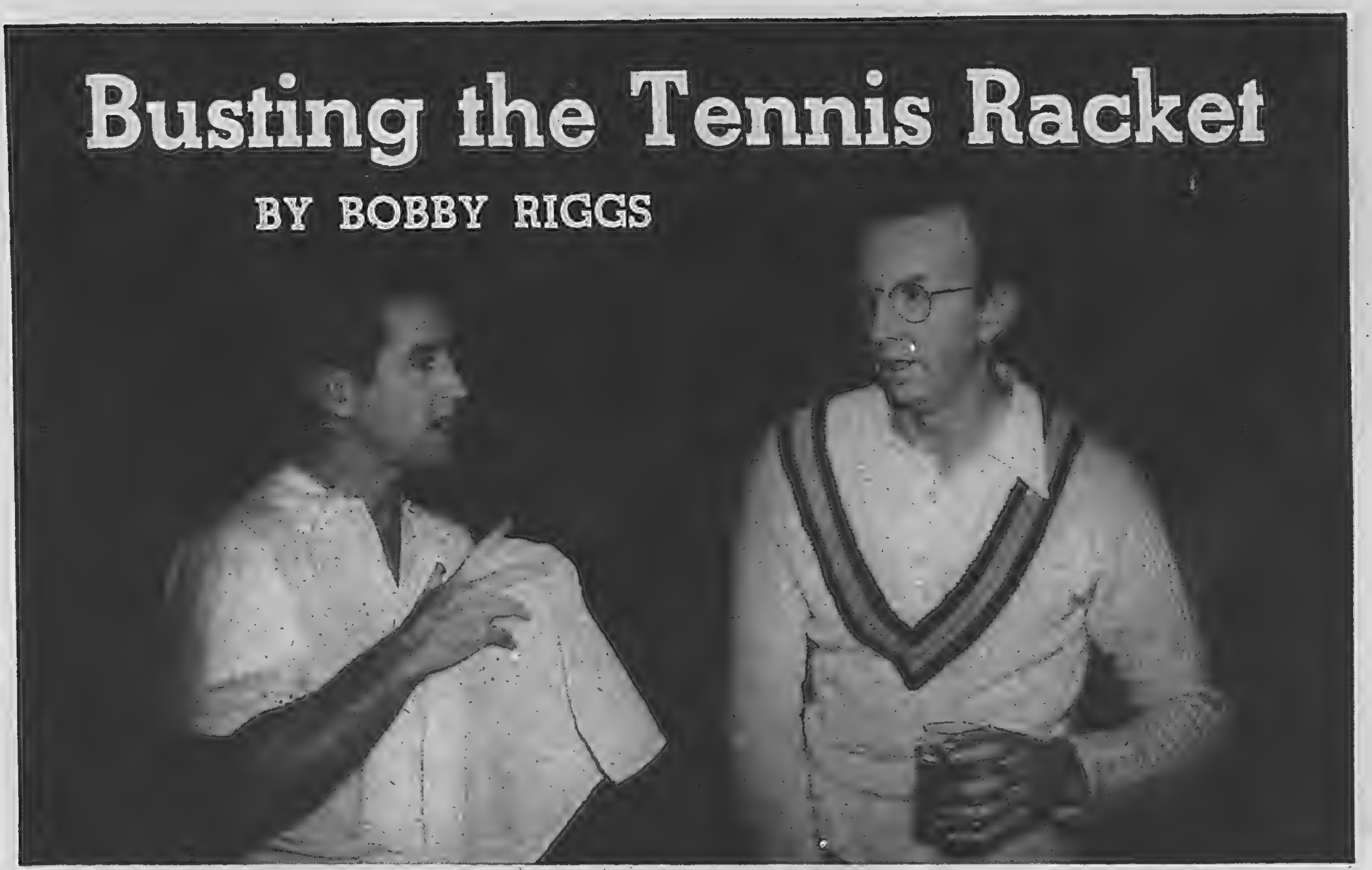
All this stir about rats was far from Richter's sphere of interest. He had no particular grudge against rats. Through them he was learning things that may some day help produce a healthier human race. Yet

(Continued on page 83)

Typical catch the day after Baltimore tried ANTU. More than 100 rats died in one block.

Busting the Tennis Racket

BY BOBBY RIGGS



The author and Don Budge, today's tennis aces and two of the pros who'll cover the country this summer "like Barnum & Bailey."

The tennis monopoly of the swank Eastern clubs has been broken. That's what the pros say. And their No. 1 man tells of their ambitious plans to introduce top-flight tennis to the millions

"WHAT is tennis anyway, a national sport or an Eastern monopoly?"

A Midwest sports editor asked me that question after reading the schedule of 1946 amateur tournaments released by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association.

As usual, the U.S.L.T.A. had awarded all the National Championships to a cluster of exclusive grass-court clubs in the Boston-Philadelphia-New York triangle.

My answer was yes—and no.

Yes, tennis was an Eastern amateur monopoly—only five years ago. No, it isn't any more—thanks to the tremendous growth of professional tournaments.

Formerly the U.S.L.T.A. was powerful enough to control the nation's best players because they were amateurs. And the U.S.L.T.A.—dominated by Eastern officials—always booked these trained tennis seals for a solid summer run before Eastern galleries.

How solid? Well, in the sixty-five-year history of American amateur tennis, the National Championships have been played in the East exactly sixty-five times!

But those days of Eastern monopoly and U.S.L.T.A. player regimentation are deader than vaudeville. The best amateurs have stampeded into the professional ranks: Don Budge, Ellsworth Vines, Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Frank Kovacs, Les Stoefen, Gene Mako, Keith Gledhill, George Lott, Wayne Sabin, Dick Skeen, Johnny Faunce, and I'll add Bobby Riggs to the list because I recently won the World Professional Championship.

We have formed the Professional Tennis Association. We will schedule our own tournaments and we won't waste July and August cavorting before tiny socialite gatherings at secluded eastern seaboard resorts as the amateurs have done for more than half a century.

Instead, starting this summer, we will cover the country like Barnum & Bailey in coast-to-coast tournaments similar to the $5,000 and $10,000 professional golf meets. We will introduce top-flight tennis to scores of inland cities which seldom—if ever—have been visited by champions. Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Memphis, Tucson, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Denver. (I'm naming only a few.)

Within five years professional tennis will overshadow amateur tennis as completely as professional golf overshadows amateur golf today. That's not a startling prediction. Sports history merely will be repeating itself.

Look what happened after World War I when big-name pros like Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen spread the golf gospel. Country-club memberships doubled. Public links resembled Coney Island on the Fourth of July. Golfers crowded into the sports headlines with baseball and football stars.

The same thing is about to happen in tennis. People all over the country will learn from watching the pros that tennis is an entertaining, hard-hitting game—and lots of fun. That means hundreds of thousands of new players.

Tennis is potentially even more popular than golf. It requires less financial outlay, equipment, and playing space than any other game except, possibly, horseshoes. There are no age limits. Bobby Riggs, Jr., is ready to challenge any four-year-old who can hold onto a racket, and King Gustav of Sweden played two sets on his eightieth birthday.

It's a game you can learn to play well in a few months. Anybody who knows how to handle a baseball bat can handle a tennis racket, and many leading players—especially the Australians—are using the two-handed baseball grip for all shots (except service). Looking for exercise? Tennis is the answer to middle-age midriff and secretarial spread.

And the roots of tennis are everywhere. The French introduced it in Europe. The English carried it to Australia, India, and the Far East. Lately it's been catching on in South America faster than Carmen Miranda. I'll make another prediction. Within ten years the tennis pros will be playing a round-the-world schedule.

NOW to fill the background and answer some questions to support my predictions.

Are the best professionals superior to the best amateurs?

Let's look at the record. Last summer I defeated Frank Parker in a series of Army-Navy matches on Uluthi, Peleliu, Guam, and Saipan. Parker then flew back to the States and won the National Amateur Championship for the second straight year. Budge, Kovacs, and Perry ranked above Parker in prewar amateur competition.

That makes the four best pros clearly superior to Frank Parker, the best amateur.

Billy Talbert, the No. 10 amateur in 1941 when I turned professional after winning the National Amateur, now ranks No. 2 behind Parker, which indicates either Talbert has improved tremendously or the caliber of amateur tennis has nose-dived. Actually, Talbert has improved slightly, while amateur tennis has fallen into talent bankruptcy. Of course the war had something to do with that. Compared with the peak years of amateur competition—say 1938, when Budge ranked No. 1—the 1945-46 amateurs are bush league.

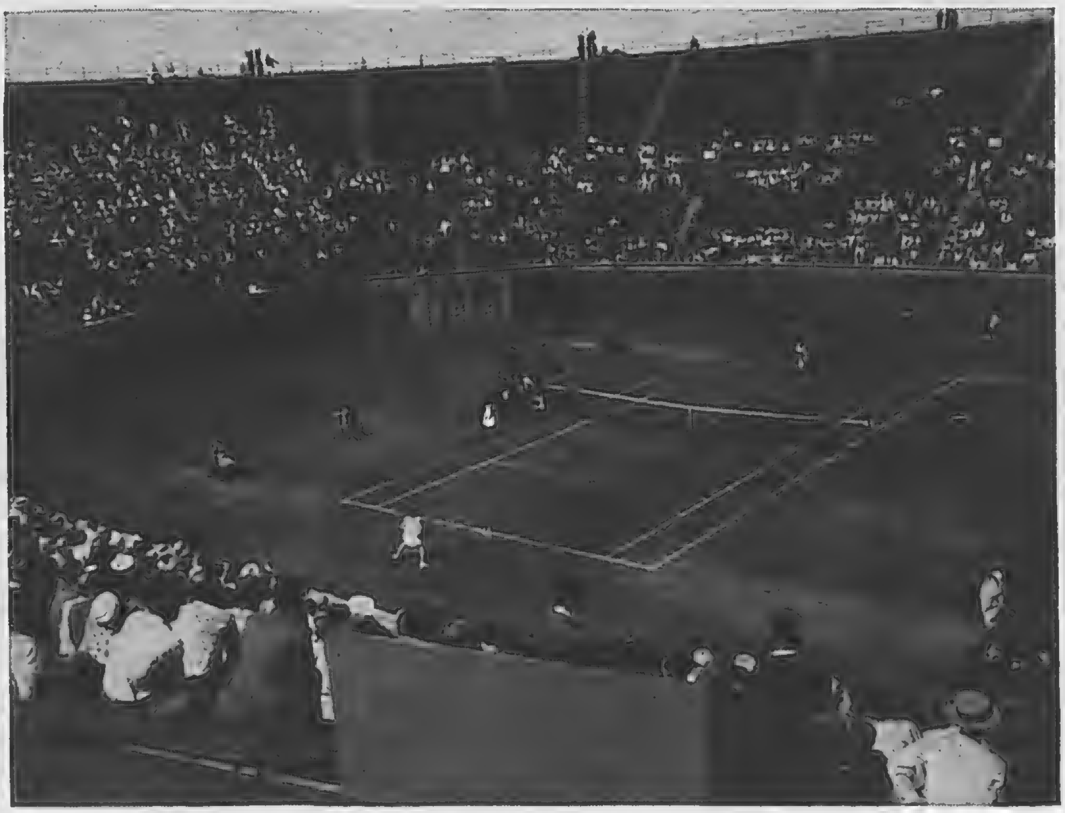
Sports writers have suggested that the five best pros play the five best amateurs in a Red Cross charity match—just to settle the pro-amateur argument. While there is little likelihood the U.S.L.T.A. will permit amateurs to engage in a showdown battle, it is interesting to speculate on the hypothetical match. The line-ups, based on 1945 rankings, would be:

PROS: (1) Riggs, (2) Budge, (3) Kovacs, (4) Perry, (5) Welby Van Horn.

AMATEURS: (1) Parker, (2) Talbert, (3) Francisco Segura of Ecuador, (4) Elwood Cooke, (5) Sidney Wood.

Before touching on individual matches, let me explain why I have ranked myself ahead of Budge, who rated No. 1 among professionals in 1942. I defeated Don 3 to 2 in our Pacific meetings, sweeping the last three matches. I also whipped him in the World Hard Court Championships last December, and repeated the triumph when Don challenged for the title a month later.

Five straight victories, and I owe it all to an admiral. When the Seabees built courts on Guam, the admiral's aide told me the boss wanted to play. The admiral, only a few birthdays away from a retirement board, volleyed like Aunt Kate, but being a seaman first class, I decided it would be better to hit balls to him rather than past him.



Relatively few thousands see the U.S.L.T.A. matches at Forest Hills, but Riggs contends that the game, if opened up by the pros, will fill Yankee Stadium.

MAX PETER HAAS PHOTOS

Unlike tennis, the Masters' draws crowds like this at $5 a head—and they stand.

So I experimented with soft lobs to the base line. We played every afternoon for almost two months. My control improved; I learned to drop lobs on a handkerchief. This new-found lobbing proficiency enabled me to break up Budge's net-rushing attacks. Example: Budge won the first set and was within one point of winning the second in our Los Angeles challenge match. He drove hard to my backhand and roared into the net. I lobbed. The ball floated over Don's head and fell on the back line. I rallied to win the set and the match.

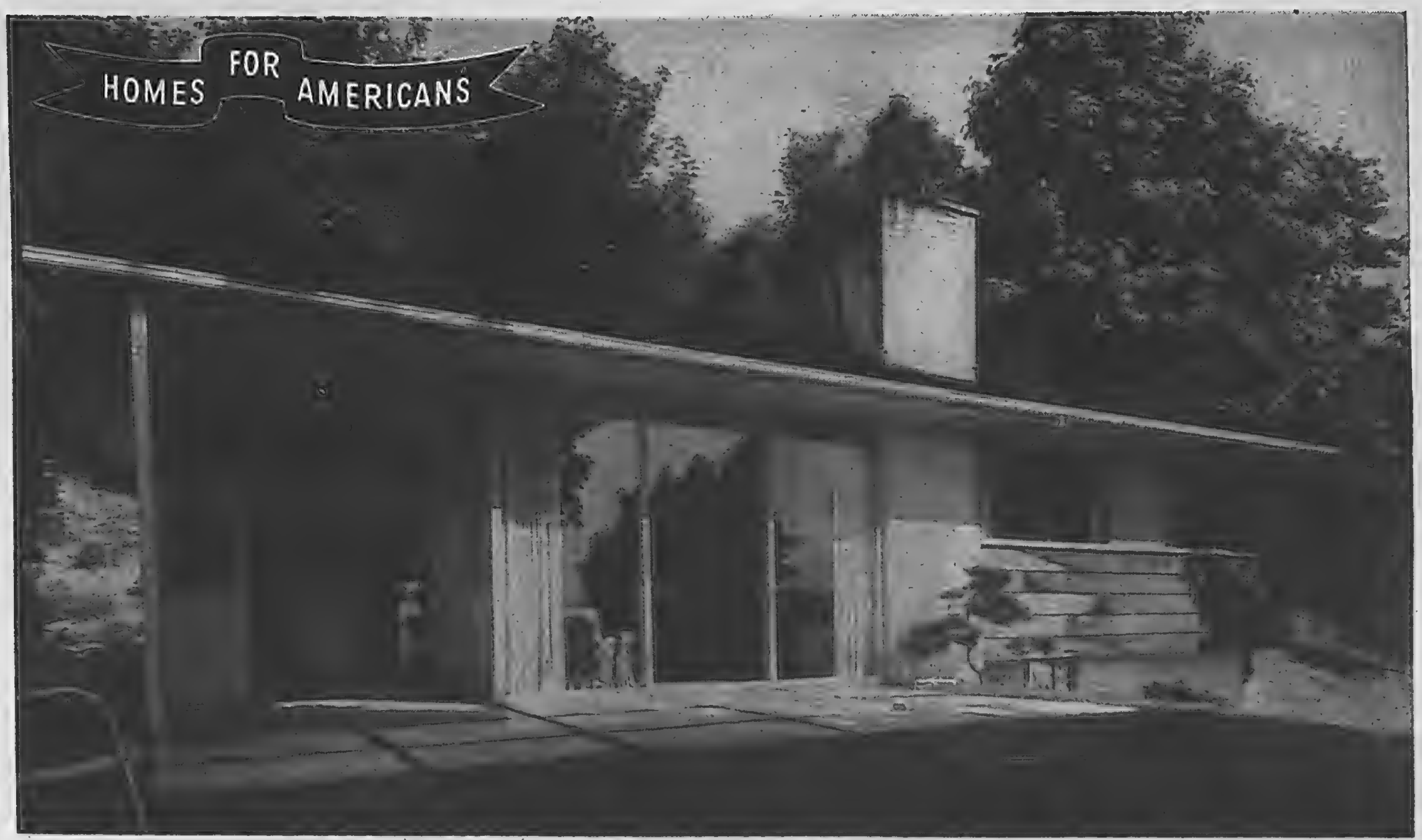
The lob was the turning point. The victor's share was $5,000. First time in my life I ever wanted to kiss an admiral!

Now for the individual matches: Riggs vs. Parker. Unless past performances are meaningless, I would beat Parker again.

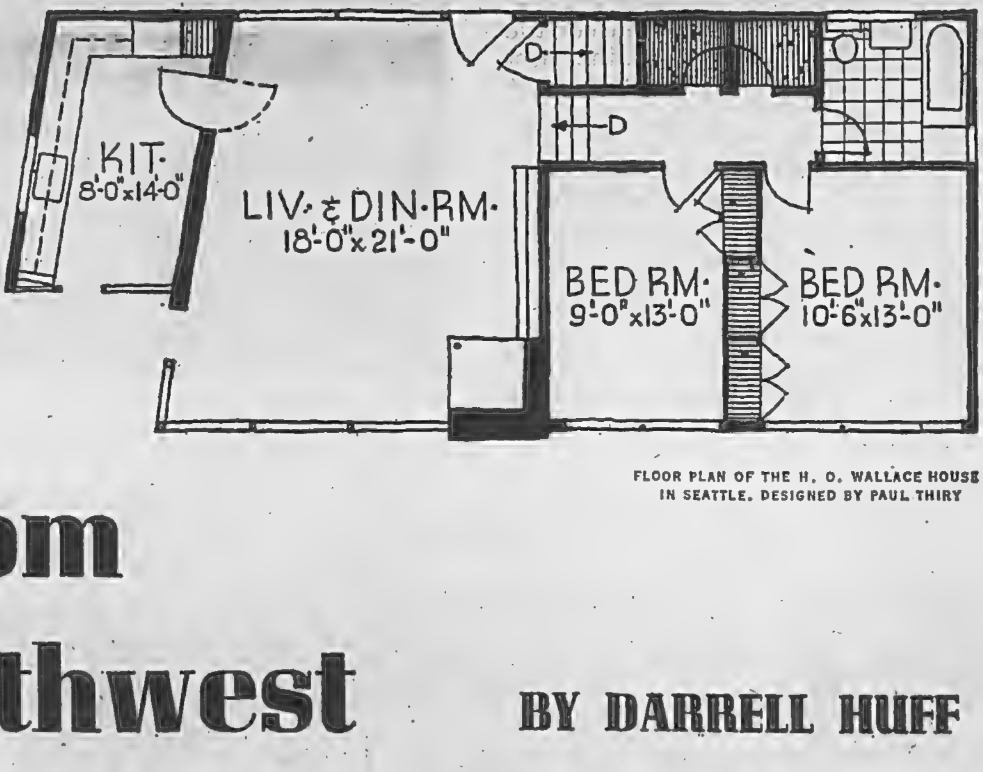
Budge vs. Talbert: Don has a better forehand, backhand, serve, vol-

(*Continued on page 54*)

HOMES FOR AMERICANS



Traditional and modern materials, both honestly used, produce a small house in Seattle that can give delightful, economical living anywhere in America



FLOOR PLAN OF THE H. O. WALLACE HOUSE IN SEATTLE, DESIGNED BY PAUL THIRY

Modern from the Northwest

BY DARRELL HUFF

PEOPLE who live in modern glass houses seem to hold at least one opinion in common. The owner of the big-windowed house on Cape Cod shown in the May 11 Liberty doubts that "anyone who has ever lived in a modern house would ever want to build any other kind."

H. O. Wallace of Seattle, Washington, lives in the house shown this week. He puts it this way:

"To have to adjust ourselves to a closed-in standard house would be a problem in adaptability that we would *not* enjoy. You see, we have discovered and are happy in what might be glowingly described as modern living."

It could also be called outdoor living or solar living, because the outdoors and the sun play a large part in the ways it differs from living in an ordinary house. There are outdoor terraces with walls to hold the sun and keep off the wind. There are whole walls of big windows to let in light and sunshine and to give every room—even the basement—a share of the magnificent view.

The prewar cost of this modern house was $7,000, not including land. However, at current prices it would cost $12,000. That figure would include the landscaping and the architect's fee.

It is a modern house for a small family because it is planned for today's living. It is modern because it uses such new materials as plywood and great sheets of glass in ways that best suit these materials. And it is modern because it imitates no style of the past.

Yet it avoids the strained look of a house self-consciously trying to look modern. Many of its materials are the traditional ones of American building. Brick and concrete and shingles and wood siding were used because the architect, Paul Thiry of Seattle, found them the best for the purpose.

Houses of this general appearance are often labeled "Northwest modern" or "Oregon modern." Actually, many have been built in almost all sections of the country. This kind of house is as perfectly adapted to almost every part of America today as was the true Cape Cod cottage of our architectural history.

The Wallace house overlooks Puget Sound and has a sweeping view of the Olympic Mountains. The lot faces west.

Architect Paul Thiry chose to place the house up on a bank, nearly thirty feet above the street. This reserves the level portions of the lot for lawn and terrace, and also makes it possible to have a fully daylighted basement at small excavating cost.

The fact that the best view was to the front led to the most difficult problem: Where should the entrance go? The architect's answer: "By placing the principal entrance on the rear, or east, side, we were able to maintain the privacy so necessary for the west terraces."

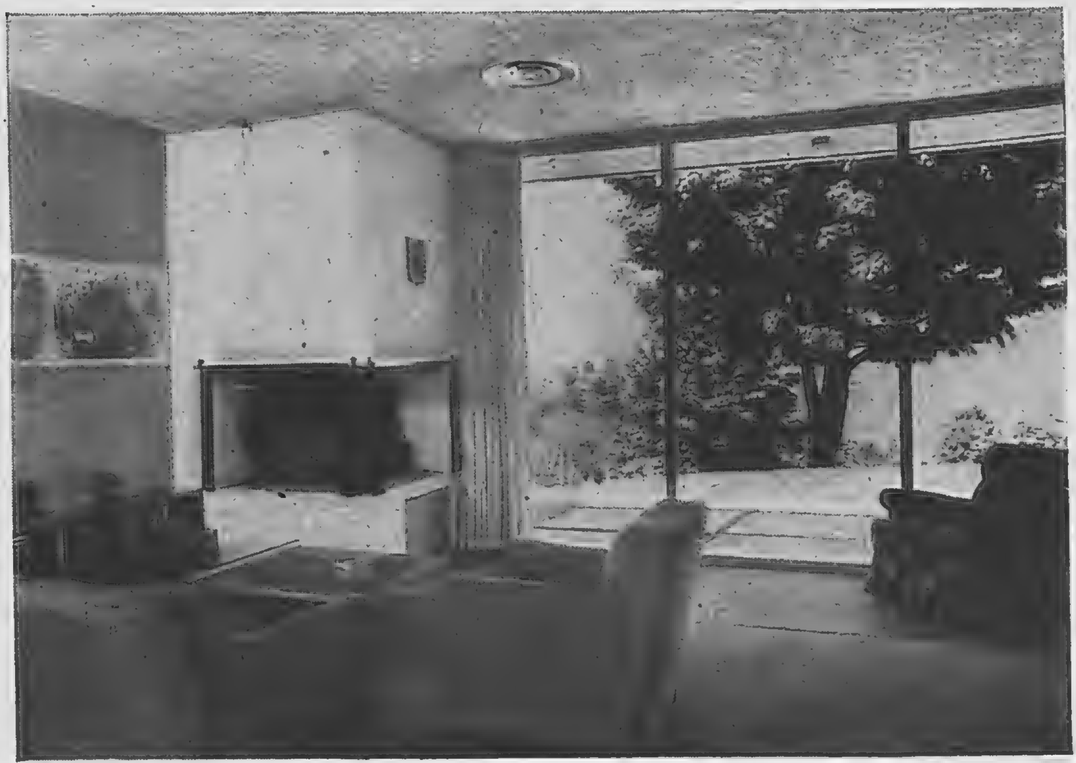
THERE is another unusual detail that illustrates how a house may be fitted to its site. "The property is widest at the street and quite narrow at the rear," Mr. Thiry says. "The house was consequently built with splayed walls to parallel the property lines. This increased the frontage—the direction of the best view—and, strangely enough, the irregular shape of the living room is not discernible."

The angled wall also adds interest to the outside appearance of this simple house. This wall, running between kitchen and living-dining room, extends outside the house to form protected terraces. The Wallaces have found these terraces one of the most desirable features of their unusual home. They were so struck by the comfortable warmth while sitting on the east patio one late forenoon that Mr. Wallace hung a thermometer there and another one on the west terrace. They found that the wind-protected east patio is often as much as twenty degrees warmer than the west. And this was in the comparatively moderate climate of Seattle.

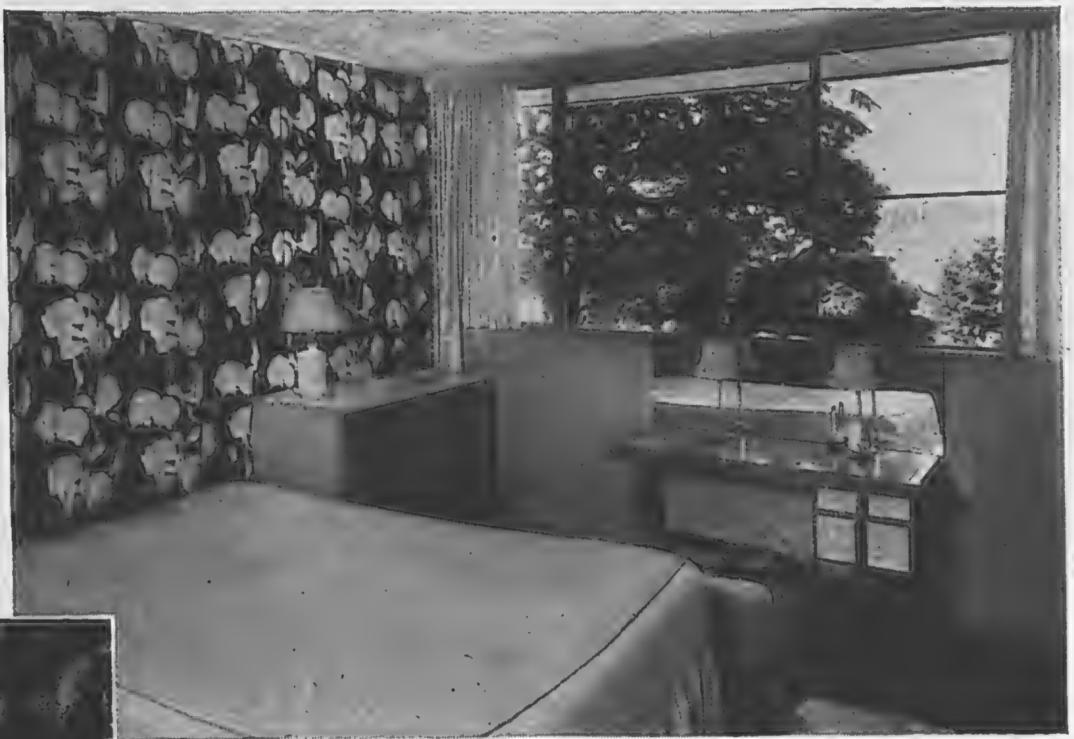
The west side of the house is almost entirely window, giving a close relationship between indoors and outdoors. Each of the three terraces is opposite floor-to-ceiling windows. This leads to what Mrs. Wallace calls the best feature of the house—"the ease with which I can watch the baby at play without leaving my work."

There is an answer in the experiences of the Wallaces to the common fear that large expanses of glass make a house expensive to heat. "We have heavy curtains and draw them at night," Mr. Wallace says. "And we find that our fuel costs are approximately sixty per cent of those of conventional houses of the same size."

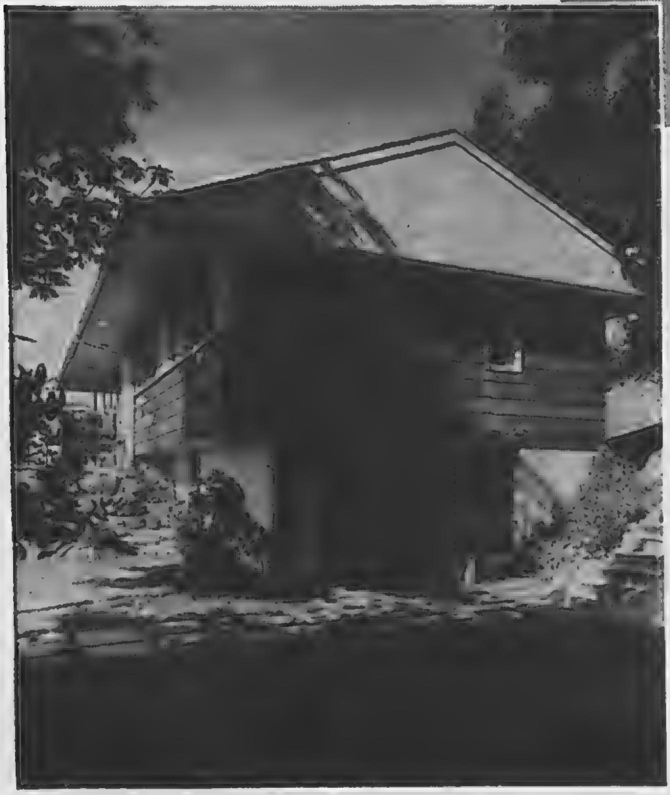
When a house offers as much livability as this one, it is hard to keep sight of what it actually is. It is a simple low-cost four-room house. Kitchen, bedrooms, and bathroom are quite small. Even the living room, which is also (*Continued on page 72*)



The living-dining room has three walls of inexpensive fir plywood, one of glass. The corner fireplace, of concrete, throws heat both ways. Wood is stored beneath it.



The small bedrooms are well lighted. Some windows are fixed, others open. Ceilings are of insulation board, and curtains reduce the fuel bill.



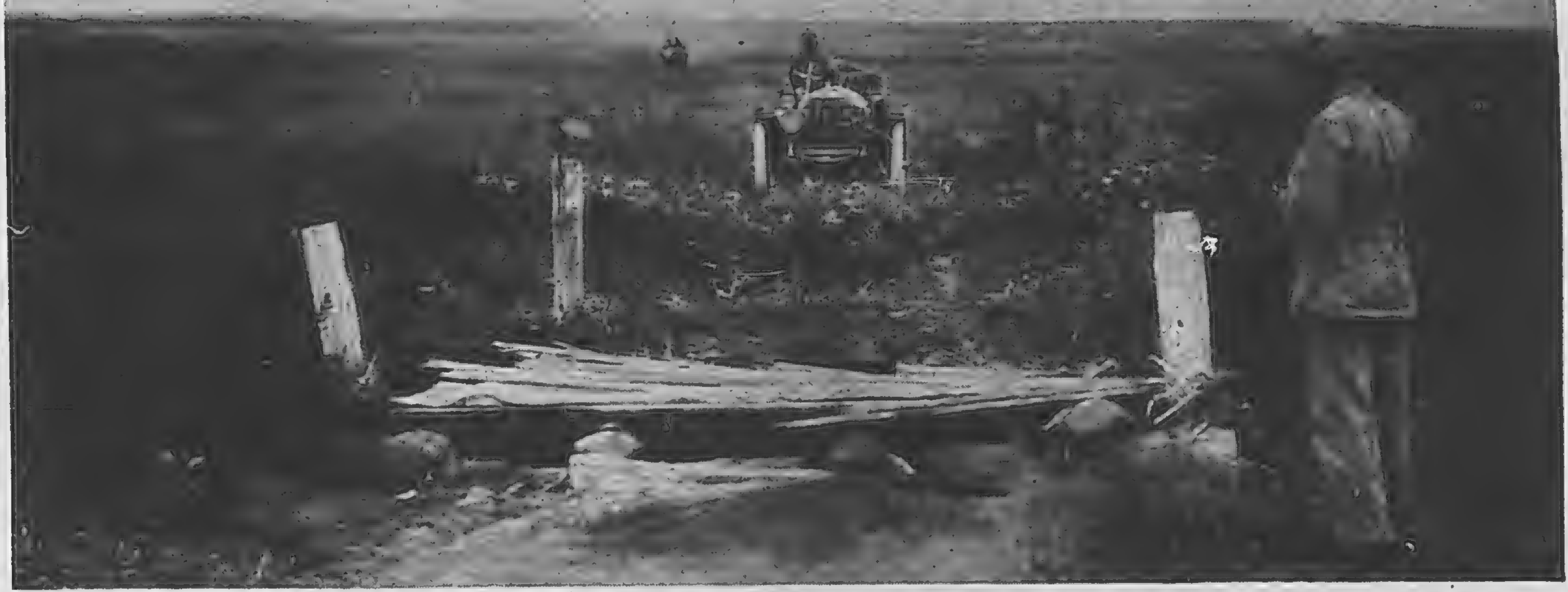
P. A. DEARBORN PHOTOS

The basement, under bedrooms only, has a glass wall and could be a garage. The cedar siding is unpainted.

THE AUTOMOBILE'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

Those intrepid auto pioneers who were stung into action by such taunts as "Get a horse!" are back

BY BERNARD W. CRANDELL



The Glidden tours were rough on cars and men. Here some 1908 buggies are bumping over open prairie toward a rickety bridge.

LATE in the cold, windy night of March 6, 1896, a strange four-wheeled carriage chugged bravely up Woodward Avenue, Detroit, at a breath-taking five miles an hour. Charles Brady King, a young mechanic who'd deserted a draftsman's job with a railroad-car company to build this noisy contraption, was at the tiller. But none of the gaping onlookers who peered through the eerie gaslight at this menacing horseless carriage realized that it was a moment of historical significance which, up until this week (May 31-June 2), never has been officially acclaimed by the sprawling metropolis of motordom.

For Charlie King's thrilling ride that night was the first ever made by an automobile on the streets of Detroit.

The town jokesters who yelled at Charlie to "Get a horse!" had barely pulled themselves up from the aisles when, scarcely three months later, another horseless carriage rumbled from a brick shed on Bagley Avenue. The pilot of this one was a gaunt young man as unknown as Charlie King. He was listed on the Detroit Edison Company payroll as Henry Ford.

Since these two crackpot events in 1896 a few alley shops have mushroomed into a four-billion-dollar industry, spread over forty-four states and a dozen foreign countries. That's the big reason the automotive industry and Detroit this week are pausing —for the first time—for a whoop-de-doo Golden Jubilee, to let history catch up with their throbbing production lines.

The rakish Cutting, a 1912 entrant, attracted the ladies.

And this Jubilee year will go down in automotive history as the one in which a salesman's problem was not one of salesmanship, but rather one of rationing. For there are a hundred eager takers for every new car. Such a panicky yet comforting situation has not always faced the automakers. To sell the public on cars, the pioneer auto makers and promoters staged races, hill climbs, cross-country tours, forded streams, aimed for world speed records, and generally hit some hard licks for the horseless carriage. But one event out of all such demonstrations stood out more convincingly than the others.

That was when a wealthy Bostonian, Charles J. Glidden, came into the picture. Telegrapher by trade, and eventually a part owner of the Bell telephone system, Glidden was crazy over automobiles. To illustrate his enthusiasm, one day he jumped into his English-built Napier and, before returning home months later, he had covered 46,528 miles through thirty-nine countries around the world.

What Columbus did for sailing, Glidden did for motoring. To sell a suspicious public on the practicality of the automobile, Glidden sponsored, beginning in 1905, an annual "reliability" tour of many makes of cars from one section of the nation to another. A huge silver trophy was put up for the winner.

THIS summer, in connection with the Golden Jubilee, many a farmer and burgher will be amazed to see ancient vintage automobiles parading down the highway. It is to be the Glidden tour of 1946.

A revival of the famous old drives is being sponsored by the Veteran Motor Car Club of America, a nation-wide organization of old-car hobbyists. Starting August 18, at Albany, New York, where groups from Boston, New York City, and Philadelphia will meet, the Glidden tourists will start off with a noisy squawk of their bulb horns toward Syracuse, the first overnight stop. From there they will go to Rochester, then Buffalo, where they will board a lake boat for Detroit. The Michigan bevy of old cars will join the group there. One day will be spent as guests of the Ford Motor Company, and another day will go to General Motors Corporation. The caravan will then re-embark for Cleveland, where the hobbyists will be entertained by Thompson Products, Incorporated, makers of automotive parts and replacements. On August 24 they'll wind up with a chicken dinner on the old Firestone farm at Columbiana, Ohio, and the next day they'll be high-tailing for home.

The Glidden touring contests set out to prove that cars could travel long distances, sometimes over dangerously narrow mountain trails where tragedy lurked at every turn.

The first tour was a run from New York City to Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, and return. All the thirty-four auto entries except Glidden himself got off July 11, 1905.

(*Continued on page 72*)

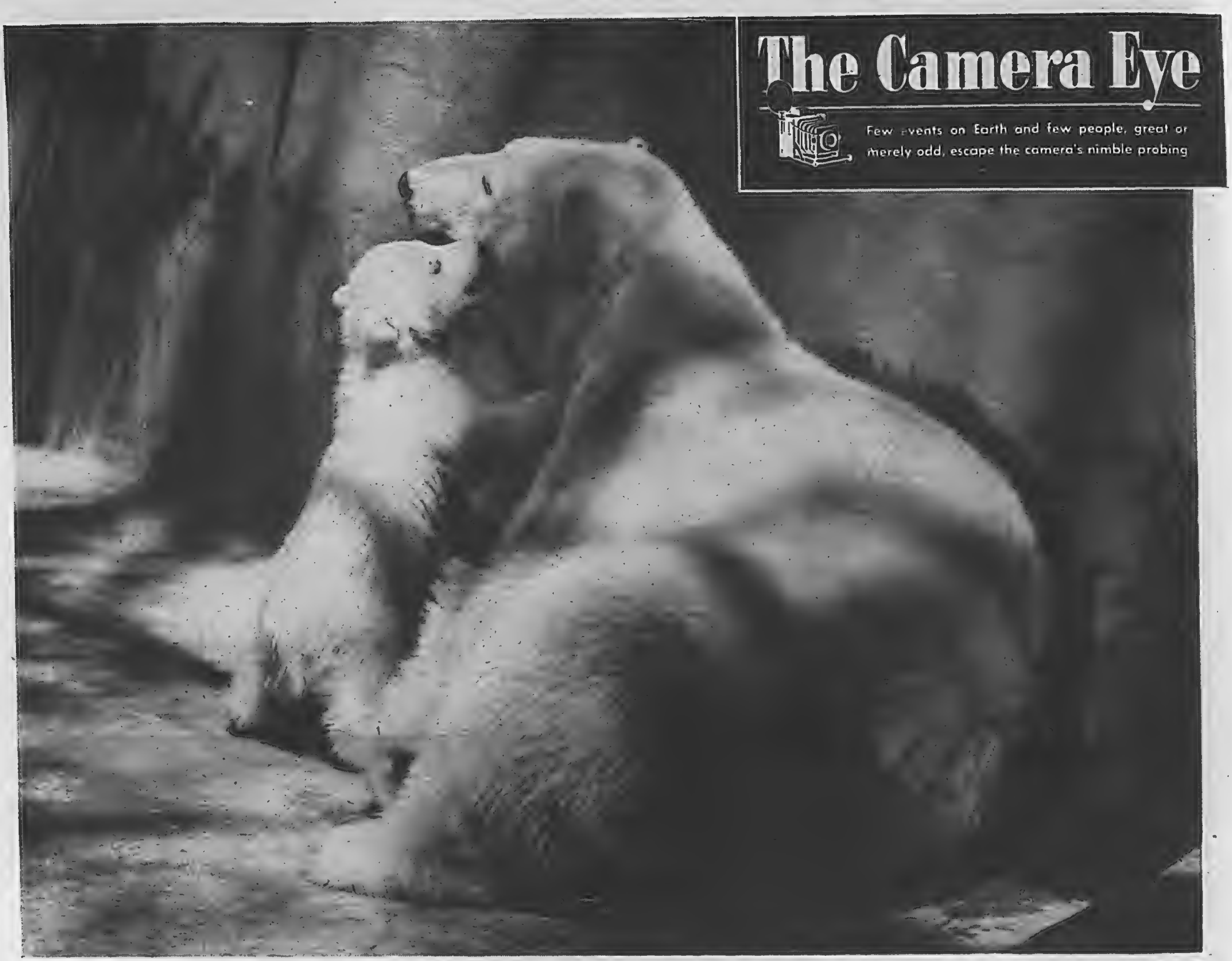
Mud often reduced even the hottest jobs to two horse-power. Note the platform rear springs, common on the heavier cars.

Even the last tour—1912—bucked Tennessee mire like this.

Just as the Gliddenites got a chance to make time, they'd run into road blocks like this. Neither animals nor men would move.

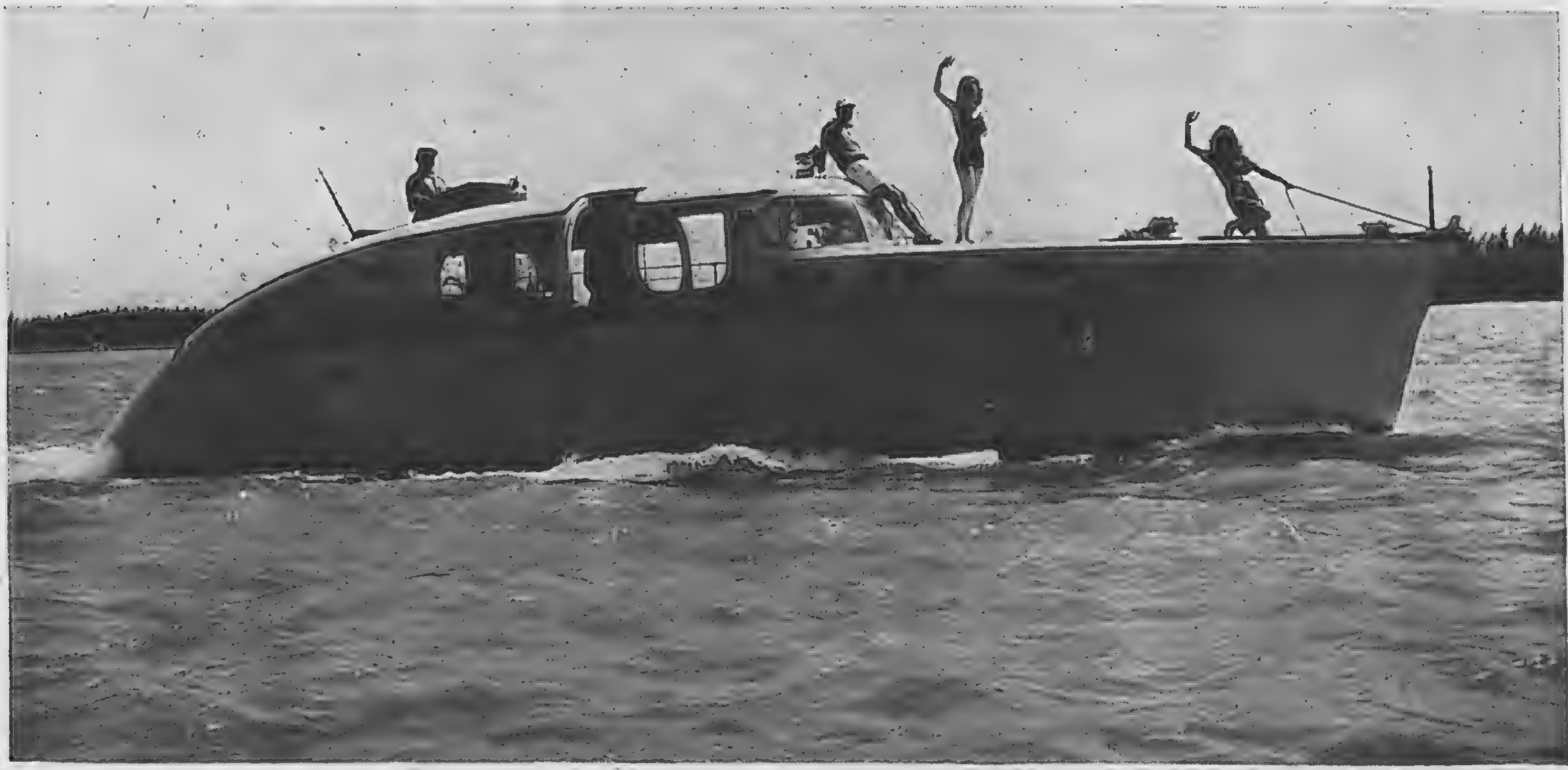
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



PRESS ASSOCIATION

MOTHER, MAY I GO FOR A SWIM?—That seems to be the plea that the cub, born a week before Christmas, is making to his mother, Rosie. They're San Diego Zoo residents, and for Junior this is his first venture out of his home behind the open grottoes.

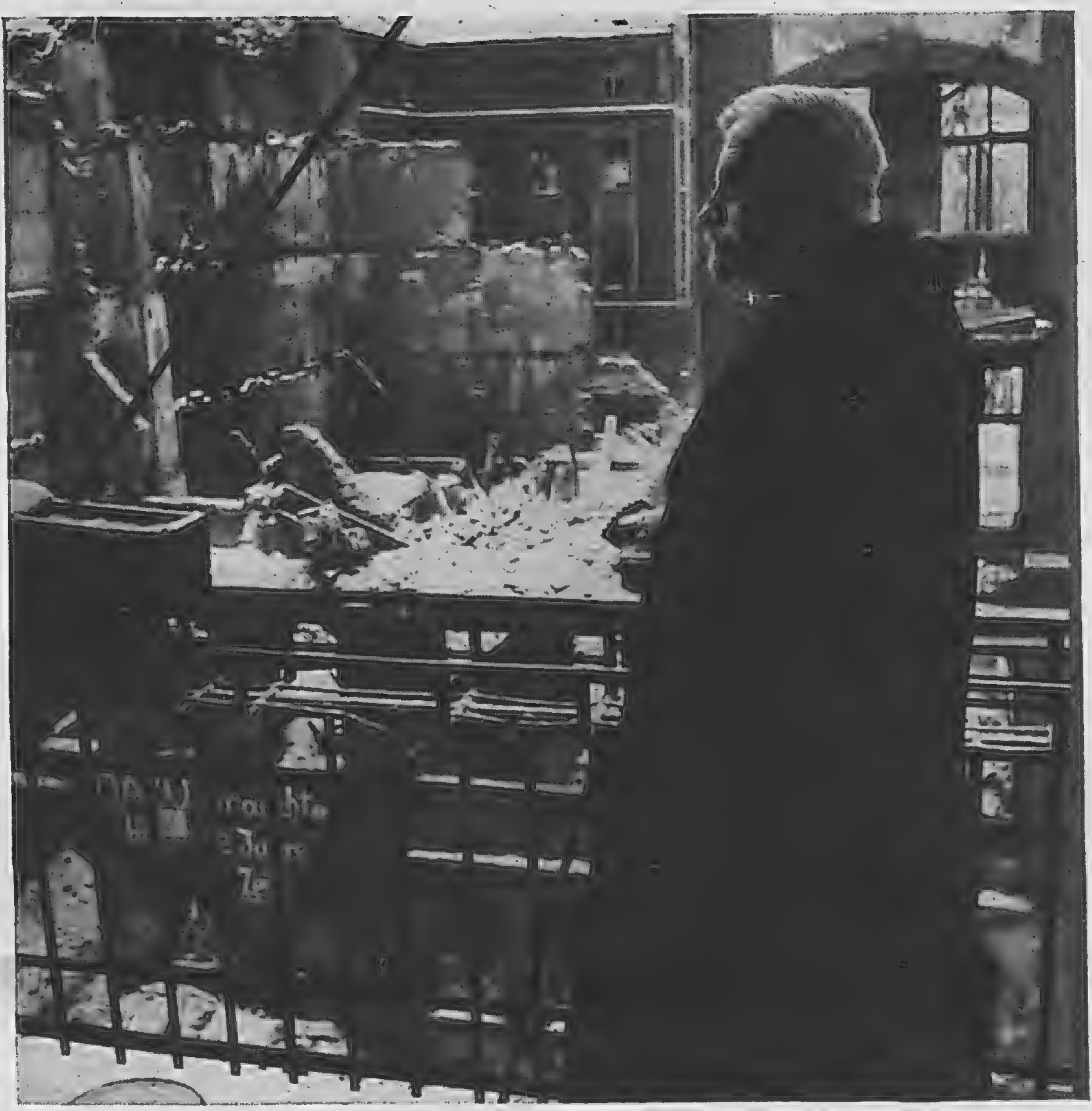


INTERNATIONAL

FLOATING LUXURY—Here's the $125,000 fifty-footer started before Pearl Harbor and now completed for R. S. Evans, New York and Miami sportsman. She's air-conditioned, with chrome and plastic interior. Deck fittings shown here are not standard equipment.

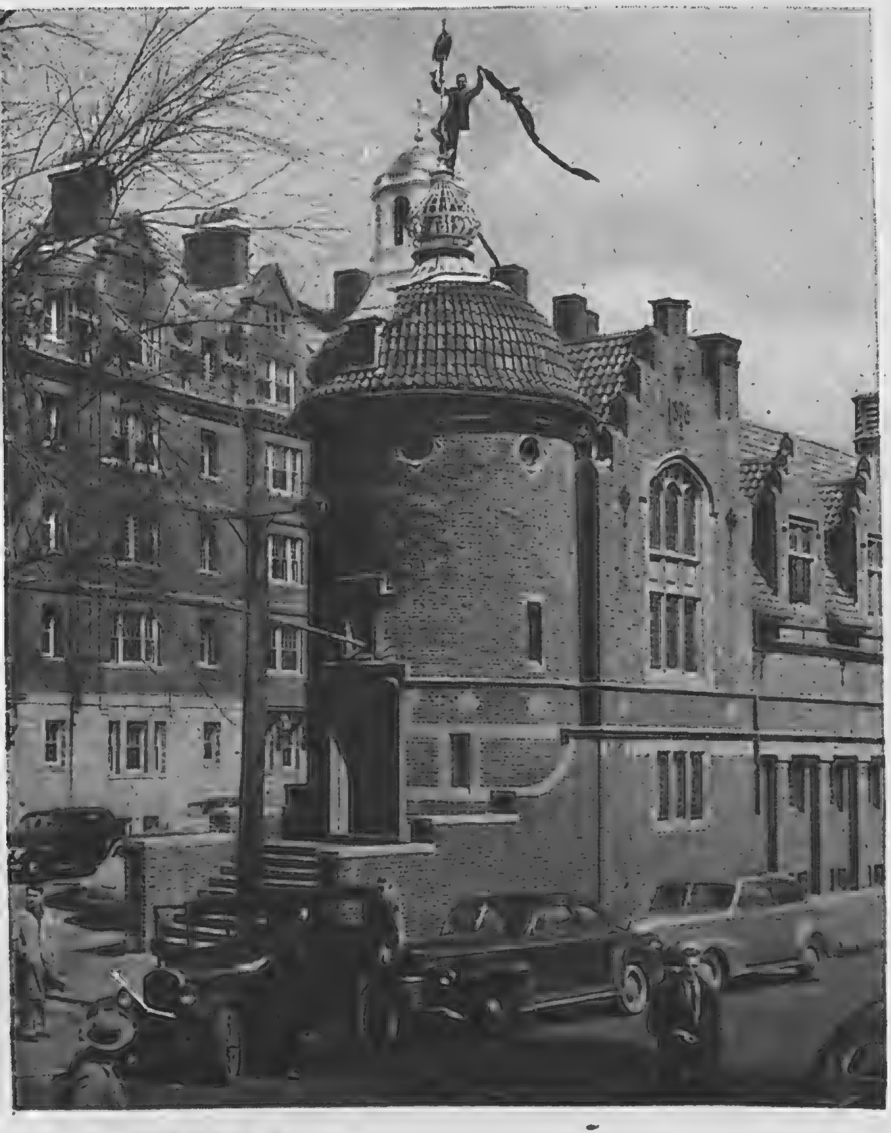
INNOCENT BYSTANDER—Aged but alert, Dr. Wilhelm Kuelz eyes his ruined Berlin home on which anti-Nazis have chalked the legend, "To achieve all this, Hitler needed twelve years' time." The doctor is Liberal Democratic Party chairman.

INTERNATIONAL



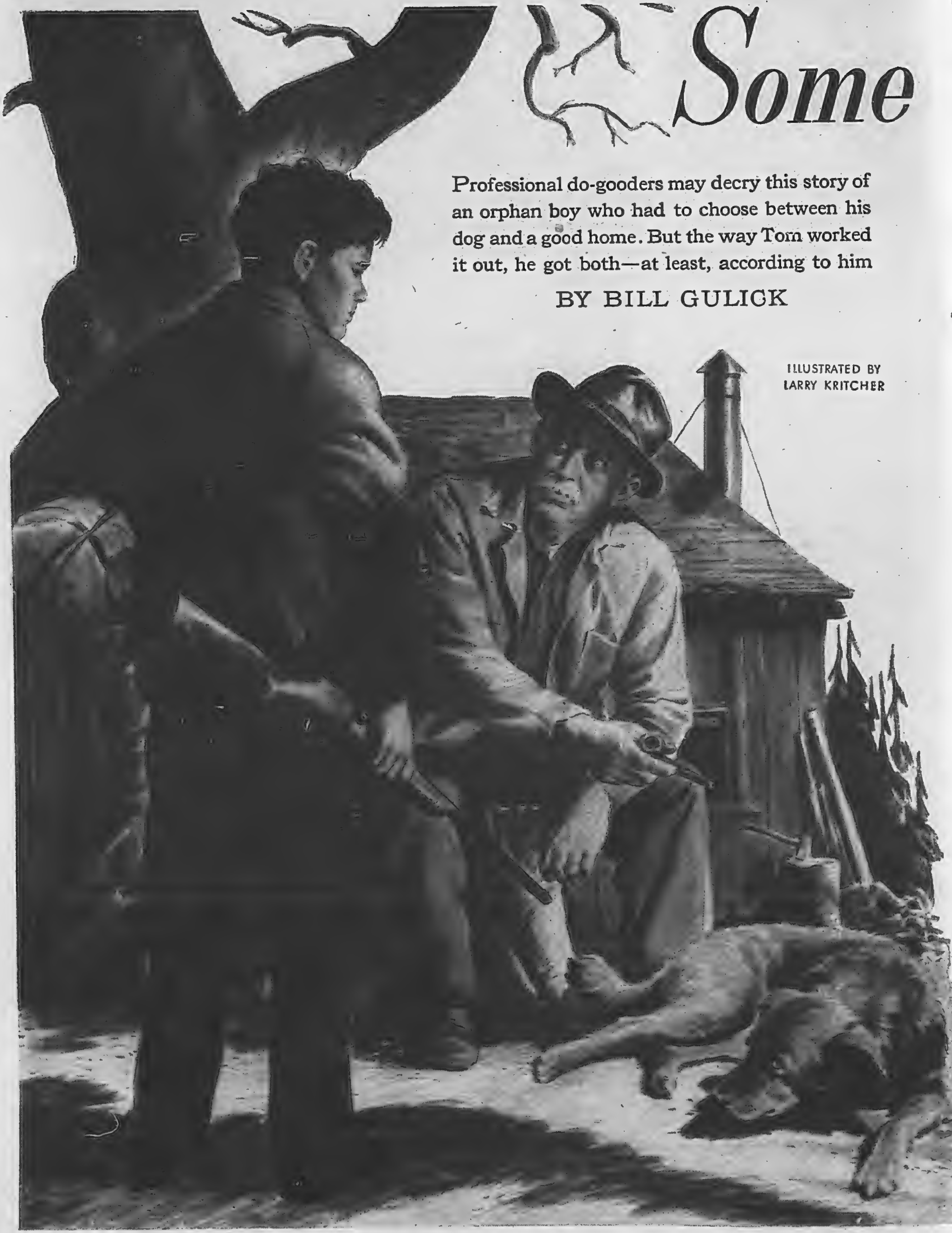
FEUDIN' AGAIN—Ancient rivalry between Crimson and Lampoon, two Harvard student publications, has erupted again. Here Robert Goelet of New York tears down the black banner which someone hung on the Lampoon building. Worse, Maureen O'Hara declined to attend a dinner the Lampoon wanted to give her.

INTERNATIONAL



INTERNATIONAL

MICKEY'S BACK—and wifie's got him. Back from the wars, Mickey Rooney took the former Betty Jane Rase of Birmingham to a Hollywood opening. His grin's still working.



Some

Professional do-gooders may decry this story of an orphan boy who had to choose between his dog and a good home. But the way Tom worked it out, he got both—at least, according to him

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY
LARRY KRITCHER

People Hate Dogs

THE tardy winter dawn filtered through the cabin window like a pale gray wraith, touching Tom Martin's face with ghostly fingers. The boy awoke, restless with cold. He lay quiet for a moment, listening to the morning sounds outside. A blue jay scolded the wan sun from the top of a cedar, the morning ferry whistled shrilly as it pulled away from its slip, a logging train, beating upgrade, chugged hoarsely as it attacked the steep slope.

Saturday, he thought. That meant no school, but he could not stay an extra half hour in bed. Shivering, he threw back the blankets and fumbled on the cold plank floor for socks and boots. Tink, a shaggy brown mongrel, crawled out from under the cast-iron stove, stretched, then leaped upon him with a joyous bark of greeting.

"Go way," Tom scolded, giving the dog a gentle cuff. "I got no time to mess with you."

As Tom built up the fire, his eyes fell on the empty cot on the other side of the room. It had been empty for three months now, ever since his father had quietly slipped away one night to ship out on an Alaska-bound whaler. Webb Martin, the people of the village maintained, was no good. What else, they asked pointedly, could you call a man who periodically disappeared, leaving his motherless son to shift for himself? A knot of hurt grew in Tom's throat. Maybe they were right; but it was lonely in the cabin when his father was gone.

He fed Tink, and was sitting down to his own breakfast when the dog suddenly ran to the window, barking. A car stopped outside, and Tom opened the door. It was Miss Emily Faber's car. A man was with her—a large heavy-limbed man well past middle age—and as Tom watched them come toward the cabin, his forehead tightened in a frown. He knew theirs was no casual visit. Nothing less than a major calamity could induce Big Mac McLeod to ride in a car with a woman, least of all a woman he detested as much as he did Miss Emily.

"Morning," Tom said to their brief greeting, and invited them in. Tink, who liked everybody, tried to jump up on the visitors and give them an enthusiastic welcome. Tom sharply ordered him to mind his manners. His dirty paws would raise the devil with Miss Emily's coat. As for McLeod, it was common knowledge that Big Mac hated dogs.

As Tom started to turn away, Big Mac grunted, "Git him away from here, you know I got no use for dogs."

Miss Emily, her slim gloved hands clasped uneasily together, said in a quiet voice, "Tom, we have bad news for you."

"Oh, hell," Big Mac grunted impatiently, "don't beat around the bush! Come right out and tell him."

Tom looked from McLeod's weathered deep-lined face to Miss Emily's plain kindly countenance, and suddenly he knew why they had come. "What's happened to dad?" he asked.

"The North Star," Miss Emily said, "has been lost at sea."

Tom suddenly felt cold all over. Tink, as if knowing something was wrong, whimpered softly and padded up to him. He put his hand on the dog's head, and somehow that gave him the feeling that he wasn't alone.

HE was barely aware of Miss Emily's voice reading the brief account in the Seattle paper. There had been a storm, the whaler's engines had failed and she had been driven aground in Alaskan waters; a Coast Guard rescue boat had saved three of the crew—none of whom was his father—then the ship had sunk.

Miss Emily looked at him with concern. "I can't tell you how sorry I am, Tom. Is there anything I can do?"

Big Mac didn't say he was sorry; he just fished in his pocket for pipe and tobacco and slowly loaded up, working the strong-smelling tobacco into the pipe with a calloused finger. It was like him not to speak, Tom thought, for if he had, he would have bluntly said that Webb Martin never had been much of a father, and now he was gone Tom shouldn't miss him a whole lot.

Tom shook his head and said dully, "No, ma'am. I'll be all right."

"You can't stay here alone. Come home with me for a few days—at least until we can make some permanent arrangements for you."

"I can take care of myself," he answered stiffly. "I always have."

"Sure you have," Big Mac grunted. "Leave the kid alone, Emily. He ain't no baby any more."

A slow stain of color flooded Miss Emily's cheeks. She turned toward the door. "I'll help in any way I can, Tom," she promised. "Call on me."

Without looking at McLeod, she went out of the house and drove away. Big Mac lit his pipe with a grunt of relief. "Nosy female!" He looked at Tom. "You got plenty of grub? Need any money?"

"I'll get by," Tom said.

McLeod nodded. He puffed silently on his pipe for a while, then turned to go. "Found fresh deer sign in back of my place yesterday," he said. "Next time you run low on meat come and bring your gun."

When he had gone, Tom sat down on his cot and absently scratched Tink's ears, thinking about Big Mac and Miss Emily. They were the only real friends he had in the community. Miss Emily lived alone in the old Faber house down in the village, a quiet, well-to-do spinster. She was always finding odd jobs for him to do around the house, and paid well for them. Sometimes she gave him warm used clothes, outgrown by her cousin's children, and she had a way of making him feel he was doing her a favor to take them.

Big Mac McLeod was a good friend too, only in a different way. The villagers called him a sour, drunken, ill-tempered old coot who was a lifelong bachelor simply because no woman would put up with him, but Tom knew they were wrong. Sure, Big Mac drank, all right, but it never made him raise his voice or fight. He fished and hunted a little, but he had no regular job. There was nothing about the woods he didn't know, and he could sit and spin yarns by the hour. But one thing about him puzzled Tom. Why did he hate dogs so much?

TOM tried to eat his breakfast, but his appetite was gone. Angrily he told himself that what had happened didn't change anything. His father had never been at home much anyway; now he just wouldn't be coming home at all.

After a week or so the dull gnawing hurt inside Tom got to where it wasn't so bad. Tink helped most. During the long rainy evenings when Tom did his homework by lamplight, the steady peppering of rain on the cabin roof gave him a lost empty feeling; then he'd look down and see Tink lying contentedly in front of the stove, and everything would be all right again. Or he would be standing on the cliff overlooking the harbor and his heart would shrivel within him as he thought of the North Star. Then Tink would tug at his pants' leg and beg for a

(Continued on page 80)

I WATCHED the rough hills slipping past the train window, and rejoiced. My education, or at least the university part of it, was finished. I had earned a holiday, and a month of complete relaxation in a houseboat upon the quiet river would be as good as a tonic.

I should have alighted at the river station, but instead I chose to cross the river and walk back from the next station.

It was a long walk to the ferry, and the sun was getting low. I was beginning to regret my impulsiveness, when I noticed an outboard motor pulling in to a jetty.

Perhaps I could hire the owner of the outboard to run me to the houseboat. I scrambled down over the rock slide to the dilapidated boundary fence of a farm, and into broken corn half smothered in weeds. Indeed, the whole farm and the house itself showed signs of neglect and disrepair.

I stooped to avoid the laden grapevine which weighed the rickety porch down so that it stood all askew, and knocked at the door. A man's voice from within cried plaintively:

"Don't let him in! For God's sake don't let him in!"

The door opened slowly and a woman looked out. She was almost invisible in the darkness of the doorway.

"It's—it's all right!" I said. "I thought perhaps you might sell me a glass of milk."

The woman nodded slowly.

"Come in," she said, and her voice was the voice of a girl. "Come in out of the sun."

"I hate to trouble you, madam," I said, "but if you have any milk—"

"We have plenty of milk," she said. "Come in and rest for a moment."

"Don't let him in! He's a spy!" the voice said again. As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw a man crouched upon a couch in a corner of the room, as far as he could get from me.

"Perhaps I'd better go!" I said uneasily.

"Don't take any notice of father—he's ill—mentally ill," the girl said. "I'll fetch you some milk."

"Perhaps I could come with you. I seem to be disturbing your father!"

"If you wish," she said, and held the door open for me, and I stepped gratefully out into the sunlight again. She stopped for a moment at the door and said something soothingly to the man, and his voice broke into unintelligible murmurings that continued monotonously as we walked down a weed-grown path to the stone dairy.

THE milk was cool and rich. She filled a mug with it, and stood looking out the door. I sipped the milk and watched her covertly. She was tall, almost as tall as I. She wore a shapeless flowered dress, but it could not conceal the perfection of her figure. Her hair was brown and her eyes were large and gray with dark lashes. Her high cheekbones

A strange and fascinating tale, different from anything you have ever read—of a girl no man should have had the misfortune to meet, and the man whose troubled memory she will never leave

“I am glad that you let me visit you,” I said softly. “You—never have many visitors, do you?”

lent her tanned face a Slav piquancy. She had full red lips that one could tell had never known lipstick.

“Delightful!” I said, and, as she turned inquiring eyes upon me, “How much do I owe you?”

“Hospitality costs nothing.”

“I'm afraid I've been rather foolish!” I said disconcertedly. “I started out to walk to the ferry. I—I have a houseboat on the other side of the river, above the ferry. Who owns the skiff with the outboard motor, out front?”

“It is mine.”

“I—I thought I might be able to hire the owner to run me home. But you couldn't leave your—your father?”

“He is—confused, but he is not helpless. I will take you to the houseboat. Wait here until I tell him. Sometimes it is hard to make him understand.”

I leaned against the dairy door and watched her. She walked with the natural grace of a barefooted Eastern water carrier.

When she returned, ready for the trip, she wore sandals, and had tied a silken kerchief around her hair.

I held the boat steady while she stepped aboard, then pushed off and jumped in.

She started the motor and I sat beside her on the back seat.

Her legs were brown and lithe, and I was very conscious of the presence of her beside me on the seat.

“What is your name?” I asked after a while.

“Gypsy.”

“I beg your pardon?” I asked, startled.

“Gypsy,” she said, and for the first time smiled, and her teeth were white and even. “That's what father has always called me.”

“Sorry!” I said. “It's just that it's a bit unusual. I'm Dennis—Dennis Corbett. I'm up here for a month on holiday.” I paused, and then continued hurriedly, “I've just finished college. I'm going to be a writer later, after I've traveled and—and gained experience.”

“Do you have to gain experience to write books?” she queried.

“Well, they're partly imaginative, I suppose!” I said uncertainly, “but experience is essential too—all kinds of experience.”

“There's the ferry!” she said. “Which is your houseboat?”

“The cream-and-green one.” I pointed to it, and she turned the skiff adroitly alongside. The door opened and old Jim Wheeler came out. Jim is a pensioner and has a hut by the river. He looks after the houseboat for me and had just finished cleaning up.

SUDDENLY I wanted to see more of her. I turned to her quickly. “I haven't thanked you yet!” I said. “Can I—can I come to see you one day, to—to return your hospitality?”

She held the skiff alongside, and I stepped onto the houseboat and turned to her again.

“If you wish,” she said simply, and the motor accelerated and two lines of wake spread out from behind the skiff, and it pulsed steadily away downriver.

“Well, Master Dennis! I didn't expect to see you come from that direction! The place is all ready for you.”

“Who is she, Jim?” I asked.

He cast a quizzical glance after the vanishing boat, and looked at me slyly with the impudence of the aged.

“Old Wheatley's daughter. She lives on a farm down the river. Her old man's been in the madhouse this seven years. She's a little queer too, I think. Lives all by herself, and the farm goin' to ruin. She's a queer one. How might you have come to be with her?”

“How's the fishing?” I asked quickly.

“A plenty of bream at night. You'll pick up flathead and jewfish on the tide.”

HE turned to go. His skiff nosed gently against the pontoon. “Everything's in order, Master Dennis,” he said, and climbed into the skiff. And as he pushed off he said, and his lewd old eyes twinkled:

“Don't go fishing in troubled waters, me lad. She's a shapely slut, is old Wheatley's daughter!”

I should have known better than to ask him—knowing his evil old mind! So I cursed him and went inside to unpack; and as he rowed laboriously away, I heard his high laugh like a horse's whinny.

I put some water on the spirit stove, and started packing things away. Fishing gear, and food, and rough outdoor clothing. A few books, light and modern. I'd finished with heavy stuff. And then beneath the blank foolscap sheets I'd brought, just in case, I found the chocolates. It was a large box of the best variety. I'd bought it for—well, never mind. I'd forgotten to give it to her anyway.

I looked at them for a long time; then I started making excuses for myself.

It would be hot tomorrow; they'd probably melt. I didn't like chocolates much, myself. To give them to old Jim would be casting pearls to swine. I'd have to throw them out, or else—or else give them to the girl, Gypsy.

I ate a hurried tea, changed to a sports shirt and shorts, and climbed into the dinghy with the chocolates.

I lay on my oars off the rickety

(Continued on page 66)

GYPSY

BY R. WILKES HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Curve Artist

It looked like the same old Cassidy on the mound after three years of striking out Nazis, yet *something* must have changed. Something had

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

CASSIDY had no scars, neither of body nor mind, and he was grateful. No readjustments needed for him. None of the problem stuff. He was O.K.

So he'd *had* three years of it. . . . O. K., he'd had it. But so had a couple million other guys. He didn't even have any regrets, although the three years would have meant a neat fifty thousand dollars.

Now, as he tied his shoelaces slowly, methodically, he looked around the locker room and he thought: It's just like it used to be. Hank Parson over there—big quiet Hank, always the last man dressed; Billy Moore, chattering away incessantly, hardly caring whether anyone was listening to him; the sharp metallic clacking of spikes on the cement floor; the strong good smell of liniment, and the odors of practice equipment hanging up to dry.

Here it is again, Cassidy thought. Opening day. Opening day, and I'm the starter, just as it used to be. And then, somewhat strangely, Cassidy began feeling something was wrong. Something ought to be different, even if it wasn't. He didn't have the vaguest idea what. He just thought it *should,* that's all.

But it was the same, just as it had been the same in spring training camp. The beautiful Florida skies, the gentle breeze at night. The locals watching them stolidly during their work-outs; the tourist crowd, a little more animated. The lobby sitting, the bull sessions, the interviews with the sports writers making their rounds of the citrus circuit—the same, all of it.

His stuff? He hadn't lost a thing. Not an ounce. He still had the speed, the control, the change of pace, the curve that practically made a noise as it broke across the plate.

Cassidy took his glove off the hook in the locker. He folded it, stuck it into his hip pocket, and walked out of the clubhouse and up the open tunnel leading to the field. Someone spotted him before he'd gone ten feet, and soon he was smiling and waving up at them as they leaned over the rail and shouted down at him.

They'd always liked him, and the kids were crazy about him. It wasn't merely because he was a great pitcher, but because he was an all-right guy.

A kid shoved a program and a pencil in his face as he approached the lower level of the stands, and he scrawled his name. Just like old times. Nothing was different. And as he walked toward the dugout, he began to wonder a little anxiously if there wasn't *something* that was changed.

Not pressing enough to upset his equilibrium, but it had a strange persistence that he felt should be resolved in some kind of answer.

It was getting to be a very pressing point.

He took off his windbreaker and tossed it in the corner of the dugout, and then went out to warm up with Hank Parson.

Hank squatted, held up his big mitt, and called, "Here it is, fella. Same old target."

Cassidy warmed up a little too mechanically, and he knew it, but that word "target" had started a new train of thought.

He was thinking again of those missions in the B-17 and the targets he'd had *then.*

Of the times he'd cursed wildly and soundlessly over Schweinfurt and Nuremburg and Munich and swung his waist gun at the Messerschmitts as they swarmed in and around them.

HE looked at big Hank and he thought how it had been, and how each mission got to be an eternity longer than the one before, and how, when the flak mushroomed around them like a thick deadly blanket, he would try to think how it used to be on the baseball field.

In those searing moments he would think to himself: How can I ever get worked up over a ball game again? How can I imagine myself back there on the slab, saying to myself: Cassidy, the bases are loaded and nobody's out. Cassidy, you're in a tough spot.

And then he would have liked to take time out and have a hysterical laugh with himself, but the 109s never gave him a chance for such a luxury.

He glanced over and watched the Tigers for an instant as they held their infield drill, and almost immediately his eye picked up Jim Kilgore at short. He'd even thought about Kilgore on some of those missions, because when it got right down to cases, Jim Kilgore represented the only real trouble he'd had in baseball.

And that was more a joke than anything else, although a costly joke at times.

Kilgore was a good hitter, all right, and probably the best lead-off man in the league, but certainly he wasn't a *great* hitter. Yet somehow Cassidy found him the toughest man in baseball. His batting average was practically certain to go up a couple of points on the days Cassidy was pitching, and one sports writer had figured that over a period of four years Kilgore owned an incredible .483 average against Cassidy.

Even when Cassidy got him out, Kilgore still managed to get a good piece of the ball. No weak rollers or pop flies when Cassidy was serving them up.

It got to be that Cassidy's teammates—kidding, of course—began demanding part of his salary for the extra support they had to furnish on days Cassidy worked against Kilgore.

There was nothing bitterly personal in the situation. It was just one of those Indian signs that got hung on a guy once in a while, and there was nothing Cassidy could do to shake it off.

Parson came up to Cassidy when they were finished warming up. "You've got it today, Clipper boy. Let's feed it to 'em in big doses."

Cassidy nodded vacantly and looked up at the sky, mildly surprised to see the plane that was circling slowly about two thousand feet over the ball park. He wondered why he hadn't noticed it before, because he knew it must have been stooging around up there for some time.

HE went back to the bench and slipped into his windbreaker, and in a very short time the opening-game ceremonies were over. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner and the mayor tossed out the first ball—wild, as usual, Cassidy noted. Everything was the same all right. But by then he began feeling

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

a little peeved with himself, because he knew it didn't make any difference really.

Then Pete Gracey, officiating behind the plate, bellowed "Play Ball!" and Cassidy found himself walking slowly out to the mound. As he took his final warm-up pitches he heard the shrill sharp chattering of his infielders behind him, talking up the old pepper, and it was good to hear. He looked around at them, from first over to third, and hitched up his pants.

When he turned around again, Jim Kilgore was standing at the plate, swinging his bat confidently.

"Welcome home, cousin," Kilgore called. "We've missed you."

Cassidy studied Kilgore for an instant, and then just before he began his wind-up he heard the plane again. He looked up at it for a long moment and felt an urge to wave.

"Friend of yours?" Kilgore smirked, raking his spikes in the dirt.

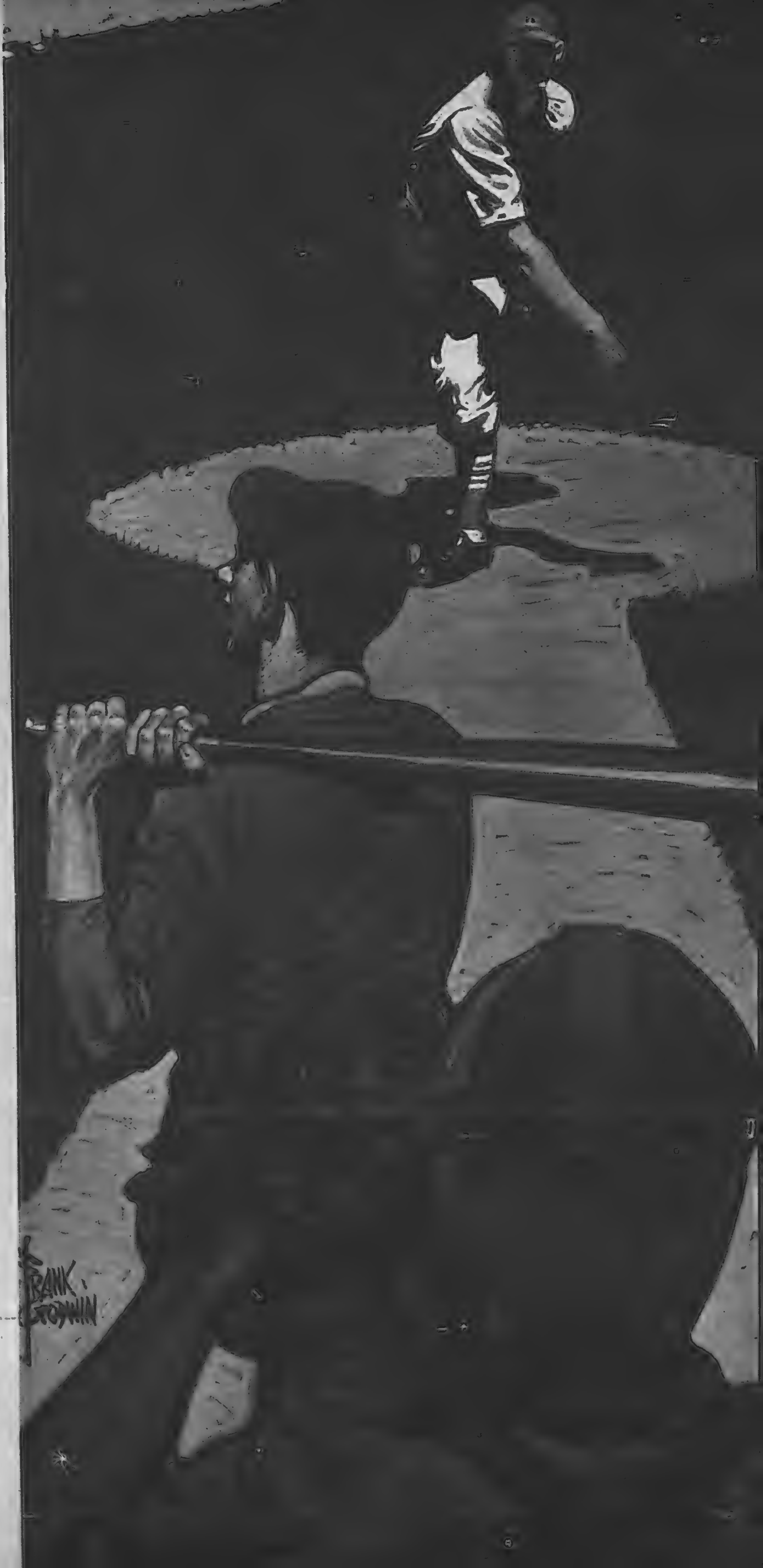
Cassidy caressed the ball with his big right hand as he pondered that, then gripped it hard. He began his wind-up slowly and came out of it with all the smooth harnessed power of his magnificent body and arm, and even as the ball slid off his fingertips and blazed plateward a wonderful new feeling enveloped Cassidy.

OUT of the contortions of his follow-through he could hear the roar that went up as Kilgore, caught off balance by the terrifically breaking curve, swung and missed grotesquely, slipping to one knee.

It seemed to take longer than necessary for Kilgore to get back on his feet and regain his stance, and Cassidy noticed the incredulous, shocked surprise that spread over Kilgore's face. And as he looked, Cassidy imagined the expression was changing to one of almost helpless resignation.

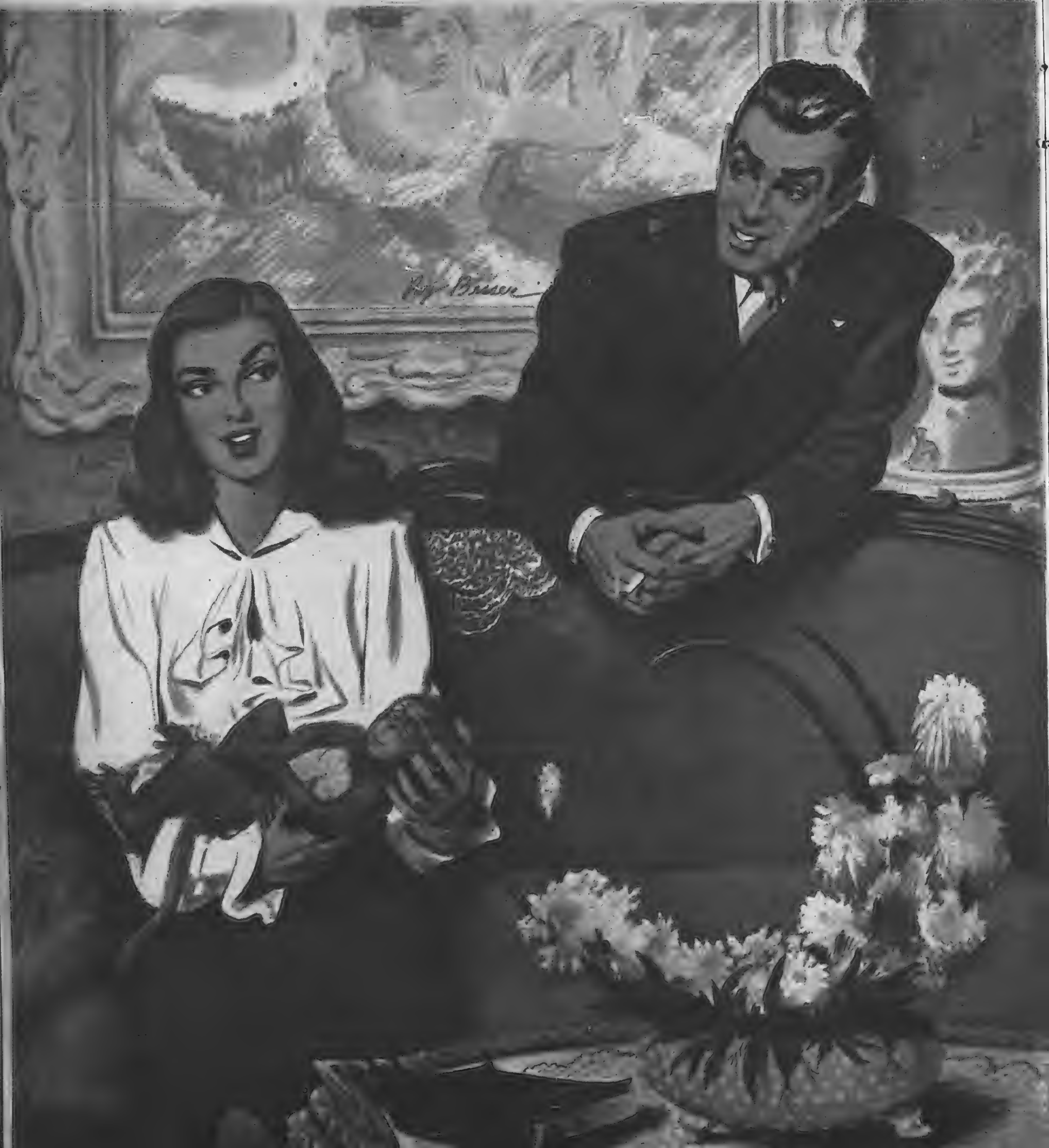
Cassidy began to laugh, a long loud laugh, full of honest amusement, and as he started his wind-up for the second pitch he began to get the idea that maybe something was going to be different after all.

THE END



As the ball slid off his fingertips and blazed plateward, a wonderful new feeling enveloped Cassidy.

Reporter Meets Girl



Vance gazed. "You're wonderful!" Linda shook her head. "I figured it was like taking care of a baby," she said.

Vance had written his greatest story for the Blade, but the crazy things it made people do and the wonderful effect it had upon a certain girl make even a greater story. This is it

BY DONNA GEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

WHEN he walked in to Toni's cocktail party, he was just Vance Hill, youngest Blade reporter, with a lot of pals, some college and overseas days behind him, some illusions left, and a lot of scars from being rammed back into the doghouse by the Blade editor. But when he left he was Superman!

Vance saw her the minute he walked in through all the smoke and people.

She was just the size to fit into a man's arms. Her eyes were gray silken nets that entangled the blue skies of Erin and the stars of evening. Her hair was like sunset seen through the black boughs of a forest. Boy, she was a knockout!

When somebody introduced them, all he could do was repeat her name in rapture: "Linda!"

She smiled. "That's right. Linda Bowman. And you're Vance Hill?"

He nodded as he sat beside her. "Gee, I'm glad to meet you, Linda. I really mean that." And then he spent the next ten minutes elaborating on the theme. He should have come to the point, because at the end of ten minutes somebody named Alfred came to take her away.

What could he do? Bat out to the taxi behind them, warbling, "What about Saturday night, and how about your phone number?" No, all he could say was, "Be seeing you." And he could glare at Alfred.

He didn't stay long after that. The world in that short ten minutes had become a new and shining place to live.

He even woke up next morning before the alarm went off.

He pitied the people he met on his way to the Blade office the next morning. They walked with bowed heads along the daily furrows they had dug for themselves. They never even stopped to take a deep breath and look around. So help him, with Linda as his inspiration, he'd write an article for the Blade that would make them stop to savor the life they were treading away. It was the least he could do.

The editor already had a good start on his usual wounded-bull-moose bellow. Some article on the front page had gone *phhtt* at the last minute when a supposedly murdered woman had returned safe and sound.

"Hey, you!" The editor glared at Vance. "Fill that space with this—and *now* not just when you feel like it."

Vance glanced at the slip. "Visiting psychologist to speak on how to live in time of peace. (See advt. p. 6.)"

Vance glowed. He wrote fast. Flames seemed to crackle from his words. He fired it to the editor, who glanced at the length, wrote a hasty headline, and fired it down to the composing room.

Vance grabbed at his hat, got an assignment to cover a political meeting, walked out, and forgot it. He had business. Business that required nickels. He got a fistful and made for the nearest phone booth.

The composing room received the article with customary boredom. Visiting Psychologist Speaks. More hogwash. But occasionally the men in composing rooms read the articles they set up. Occasionally they have hearts and souls. Occasionally, hearts and souls or no hearts and souls, they have encouraging nips from bottle-like receptacles. It was so this time. Dad, who got the article, happened to read it. He realized that Visiting Psychologist Speaks is one helluva way to introduce so living a thing. He made up a head of his own: Life Is So Daily. And he gave Vance a by-line.

Then, fired by Vance's words, "Do you ever stop to care what happens to people—not just the ones who had the luck to be related to you or married to you, but all people—good and bad, young and old?" Dad, during his noon hour, joined the rural teachers' march on the Capitol demanding higher wages, helped an old lady across the avenue, and tossed a dime to a bedraggled boy wistfully eying the placards outside a movie house. He got back to work very late. He felt wonderful.

Vance called all the Bowmans in the phone book, and each denied harboring a Linda Bowman. Then he spent a nickel over and over trying to catch Toni at home, because, after all, she ought to know who was at her own cocktail party. It was noon before he got her.

Toni seemed amused. "Linda Bowman? Why, she's an associate editor on that new mag that just moved its editorial offices here."

In spite of spending the morning trying to get Linda on the phone, Vance hadn't stopped to plan what he was going to say to her until he heard her voice at the other end of the wire. He thought with the speed of the drowning. Associate editor, eh? That gave him an inspiration.

"This is one of your famous authors, Miss Bowman. I'd like to talk over postwar slant with you today. Say lunch, or cocktails?"

"The answer," the lovely voice said almost sharply, "is no. I haven't read a story in weeks that I didn't know who was going to marry which on page one, and all I wondered was why? I wouldn't go to lunch *or* cocktails with you today if you were George Bernard Shaw. Authors," she finished with acid emphasis, "give me a pain."

She hung up.

Vance fished out another nickel and tried again.

"I'm sorry. Miss Bowman just left for the day."

"Er—have you her home address? This is the express company and we have a package marked 'perishable' for her."

Well, he was perishable, wasn't he? Man is born but to die, or something. Migosh! Maybe she left early to marry Alfred!

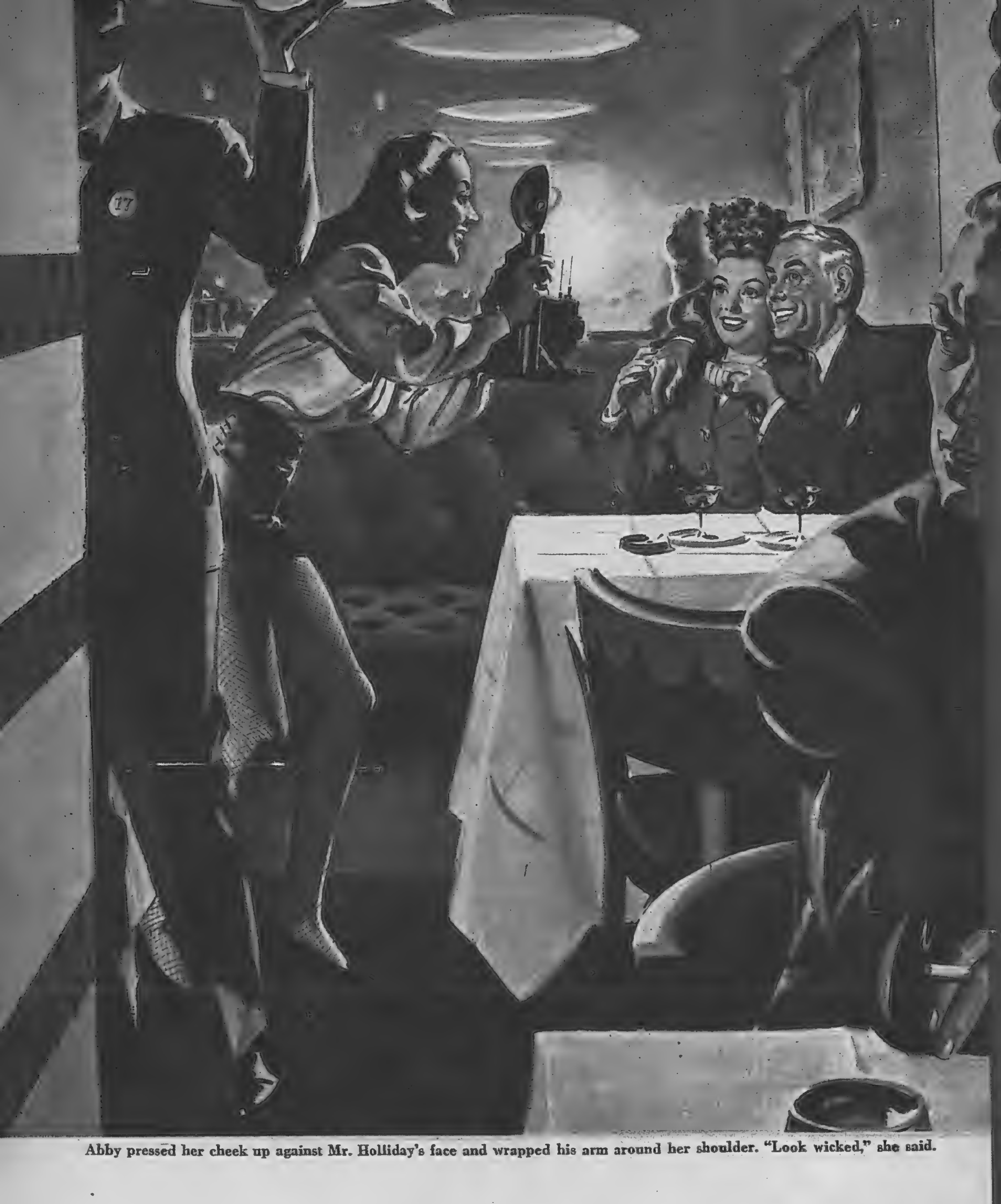
Vance hot-footed it to her apartment immediately. Nobody home. He went back outside and sat on the bench in front of her apartment house. "She has to come home sometime," he soothed himself reasonably. At least he could stay to wish her happiness.

LINDA left Toni's cocktail party with the sensation that Vance Hill was probably the sweetest thing that ever happened to a gal at a shindig like that. But slow! Mother of Moses! Alfred came before Vance even got past insisting that he really, honestly, was *too* glad he'd met her. For that she would never forgive Alfred. The drip! But Vance had said, "I'll be seeing you." Toni said he was a reporter on the Blade. Linda felt a sudden interest in the Blade.

The morning edition was sold out before she started to work the next morning, so she had to wait to get the noon edition.

Right there on the front page was a Vance Hill article, Life Is So Daily! She read it at once. Then twice more. What a man! Gentle, understanding—courageous. She liked the remembered set of his shoulders, and his

(*Continued on page 62*)



Abby pressed her cheek up against Mr. Holliday's face and wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Look wicked," she said.

"You look old enough to recognize a proposition," the green-eyed girl purred at George—and the more George listened, the better he liked it

You're Only Young Twice

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

MR. HOLLIDAY was in a grumpy mood. He was hungry, there would be a long wait for a table, his feet cried for bedroom slippers, and he hadn't won an argument with his wife in days. There was only one thing to do.

"Give me a dry Martini," he growled at the barkeep, "and make it wet."

From his vantage point at the bar of the Fatted Calf, he gazed balefully at the crowd waiting behind the velvet rope and wished them evil. He fixed the headwaiter's eye with a menacing look, and then he turned to scowl at himself in the mirror. Somehow this made him feel good.

And by the second Martini, he felt even better.

He had about started to talk to himself, when at last the headwaiter came over to him and announced, "I can seat you at once, sir, if you don't mind sharing a table with another."

"Now, look here—!" Mr. Holliday started to say, but he was interrupted by his gastric juices, which said, "All right. All right."

He patted his gray hair a few times and followed the man into the small crowded dining room, stopping finally before a table for two at which a young girl was seated.

The headwaiter oozed, "If madam has no objection—"

Madam scarcely looked up from her shrimp cocktail and said, "Of course not."

Of course not, Mr. Holliday grumbled to himself as he sat down and took up the menu. Why should she object to him? No one ever did. That was the trouble with him. Clara always told him it was one of his worst faults. He was so damned unobjectionable. It got on her nerves, she said.

He fractured a breadstick angrily, tormented a waiter for a few minutes, and then scrutinized his table companion. She had auburn hair, green eyes, and a wickedly enchanting face. She was, at the moment, marring her loveliness by scowling darkly at her shrimp.

"If you don't like the dish, why don't you return it?" Mr. Holliday said. "I always do."

The girl gave Mr. Holliday a brief icy look.

He persisted: "I don't usually talk to strangers, you know. But I can't imagine what a girl as pretty as you are could possibly be so upset about."

The silence grew louder.

"Perhaps you'd rather I change my table?" he ventured. "I tried that here once and the two rival waiters had it out with steak knives." He sighed. "Poor Gaston."

When the onion soup came, he started to make loud music with it. "You don't have to tell me. I know it," he said eagerly. "I'm being objectionable."

The girl finally looked at him. "Now, what*ever* gave you *that* idea?"

"Nothing," Mr. Holliday sighed. "I was only hoping."

"Well, if it'll make you any happier, you *are* being a pest."

"Thank you," said Mr. Holliday, smiling.

"Don't mention it," said the girl.

"You have all the earmarks and frown lines of someone who is having troubles. And if there is anything I enjoy with my dinner, it's listening to other people's troubles."

"Just a little heart trouble," the girl muttered.

"Nothing serious, I'm sure."

"But," she said, "I'm serious."

"How about him?"

"He doesn't know whether he is or not." She knifed her broccoli savagely. "That's where he is tonight—out with another girl, experimenting—trying to make sure about me."

"You can't lose," Mr. Holliday assured her.

"Nothing but him," she sighed.

"Not a chance." Mr. Holliday toyed with his frogs' legs.

"She happens to be glamorous and wealthy. He's impressionable."

"Not a chance," repeated Mr. Holliday. "Unless, of course, he knew you were weeping lonesome tears about it."

"Look," she said. "I don't *have* to tell you all this, do I? I mean, your name isn't Mr. Anthony by any chance, is it?"

"Holliday is the name," he replied. "George Holliday. Better known as Clara Holliday's husband. What's yours?"

"Just plain Abby," she countered mournfully.

"Now, as I was saying, Abby—"

"MR. HOLLIDAY," the girl said sweetly, "does your wife know you broke your leash tonight and are running around loose?"

Mr. Holliday's face fell and his eyes took on the look of a whipped cur.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Abby apologized. "I didn't mean that. I hope I didn't say something— Your wife isn't—she isn't—?"

"Dead?" Mr. Holliday laughed nastily. "Only to me. You see, I'm a card widower."

Abby's eyebrows arched. "You mean you lost her in a gin-rummy game?"

"No," sighed Mr. Holliday. "Poker."

"Good Lord!" Abby cried.

A black frown clouded Mr. Holliday's face. "You are looking at a man who has been cast aside by his wife for a deck of cards—a man who three nights a week, sometimes four, has to eat his dinner in crowded restaurants instead of in the com- (*Continued on page 57*)

Starting Now...

Families all over America are reviving that good-natured controversy over where to spend their long-postponed vacation. Everyone wants to go to a different place. Dad says, "The car won't stand a long trip and our pocketbook won't stand an expensive one." Mom says, "If you think I'm going to stay at home another year, you're wrong." "Bobby-sox" Jane says, "Surely there must be some way to go." And little Jimmy chirps, "Ya' know ya' promised!"

DAD'S CHOICE: The salty spray of the sea. "How about the seashore?" he says. "Just imagine us there, fishing, swimming, sailing, lying in the sun, relaxing . . . ah, that's what I really call a vacation!"

MOM'S CHOICE: The big City with its tempting shopping districts. "No hot stove to slave over, no dishwashing . . . just hours of thrilling window shopping and easy living. Now that's my kind of a vacation!"

JANE'S CHOICE: The National Parks by way of Hollywood. "Gosh! Horseback riding, swimming, sight-seeing and dancing. All that, and maybe 'Frankie' too. Now that's a vacation that's 'groovy.'"

JIMMY'S CHOICE: The Indian Country. "Oh, boy! Indians, the wide open range and a real pinto to ride. I can pretend I'm Kit Carson, and just think, I'll be walking on the same ground he did. Bang! Bang! 'Don't fence me in,' gimme that kind of a vacation, Mom, and I'll wash behind my ears every day."

Here's your solution, folks. Every kind of a vacation you can think of is located on one of these lines. And it costs so little to travel by Trailways bus. Maybe you can visit every one of those spots the family wants to see, on one trip or on separate trips . . . and still stay within Dad's budget.

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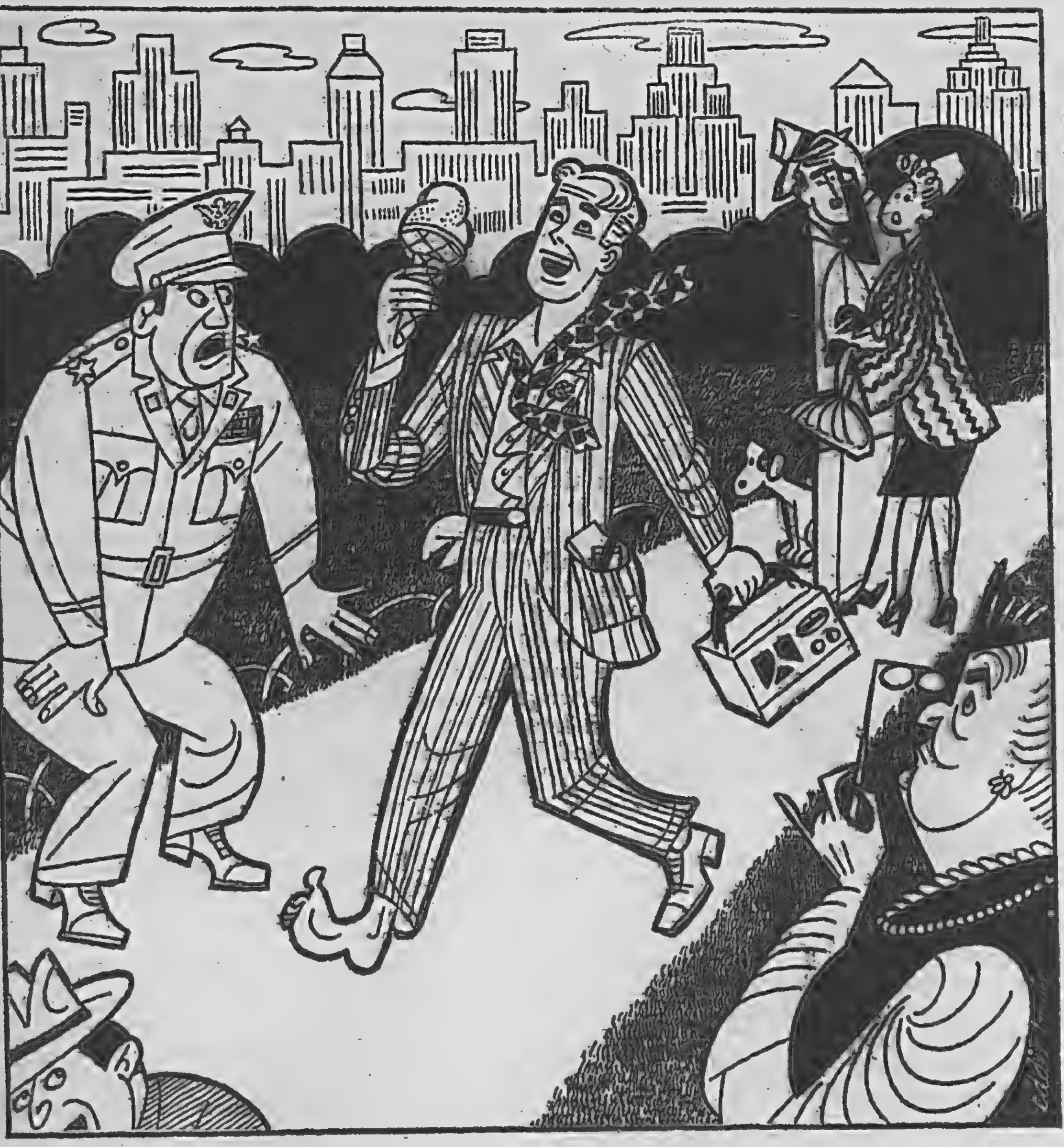
HOW TO BE A CIVILIAN



By

MORTON THOMPSON

The author "got sick and tired of hearing this jerk and that being learned about the problem of how to handle the returning soldier." So he wrote this funny, sometimes raucous, sometimes profane, but always sensible advice for the reconverting G.I.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

Illustrated by Eddie Bowie

Why Are We Peaceing?

ROUGHLY, peace is a long furlough.

It corresponds to the end of an enlistment. When it is peace you don't get any more fogy and no seventy cents a day for maintenance. The railroads go back to charging their usual travel rates. The USOs close up. There are no more coffee and doughnuts for free. During this furlough period a new type uniform will be available, HSM 3 PC (also known as Hart, Schaffner & Marx, $39.50). There is one other minor detail: during peace it will be necessary for the majority to Earn a Living, as involuntary payday is indefinitely suspended.

Since practically every damned one of you began memorizing the mechanics of how to get a discharge two hours after you were inducted, we will not go into that subject here except to remark that it's just as easy to get out as it was to get in, only you don't have to wait so long. I mean by that, induction didn't really get under way until twenty-two years after 1919, and a discharge may not take any longer than anyhow six months.

In order for a guy to know why he has *stopped* fighting, he has to know why in the hell he ever *started* fighting. A great many learned editors and pundits have tried painfully to let the secret out of the bag. What they had to say adds up in general to assurance that we have been fighting a holy war against evil forces which sought the downfall and enslavement of the entire world.

Since these evil forces were the same which government leaders pooh-poohed for many years, it is pretty hard for the GI to figure out that what was wrong to fight against in 1934 was right to fight against in 1944.

Another thing that doesn't help much is the way we

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were whipped around from day to day before World War II began: On Monday we were all asked to despise Poland, which had jumped in with Germany to grab a hunk of helpless Czechoslovakia, which had marched on helpless Lithuania, forcing them to trade on nice Polish terms with a Polish gun pointed at their heart, and whose entire past history was a black hell of pogroms, impoverished peasantry, and bloody aggressions.

Tuesday we were all urged to love dear Poland, which had just made a heroic stand against the Germans and who were now our dearly beloved Allies.

One day Germany was one of our best customers, who must on no account be estranged, and the next day they were the dirtiest sons of bitches the world has ever known.

I'm not saying they weren't and aren't. There was a time when there were such sons of bitches in England that we declared war on England and damned well licked them and fought them into letting us alone. But in those days there weren't so many doubts about where a fellow stood.

So it's little wonder that GIs have been confused about what they were fighting for. There isn't a nation that hasn't repeatedly pulled stuff which is against all our national ideals. There isn't a nation whose very recent history hasn't been held up to us as an example of an evil that may overrun the world.

When you strip it down, it all boils down to this:

We've been fighting Germany because Germany declared war against us. We've been fighting Japan because Japan hopped us when we weren't looking. And the reason we're peaceing is because the fight's over.

The thing you've got to remember is that every day, war or peace, the people of America are fighting for their liberty. It's a war that never ends. Lincoln said that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance and when he said that he didn't discover a new truth, he merely put an old, old truth into words.

When you lay your gun aside and become a Civilian again, you won't stop fighting. Maybe you won't fight consciously. But you'll go on resisting, to the day of your death, any notion or law or system of government which aims at taking away your liberty. Your lawmakers will fight this fight in the Senate and the House of Representatives. The judges of the Supreme Court fight for it in every case on which they hand down an opinion. An actual, real, honest-to-God fight. For freedom. For the reason why this country was founded.

All over the world people are fighting for a better way to live, for civilization. In Germany and Italy and Japan they weren't fighting so much for a better way to live. They were bucking civilization. They said to hell with civilization, let's set up a civilization of our own. But the forms were detestable to the world. And every time this happens the world rises and licks whatever new force has risen to divert the steady, upward trend of what time has shown to be the best form of civilization.

Here in America fighting's a habit of life with us. We fight every day of our lives. Sometimes it's depression. Sometimes it's cholera or infantile paralysis or cancer or heart disease or racketeering. Sometimes it's Nazis and Japs and Fascists. Every day is a fight. Whatever the thing is, it's a fight. We never stop. With us it's our liberty. And that's our civilization.

When you become a Civilian again the active phase of this never-ending war will be over for you. You will enter a new phase of this war. You will need other weapons. You will find what weapons you need. And consciously or unconsciously, because it is in your blood, you will continue to fight for your way of life. In America we do not fight for what men have died for so much as we fight for what men have lived for.

This war wasn't fought to make a better world. It was fought to stop those people who wanted to make it a worse world. You don't make a better world with war. You make a better world with peace. You will see many things that will dishearten or disgust you. You will think, Overseas we were fighting and dying, and these people, this is all they did to make things better for us when we returned.

Brother, that's *your* problem. The people you left behind you are the people you were when you went away. They're you. They're America. And now you've come back to it. You've got an advantage. You can see what things have run to seed imperceptibly, things awry which folks in the house, living close to, haven't seen.

Carrying a gun is a habit like any other habit. Fighting and killing and wounding and stealing are other habits. It took a long time to get us Americans geared to do those things. We'd been brought up different, most of us. We'd whaled hell out of our kids for doing such things and put adults in prison for doing such things.

And then all of a sudden we were barracked and disciplined and indoctrinated and instructed and crammed and incited and jawed and guardhoused into doing the very things we'd been founded as a nation not to do.

We were taught how to kill and that it's right to kill, and how to wound and that it's right to maim, and how to steal and how not to steal—"souvenirs" was the way the Army and Navy finally condoned pillage—and "borrowing" was the way we described it in the barracks when we unlawfully took stuff belonging to the Army or some other guy.

Well, naturally service life has got to be a habit. And a habit like that is hard to break. But there're new habits to learn—a new profession and its new rules. It's called Civilian. They do different.

There's a lot more to becoming a Civilian. There's a hell of a lot. There's stuff you couldn't even begin to bang ears about in one article. But this is a start.

I noticed in the papers some time ago there was a hell of a big bunch of industrialists and congressmen and leading citizens making a holy pilgrimage to Europe so they could see with their own eyes some of the atrocities folks who started the last war had been committing.

As I get it, the idea of the trip was so there would be no doubt in their minds what kind of people we were dealing with and how dangerous they were to the peace of the world.

So far as I know they all came back unanimous and righteous and ready to deal with the question.

Too bad they were six, seven years late. If they'd taken that same trip six, seven years ago, maybe there wouldn't have been any unprepared, peace-loving nations. Maybe there wouldn't even have been any war.

It's easy enough to write a book on how to be a Civilian. The piece I'd like to write would be titled: "How to *Stay* a Civilian."

Also I'd like to read it. Beginning here.

The First Day

Your first day as a Civilian may not come until you've been out of the Army three or even six months.

It'll probably come very suddenly. It hasn't much to do with the separation center, with you standing outside the reservation, your pockets full of dough, your eyes roving for a haberdashery or a railroad ticket office or the nearest saloon.

No matter what you do, being a Civilian doesn't seem to come when you take off your uniform, any more than being a soldier came to you the minute you put on your GIs for the first time.

For many and many a morning you'll continue to jerk wide awake around reveille. Many an evening will find you edging sackward around taps.

The full sense of freedom seldom comes all at once. The knowledge that you can walk down the main drag with your coat unbuttoned, your tie under one ear, wearing one shoe, no hat, and dragging your feet all you want to—knowledge like that doesn't come all at once.

The quickest way anybody's found to get adjusted to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as a Civilian, is to keep in touch with some buddy who has also been discharged. That way you can talk over things and marvel over things that you can't bang ears with a Civilian about. You step up to the average Civilian and say? "Hey, Jack! Ain't it swell no more KP?" and the guy will think you're talking in another language. Whereas with another soldier you'll immediately start swapping back and forth all the things you don't have to do any more and all the things you can do without even asking anybody.

Just the mere facts that you can come and go as you please, that you're the only one in the country who rates giving you orders—well, those are deals the Civilian doesn't think about one way or the other.

You want to see your girl tonight? You can go. Any time you want to. Maybe the notion strikes you to get up at 3 A.M. and go strolling down to the town? Get your clothes on and go. Nobody's going to stop you. When Civilians are hungry in the middle of the night they go downstairs and open the icebox and eat whatever they want to. If they want to strike up an acquaintance with a nice girl they just go and do it and nobody thinks they're either drunk or a guy with just-one-thing-on-his-mind.

There's a million things—there's no full field kit inspection, no barracks to GI, no drill, no PT, no sergeants, no brass, no MPs, no rifle, no chow line, no guard to pull, no chicken shed. The more things you and your buddy can think of, the quicker the miracle will bust on you and lay there like a rainbow.

ONE thing you want to watch with Civilians. They're apt to treat as a mental case any returned soldier who has just been paroled to the community at large. It's not entirely their fault. They've been so bombarded with learned articles on how to treat a returned soldier that they've about come to the conclusion that every discharged GI will turn out like Uncle Looey the time he drank all that shoe polish and went down the main street wearing only his Civil War scars and an old girdle of Aunt Ada's.

You'll find, especially on your first day, that Civilians will wear strained expressions when they talk to you, and start agreeing with you before you open your mouth.

All of them want you to talk. They want to hear horrors at first hand just like any other member of the human race. Well, GIs differ. Some guys like to get it off their chest, others can't bear to think of it. Some guys will discuss their medals freely and others clam up. The important thing to remember is that you're free to talk or not to talk, just as you like.

All over America there will be literally millions of servicemen and women who will be going through the same thing you are, men and women who talk your language because they've been where you have been and seen what you have seen. You got company, brother. You're not alone. Look up some buddy, no matter what theater he served in. And if you feel real low-down and lonely, go on out to the nearest veterans' hospital and bang ears with guys who will really be glad to see you.

A lot of guys do different things on their first day walking the streets a free man. One guy I know went down the street waving his discharge at everybody. Another guy went from bar to bar ordering hard liquor at ten o'clock in the morning. Another guy went to bed and for all I know hasn't got up yet. I watched two guys going around lighting cigarettes and throwing them down in the street. And one guy I know of went around buying beers for Civilians.

Whatever it is, unless it's something they'd slam you in jail for, whatever you want to do on your first day's separation, go ahead and do it. The quicker you get used to your freedom, the quicker you'll be a Civilian.

Whatever anybody's planned for you, keep that first day for yourself. And stay out of parades. You like to walk or something?

MANY Americans speak English. It is distinctly not SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) to walk up to females, slap them on the bottom, and say: *"Comment ça va?* How's about you and me, baby?" Civilian MPs are called policemen. Do not holler: "Hey *Paisano!*" at them.

When you see a line of people it is not necessary to gallop promptly to the end of the line. They may be waiting to pay their taxes. Taxes are payday allotments Civilians pay other Civilians for the privilege of being told how much taxes they got to pay.

Remember to speak English. When opening a conversation it is unnecessary to begin: "H'lo Joe. Me fella b'long boom-boom." Or any of the other forms of address you have been accustomed to using, including holding up two fingers in a V for Victory gesture meaning "How much?"

It is not unusual to find on the streets and in public places any number of pretty girls. These girls *have not* been liberated. It is grossly improper to approach them at a gallop, screaming, "How much?" Always first ask them, "Isn't this a lovely day?" or "Have you ever been in Milwaukee?" Then ask them how much.

It is possible that on your first day you may be a guest in a private home. Such a guest is usually awakened by a light tapping on the door, followed by a voice cordially inviting you to join your host at breakfast. Do not respond: "Blow it out your barracks bag, you bum!" Get up, get dressed, get washed, and go to breakfast.

Accustom yourself to sit on chairs while eating. It is not SOP to fill your plate, rush to a corner, and squat on the floor.

Civilians have an odd custom of serving food in individual dishes or in neat and separate piles on the same plate. While it is SOP for sensible people to stir baked beans, catsup, blueberry pie, soup, ice cream, and hash into one tasty mess, it is advisable to learn the customs of Civilians and keep food separate.

Odd trinkets, silverware, and other objects belong to the host and not the Army.

When leaving a restaurant or the home of a friend, you will look in vain for your hat and coat. They have been put in a closet for you, or checked. Just ask for them. Don't start screaming right away, "Some son of a bitch stole my outfit!"

In the event you do not stay the night with a friend or relative, it may become necessary for you to seek quarters. You will find many buildings bearing a sign: Hotel. These contain billets. SOP is to sign your name where the man indicates, pay him the arm and a leg he wants for the privilege of your sleeping there, and allow yourself to be guided to your quarters. It is no longer necessary to enter the nearest house, throw the occupants out the window, and take over the premises.

America is liberally studded with moving picture theaters. It is not Civilian SOP to holler and whistle every time any female from eight to eighty crosses the screen, whether animal or human. In the event your vision is impaired by the occupant of the seat in front, get up and move to another seat. Do not bat him across the back of the head and shriek: "Move your head, jerk, I can't see a damned thing!"

In conversation, when someone has said something with which you disagree, it is sufficient to state simply and peaceably that you disagree. It is not necessary to grab him by the tie, pull him toward you, and cry: "Look, Jack! You sucking around for a bruise?"

That big long thing in the bathroom is for use as a bathtub. A bathtub is like when you take a shower, only you lie down like in a foxhole except you can turn the water off.

How to Buy, Put On, and Wear Civilian Clothes

I have a vivid picture of you guys racing into Main Street. You've got your discharge in one hand and your severance pay in the other. You *zoom* into the main drag, spot a haberdashery, overshoot the field, and pancake. You haul bottom, veer about, rush into the store, tearing off your coat and pants as you enter.

Back in that dear little mind of yours is a Pete Smith short showing everbody rushing up to you delightedly, feeling your muscles, admiring your medals, drooling at the sight of your dough. And then running madly around the store, dragging out suit after suit, hat after hat, shirt after shirt, all for you to admire.

And here's big old you, flashing the old wad here and there, grinning from ear to ear if you've still got two of the same, and saying: "The best in the house! Gimme the kind of stuff these here now war workers buy!"

And a half hour later, shaved, haircutted, manicured, here you are, the Civilian, slaunching out the front door, a sight to behold. That's the dream, and those are the clothes, and all I can say is, if you have that dream again, wear the clothes in good health.

The manual says: 1, you're due to be shocked by the quality of available material; 2, you're due to confront many a scarcity in stuff that was commonplace before the war; 3, you're due to drop dead at the prices.

You guys who had your families put your Civilian clothes away are the lucky ones. You guys who sold your stuff before you went in will be handed TS slips good for a pair of overalls.

From here on for a while we will take up with Ossip T. Puddy. Ossip will be our boy. He will come from all the forty-eight states and however many territories there may be. He will be a veteran of all the places the Army issued booklets for, a guy who served on every front and also a guy who never got to go overseas. He hasn't any rank. He's just been discharged.

"What do you want to do first, Ossip?"

"I want to get out of these goddamned GIs?"

"You want to climb out of your uniform?"

"You got rocks in your head? Who the hell wants to stay in these clothes when they don't have to?"

"Lots of guys may, Ossip. Come on now—wouldn't you like to parade around in the old Class A's just for a day or so? Just to let folks see what a soldier looks like? The book says you can wear it five days. You can even stretch it to ninety days if it takes you that long to get home."

"Listen, pal! You bucking for a fat lip? I wanna get outa these clothes."

"What's in those bags, Ossip?"

"You mean my A and B bags? That's stuff."

"Let's see it, Ossip."

At this point Ossip, grinning happily, upends the barracks bags. A torrent of GI stuff piles up on the floor.

"You want to get away from GI stuff, huh? What are you doing with all that? You've got more than they allow you to take with you when you're discharged."

"Yeah," says Ossip. "Look what I got away with."

The Indians used to reward their kids when they copped something. And every GI has a point of pride about outwitting the QM.

Ossip is allowed one complete outfit—couple of shirts, a blouse, two pairs of pants, his underwear and towels, hat, maybe an overcoat.

He has gotten away with two overcoats, five hats, four shoe kits, four pairs of shoes, seven Army blankets, eight shirts, three blouses . . .

"It's trophies," Ossip explains.

"Sure. But what are you going to do with it?"

Ossip doesn't know. He's got a vague idea he may want it to knock around in. Maybe it'll be good for hunting, sometime. Maybe so. Chances are it'll wind up, like his pappy's stuff from the last war, in an attic or in the bellies of the great-grandkiddies of the moths who ate his pappy's stuff.

"You were a jerk to bring that stuff out of the Army, Ossip. You were a jerk to lug it all that way."

"All right, so the hell with it, so let's get a buck slip and get us some Civilian gear."

"You don't get a buck slip."

"No *buck slip*? What do you do, *buy* it?"

"Didn't you save *any* Civilian clothes?"

"When was I ever a Civilian?"

"Okay, we'll start from the beginning. You're going to need socks."

"Any color I want, huh?"

"Yeah. What color do you like?"

"Any color so long as it's red."

For a little while the country will be absorbing a lot of poor textiles put out in wartime. Unless you pay a fortune you won't be able to get socks that come anywhere near wearing like GI socks. So don't get many pairs. Get red if you want them. Don't let anybody tell you what color.

And one important thing else: you're going to eat your head off when you're out of service. You're going to get bigger than your clothes. Buy stuff that can be let out. And don't buy too much.

"COME on, Ossip. We'll go out and go shopping."

At the store Ossip finds out that a Civilian wears socks and shoes and underwear and shirts and ties just like the Army and Navy. But a Civilian can wear any color he wants to. He can wear red skivvies and purple socks and a green shirt and a yellow tie without anybody hollering, "Section Eight!" at him. There are no regulations to prevent him, but the chances are that although people won't holler, "Section Eight!" they will give it a good think, just the same.

One of the most marked differences in Military and Civilian costumes, Ossip finds, is the Hat. There is no band around it telling what firm you work for, like "U.S.S. *Mississippi*." You wear a Civilian hat at any angle you like, on the back of your head, Air-Forced on one ear, adrift, straight up and down, or slaunchwise. There are many kinds of Civilian hats, ranging from the fedora to the silk topper, and they are intended for all Civilian purposes. And while there are no rules governing your selection it is well to bear in mind that Civilians have strict customs such as it is strictly out of line to wear a silk hat with a bathing suit (a bathing suit is something you didn't wear when you went in swimming if you went in swimming).

A big New York haberdashery had quite a time a while ago with a couple of fellows just discharged after service in Alaska. These two GIs first of all forged papers from a CO testifying that they had ruined their blouses, coats, and shirts on maneuvers. Next they caused considerable uproar with an innocent floorwalker named Follansbee whose liver they threatened to cut out unless he immediately allowed their salvage claim. And finally, when the staff had run for the manager, they tried to talk one of the dummies into letting them fill out a statement of charges.

Now all of this is quite unnecessary. Getting a Civilian uniform need be no more difficult than getting GIs. As you walk down the street you are bound to see from time to time QM depots where Civilian gear is on display. You are permitted to walk into any of these without a buck slip from anybody, at any time of the day or night they are open. You don't have to go through channels or even spraddle channels.

Just go inside and stand there looking at stuff. In no time a Civilian worker will seep up alongside you. It is here that you will need a sturdy counter or pillar back of you to break your fall. He will not holler at you. In a gentle voice he will say:

"Is there something I can do for you?"

None of this: "Yeahwhatdoyouwant?" business. No: "Who sentcha? Doncha know no better'n come here without a Form 32? We ain't got it, no matter whatcha want, and grab that broom over there and start sweeping under them foot lockers."

That is not the way they do as Civilians. First of all they will ask you like two colonels talking to each other what do you want. Like as not they will say sir. Don't make a jerk of yourself looking behind you to see who they are talking to. No brass has snuck up behind you. They are talking to *you*.

Now tell the guy what you want. And tell him *exactly* what you want. If you wear a size 15 shirt, you don't have to tell him you wear a size 14. Ask for a 15. That's exactly what you'll get. If you want a blue shirt, don't ask for a yellow one. And *don't* make the mistake of asking for five times as much as you need in order to assure yourself of a basic minimum. He'll give you whatever you ask for.

There's only one thing about that last sentence and that's the word "give." Among Civilians, there's no salvage. Even if your stuff wears out legitimately, they don't *give* you new. You have to buy. You go into your sock on the spot and whip up the francs and lay it on the line.

Non-Military Courtesy

Brother, you're out of the native quarter.

The human race is no longer divided into two classifications: one for officers only and the other for enlisted personnel. You're an American again.

When you put on your Civilian uniform you will not be able to tell, walking down the street, who was an officer and who wasn't. Don't rely on your judgment. That guy coming toward you, head back, shoulders back, belly in, taking a regulation thirty-inch stride, is ninety-nine times out of a hundred a Pfc still bucking for T-5 from force of habit. And for all you know, that comely lass swinging along like an apple polisher is probably just some college lass bucking for a daisy chain. Once you're in Civilian clothes people won't be able to tell you from any other Civilian.

And remember—Civilians don't buck for a Section Eight. They get 'em without bucking. And it doesn't let them out of anything. It lets them *in* to something. That something is called a lunatic asylum. A lunatic asylum is like a PX with films and cigarettes for sale simultaneously, except you can't get out.

Certain Situations are bound to Arise. There will be the time when you meet your former captain in an elevator and he says: "What floor, please?"

There will be the time when the ex-Wac first looie leans across a counter and looks you straight in the eye and says: "Can I help you, sir?"

Things even up. It doesn't make any difference who you are or how much money you've got, in Civilian life you'll get just about what you give. Almost all Civilians work. They don't work to fawn on some top sergeant, or to buck for a leave from some CO. They work for money. And they use the money they earn to buy clothes, food, and amusements, to pay the rent, support children, wives, mothers, all the rest of it.

Take any crowd and try to pick out the elevator operators, salesgirls, street cleaners, bankers, doctors, and what all. You can't. That's because of the Civilian uniform. Everybody looks alike, so far as rank goes. Many a well-dressed and important-looking guy is just a bank clerk putting on a front, or maybe a model on his way to pose for an ad. Many a guy that looks like a bum is a millionaire who doesn't give a damn what he looks like.

And even if you're a millionaire and don't have to work, you have to go into stores, or restaurants. Somebody has to serve you every minute of the day, no matter how rich you are or how poor you are. And you have to serve somebody. That's how Civilian works. Don't take any more chances passing off a little lip than you would in the showers. You never can tell what a guy ranks until he puts on his uniform.

You're going to have to wait on everybody who waits on you. It's a system. Nobody escapes it. And when Situations sort of Arise, bear the system in mind and improvise.

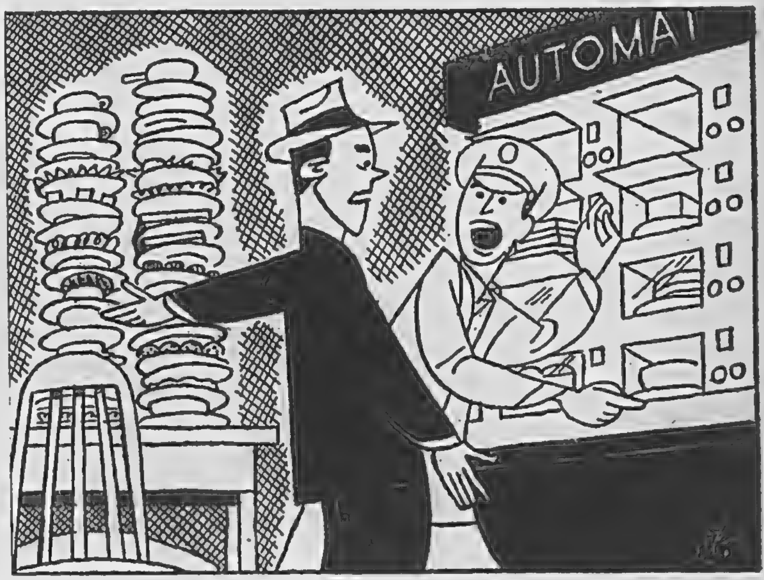
So with Civilians you've got to take it easy. When you are walking along the street and suddenly feel hungry and spot a restaurant, don't break into a wild run, bash through the doors, and knock down half a dozen Civilians and then look wildly around for somewhere to line up.

All you have to do is look in your pocket and see if you've got enough money to buy a meal. If you have, walk quietly toward the restaurant, go inside, hang up your hat and coat, and sit down. Don't take your blouse off. Nobody does it. When you sit down, a waiter will come up and hand you a menu. Tell him what you want to eat. He'll bring it.

When he sets it down, don't prong it quick with your fork. The waiter is a Civilian and his hands may not be as quick as yours were when you were a table waiter on KP, and the chances are you will prong yourself a hunk of hand. You don't have to wolf down whatever he brought you, either. That old business of take your time, eat all you want, and everybody fall in outside in ten minutes, that old stuff is done with. You can take three hours eating, if you want to. An hour, anyway. Nobody'll holler. Just sit there and eat and enjoy yourself.

That's how Civilians [illegible]

Eating can be pretty expensive. Don't go crazy. Don't be like the little GI who wandered into an Automat.



It was the first Automat he'd ever seen, one of those places where the food is all in glass boxes in the wall, and there's a slot and you put your nickels in, and a door opens and you reach in and get the food. Well, this guy got some nickels and naturally he put them in and got some food. He set it down on a table and went back for more nickels. He kept this up. In about fifteen minutes he had a table stacked high as a foot locker with every kind of food you can think of. And he was going back for more.

Finally a Civilian watching him couldn't stand it any more. "Hey!" he called out. "What're you doing?"

"What the hell you think I'm doing?" the kid calls back, excited.

"But you got *enough* food, soldier," says the Civilian. "You'll never be able to eat it. Why don't you quit?"

"What!" says the GI. "Quit now? When I'm winning?"

Don't be misled by the Civilian tendency to be soft-spoken and polite. If they need to be they can be plenty tough. Civilians can take it. They have proved it in the course of this war. Don't forget that every time you lost a buddy they lost a son or a brother or a husband or a wife.

Be considerate of everybody. Speak Civilian whenever possible, no matter how badly you may pronounce it. Civilians will be pleased and may help you.

Suppose you, a fresh-caught Civilian, were standing on a street corner. Two other Civilians were standing a few feet way. They were talking. You caught a sentence:

"I was going home from work last night about five o'clock and I had the funniest experience. I was hungry and I was going into a restaurant and I met the prettiest girl and we stood there talking a few minutes and the first thing I knew she invited me home and what a meal she served me. And after the meal she and I washed the dishes and cleaned up the living room and turned out the lights and necked."

Well, all they were saying is simply:

"I cleaned up my detail, and I'm double-timing to the barracks around 1700 when I get a deal. My gut says mess and I hit the line and the first thing you know I'm banging ears with quail. We bang ears a bit and then *she* blows mess and we flank the feather-merchant chow and puff to her outfit. That belly-robber is strictly 4.0, and I don't sicken none. Then we fall in and KP, we GI the butt cans, lights out, and a small score."

In general you will find the language easy. Do not give up if the going seems hard at first. Civilian language is actually easier to learn than many of the tongues spoken at bases to which you have been assigned. Inside a month you should be able to speak like a Civilian.

Use common sense on all occasions. By your conduct you have great power to bring about a better understanding between Americans.

Take it easy, try to be a good Joe, and in a month you'll be a Civilian like any other Civilian, and not a toe stepped on and not a crack out of line.

After a month you can start bucking.

What Are Girls?

This book has referred to two Civilian setups known as Girls and Women. You will meet these wherever you go as a Civilian. Many of us have read references to them in books or magazines. There are quite a few of us who have even seen pictures of them. Many a man stationed in America has had far greater opportunity to become familiar with such individuals. But in a sense no man in uniform has any familiarity with them at all. That is because Girls and Women are not the same with a man in uniform as they are with Civilians. And it is also because a man in uniform is not the same with ditto as ditto.

One day, dressed in your new feather-merchant Class A's, a full-fledged Civilian, you will be walking down the street. Suddenly you will heave to. A Civilian is approaching. You will look hastily down at your own rig. This brand-new Civilian type is wearing Class A's which are radically different. It is not a zoot suit. It is not anything you remember having seen. This Civilian—for an instant you will think: Hell! It's just one of those Highlanders. And then you will see that it isn't. For some reason you will become excited. You will not know why. This thing will be wearing boondockers with the highest heels you have ever seen. Above the boondockers will be the kind of socks Wacs and WAVES and SPARS and female Marines wear, except that these you can see through and what you see through them makes your buttons shine. You know what a leg is—you've got two of your own—but somehow these look mighty different. You've seen bare legs in the showers a million times if you've seen them once. But these bare legs—I guess it's the way they come in pairs. The next thing you will see is that this Civilian is wearing what Highlanders wear, instead of pants. Underneath, this Civilian is also like as not wearing what Highlanders wear. For the moment, do not try to find out.

If you can, drag your eyes up and you will see she is wearing such a garrison cap as you have never seen in your life before. Below the cap is the same kind of face you have seen on a Wac, a WAVE, a SPAR, a female Marine, and some nurses, and maybe one or two natives. It will be the same kind of face, because this Civilian is in many ways the same kind of issue. This is a Girl. Or a Woman. There is some slight difference.

You will get that figured out later. In fact, as women in service put on Civilian uniforms you will come to find out that, no matter what you thought of their drill or how they got in your hair, these buddies turn out to be Women too. They will put on a feather-merchant outfit and something will have happened. Out of a clear sky these old buddies will be all of a sudden doing the same thing to you that she Civilians do. You will be right on your ear. Do not be alarmed. This is normal. Women have had this effect on men ever since the last time.

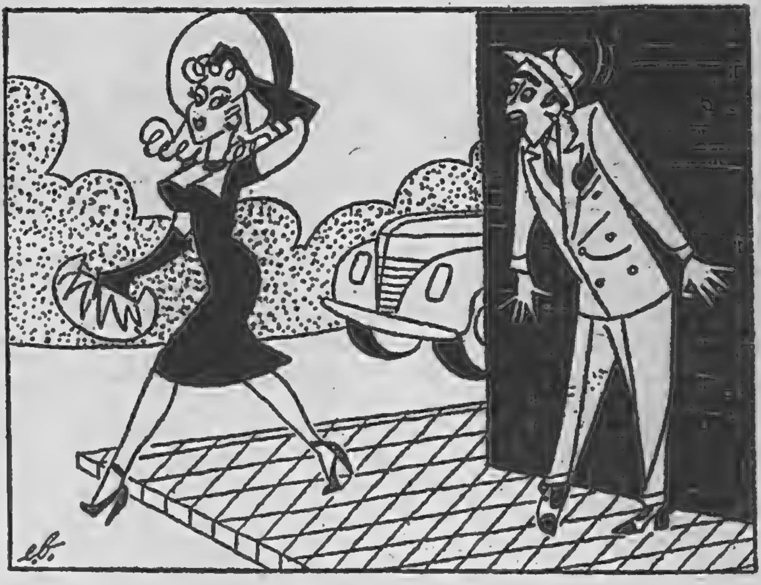
The trouble is, you will get such a bang out of she Civilians that you will not be able to resist barging over and starting to bang ears. Civilians do not do this. You may think that Civilians don't have very much respect for their women. It is true that women are often shut out from some of the affairs of the community, such as crap shooting, blackjack, and riding race horses, and they have to do some things men don't have to do, such as having babies. But in their own fields women have plenty of opportunity for self-expression.

Civilians, however free and easy they may seem to be among themselves, are likely to resent interference with women.

You can usually tell a married woman by the fact that she will be wearing a plain metallic circle around the third finger of her left hand. In America, on a Civilian, a red spot in the middle of the forehead indicates a pimple but has nothing to do with whether she is married. In public, many Civilian women go veiled. It is okay to look at her if she lifts her veil. It doesn't mean a thing.

The modern American girl or woman, in her cute little old dress, her bare arms and short hair, is often very pretty. Yet it is well to remember that in America the attitude toward women is different from that in Iran, Iraq, Africa, the Islands, or China. American women are freer in some ways than women are in Alaska or Burma—that is, they do some things which native women of other countries don't yet do. But in their relations with men they have strict customs and elaborate formalities, all of which must be observed.

It is not GI, for instance, to try to make a date with a married woman. A date is an agreement between a man and a woman to meet somewhere for a purpose to be decided later. And while many women who wear a marriage symbol on the third finger of their left hand may be widows or divorced women, and consequently as free to make dates as anybody else, it is wise to find out first whether they're wearing such a ring to keep faith or keep warm.



Democracy is a free, open way of life that goes down the main drag minding its own business at the top of its lungs. Democracy believes in people seeking happiness through their own way of life, with their own customs—not in forcing them to accept AR. Respect the Civilian's customs and habits. Don't stare too much at Civilian women, laugh at their manner, or offend their dignity.

There are many ways of keeping to AR and still making friends with a Civilian girl. Take it easy, watch other Civilians, and don't act like a guy with rocks in his head.

Don't—walk up to any she Civilian and say: "What do you say, Jack?"

Do—say: "Pardon me, but could you tell me where X Street is?" and accompany this by tipping your hat. If the Civilian seems friendly you are on your own. But don't start right in bucking for a Class A pass.

Treat all women or girls as if they were officers and in the early stages of your acquaintance be an eager beaver and let them do all the piloting. She Civilians with almost any kind of insignia on the third finger, left hand, are out of bounds until proven otherwise. In some parts of the States girls marry as early as twelve years. This is far from general, however, and the usual rule is around eighteen. She Civilians of any age will marry providing someone asks them but you will soon find that most of them exercise a remarkable discretion in who they let ask them.

Remember that a girl or woman in Civilian clothes is just as eager to meet you as you are to meet her, providing you also are wearing Civilian clothes, and it is not necessary to strip your gears, overshoot the field, or foul your anchor hauling it in to get there. There is an old Navy story about the lad who came back from his first extended submarine cruise and rushed off the dock to wallow in his first liberty in six months. Next morning he was sitting on the end of the same dock, looking pensive.

"What's the matter, son?" asked his three-striper.

"Nothing, sir!" murmured the boot. He turned to face the three-striper, his brow creased in bewilderment. "But ain't it funny, sir—how far behind a fellow can get on his women—and how quick he can catch up!"

It's a big continent and they haven't run out of she Civilians for years and years and there's more than enough to go round. Take it easy. At least first take off your skis.

The Job Deal

When you've got a job again you'll be closer to being a Civilian than at any time since you were inducted. You get new rules. You get a CO again, and a first sergeant and a certain amount of politics and the same amount of bucking.

But in a Civilian outfit one very important thing changes. The power of life and death over you is gone. You can be fired for what you tuck up, but you can't be killed or imprisoned for it, unless what you have done runs foul of Civilian law. You can't be demoted so easily, you can't be fired without a good reason.

In a certain sense there will still be two armies—one for the officers and one for the men. The COs will mess pretty much by themselves, the sergeants will mess with sergeants, and the rank and file will mess with the rank and file. But it won't be shoved down your neck and you won't be made to feel like an inferior race. There's no real rank, of course.

Whatever your duties are, you'll be expected to do them just like any other Civilian. Whatever your duties were, when you first went into service, you were expected to perform them just like any other serviceman or woman.

Here's the important difference. In the service, when the day's tour of duty was over, you went home with the same guys you worked with all day, played with them, slept with them, messed with them. In Civilian, when your day's tour of duty is over, you go to your own home and you don't see those guys again until next day. For this reason it'll take you a lot longer to get close to the guys you work with than it did in service.

There was one valuable thing you learned in the service. You had to get along. You were all in the same bowl of soup and you were stuck with one another. Good, bad, or indifferent, whatever the guy in the next bunk was like, you were stuck with him.

A funny, wonderful thing came out of this. Because you *had* to get along, you somehow did. And after you learned that you had to get along, the first thing you know you had begun to find things to like in the other guy. Unless a guy was an utter, absolute dildock, his outfit was for him.

When we were all shoved down one another's throats we made the best of it, and damned if we didn't find out a whole hell of a lot of things in guys we never even would have seen in our entire lives in the same country. We got so we actually liked each other, saw things in each other, and overlooked a hell of a lot, too. Just from being shoved together that way.

Well, you won't be shoved together that way as a Civilian. So it'll take a lot longer to find out something to cotton to in the next guy, and maybe you never will. You don't have to make a career out of trying either. Doing your work is all that's really asked of you.

Having a job makes you a Civilian with a purpose and the purpose is making a living. It promptly pits you and your abilities against your fellow citizens and their abilities. In America the guy who makes the best living gets the best deal. He gets what he wants. It isn't making the most money. It's getting what you want. Something you can do, something you like, in a place where you like to work, at a wage where you don't have to worry.

Under the GI Bill of Rights you're guaranteed your old job back. But the way it stacks up now, not more than twenty per cent of discharged GIs will be able to profit from this clause of the Bill of Rights. That's because there are a whale of a lot of GIs who were taken into service from school—guys who never had a job. Then there's a slew of guys who were self-employed or unemployed when the service grabbed them. And there's another slew who don't come under the Bill of Rights clause because they held what have been defined as temporary jobs, which means they were just hired to replace guys who had already gone into service.

A lot of surveys have been taken on the attitudes of the twenty per cent for whom the bill operates. According to these surveys, from fifty to seventy per cent of guys who are entitled to their old jobs back again won't apply for them. They don't want them. They want something new.

In the case of jobs created by war expansion, whether they're permanent jobs or temporary jobs depends on the facts and circumstances in each individual case.

The kind of change in employer status that would make re-employment of a GI impossible or unreasonable must be decided by the facts and circumstances in each case. Final determination rests with the courts.

The law says that any rehired veteran cannot be fired without cause for one year after his re-employment. After that you're on your own. And don't forget—if you want your old job back, you've got to apply for it within ninety days after you were discharged. How you going to get there? The government makes every effort to see that you're discharged at some separation center near where you live or where you want to live.

THE policy has been set up that a returning veteran is entitled to reinstatement at his old job even though it means the firing of a non-veteran with greater seniority. A veteran can't be deprived of his re-employment rights on the excuse that different conditions of employment were set up after the guy went into the service.

In the main you're likely to find your old employer anxious to have you back working for him again and sympathetically willing to hand out TS slips to whoever's been working in your place. But don't forget, the guy you displace has got to get a job too. This has got to be a healthy country to live in, the kind of country you fought for. And that doesn't mean breadlines for the other guy, even if it means a job for you. There's got to be a certain amount of give-and-take. You're entitled to your rights. Stick together and you'll get them. And when you get them don't forget that rights bring responsibilities. See that the other fellow gets his too.

The biggest center where guys go looking for jobs is the USES, the United States Employment Service.

The guys most easily placed in jobs are the servicemen who have been overseas for a long time, the battle casualties, and the men discharged because of age or hardship. On the other hand guys who have been stationed in America—particularly guys discharged after only six months' service—are the very toughest to satisfy. Those guys seem to demand and expect more than the others. They aren't so sure of what they want.

And Navy men—especially below-deck sailors—have been a lot easier to place in jobs than Army men. Why? Because most of them have learned a skill while they were in service.

All this paper talk about high wages has caused an awful lot of fixed convictions and hopes and dreams to loom up as facts in the average GI's mind.

This loose talk has caused a hell of a lot of trouble. There was a time when pretty damned big wages were being passed around. Labor was scarce and employers were actually going around raiding other employers' personnel, trying to hold out better wages and shorter hours to entice personnel away. Well, those times went in a hurry. You damned well fought yourself right out of the big dough, in a way. The harder you fought the quicker we won, and the quicker we won the less we needed men to man the factories, and the less need for men the lower the wages went.

And on account of this the veterans who have been released this far figure, many of them, that they are getting the old run-around when they are faced with what jobs actually pay. After their first staggered looksee, they gasp, get red, and walk right out. Then they start shopping around. And the more they shop around the better they see for themselves how things actually are. Lots of them wind up definitely embittered. They don't find that old pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They act like kids about it. You got to take the best you can get until you, yourself, can make the best fit the pattern of what you really think you deserve. That's all there is. There isn't any more.

Want to change it? Organize and swing your weight around by voting.

AS a general thing, vets ask for higher wages than they can get. Their attitude is: "I'm a veteran. Gimme." In the old, old days there were such things as mercenary armies. Those guys were just soldiers of fortune. They'd fight for anybody if they were paid enough. Remember, you're not mercenaries. You sure as hell haven't been fighting for dough. You've been fighting for a country or for a set of ideals. You were entitled to have your back protected while you were fighting and you're entitled to the best kind of protection when you come home and the best possible chance to re-establish yourself and enjoy the fruits of what you fought for.

Many veterans feel that because they are veterans they don't have to have the necessary job qualifications. It's damned hard to convince them that those high wages don't exist any more, except in some of the most highly skilled brackets. In the old days the most highly paid guys were workers in shipyards and aircraft factories and those big wages included a hell of a lot of overtime premiums.

This dim-view attitude is taken mostly by the GI who was a white-collar worker before he went into the service. Veterans looking for sales jobs set their sights at a minimum of fifty dollars a week. As a general thing they are hard to convince that they ought to take less-paying jobs with a better future.

Among the GIs discharged so far there is a marked tendency for guys to look for some job entirely different from the job they used to hold. The liaison officer of the separation center of the AGO says at least fifty per cent of GIs discharged don't have any intention of returning to their old jobs or even the kind of work they were doing. They seem to feel that they've had a definite kind of break in their lives. That they've cut off old ties. That now they have a chance to try something or other they've always secretly hankered after.

There was one guy who was a truck driver before he was inducted. He went to the USES and applied for a job as a commercial artist. In fact, he registered as a commercial artist. He'd never been one. But all his life that was what he wanted to do: be a commercial artist. So now he was out of the Army, he was ready to start life anew, so he'd start right out being a commercial artist. The vocational adviser talked him out of it.

There's a surprising number of guys who participated in camp shows as one thing or another and have come to the private conclusion that they have acquired a very definite mike technique. They want to be radio announcers. No matter what they were before they were inducted, they now want to be radio announcers.

To guys who want some other kind of job than the one they had before they went in, there's just this answer: it's just as hard to make the break into something new now as it ever was. If you're willing to take your chances on a brand-new set of heartaches in some new field, go ahead and try to get the job you want. But the job you're bucking for is being bucked for by a lot of other guys, most of whom have had some training or some experience in it. You'll have to start at the bottom of the ladder. The bottom of the ladder isn't the job. It's looking for the job.

USES is having its problems too, with staff sergeants and other non-commissioned gentry who may have done personnel or classification work in the service. These guys figure they are thus qualified to do the same work, personnel or administrative work, in industry. They had one guy who was purchasing officer in the Coast Guard and was disappointed all to hell when he found out that this did not qualify him to be a commercial buyer. It's about the same thing as a quartermaster in the Army going into the Navy and finding out that as a quartermaster he'd be required to steer the ship.

There have been some odd cases in job applications. There was a Marine who came into the Veterans' Service Center insisting that what he wanted was a job with a bank with a "high ceiling." Before induction he had been a mechanic. All they could offer him in a bank was a porter's or a messenger's job paying around a hundred and fifty dollars a month. But that's what he wanted. They pointed out to him that in his old job he could make sixty dollars a week. Didn't make any difference.

The guy who interviewed him finally found out why. He wanted a job with a bank which had a "high ceiling" because at Guadalcanal, where enemy planes swooped down on him, a bank seemed to him the best little old foxhole in the world.

They had quite a talk. The interviewer finally made him see that this was just a kind of escape idea, and that a job in his own field would be infinitely better for his future development and security. So he gave in and went back to his old line of work.

AND now here's an outfit that's really on the ball. It's a sample of what to look for wherever you go when you become a Civilian again. The name of this outfit is the Sperry Gyroscope Company. It's located on Long Island, New York.

To date, this outfit has hired 800 returned servicemen. Of the 800, 200 were former employees. They have rehired all of their former employees who applied. They have written to all their 9,000 employees who are on military leave that they are anxious to have them back.

They can't *make* jobs, of course. The promise is based on the assumption that they will have that many jobs. In peacetime the company had 3,000 employees. The war program swelled their personnel to 33,000.

Most of Sperry's veterans have come directly to them for jobs. Many were referred to them by USES. They have hired a good many guys who were physical disability cases who had been turned down by other plants.

They've got a medical director, a service director, a consulting neuropsychiatrist, and a personnel director in charge of veterans who is a World War I veteran himself. And all of these directors say, on the basis of their experience this far, that the veteran, as such, constitutes no problem so far as his job attitude is concerned. They say that the real so-called problem is American postwar economy in general.

They admit they have a few goldbricks and a few vets who are against everything. They say they can't lay this to the fact that the guys were in service. They say these guys were that way by nature.

Here's a typical way they dealt with one tuck-up problem. The guy was a vet and he insisted on smoking where smoking was not allowed. When they tolerated this the guy began to loaf on the job. Finally he came late regularly. Sometimes he didn't report at all. When the foreman called him down he up and quit.

It turned out that the guy had been discharged by the Army because of "nerves." He felt, during his brief period of service, that his top sergeant was down on him and that he was constantly under the threat of being sent to the rock pile or the guardhouse.

They figured out that what he was doing on the job was simply substituting the foreman for the sergeant and feeling his oats by disobeying rules and finally quitting.

The company didn't let him quit. What a mess he would have been if they had. They sat him down and explained to him the way he'd acted, and why he'd acted that way, and put him back to work. Now he gets along swell. He does his work, he's no longer a problem.

According to Sperry, the vets they have employed don't seem to want to keep their identities as veterans or get special treatment as such. It's the other way around. What they want is to be considered like any other workers.

The company has found that guys with physical injuries are the most co-operative. These disabled guys want to prove that their disability is no handicap. They seem to take extraspecial care in their work. The company cites the case of one veteran with an artificial leg. He was absent quite a lot and he didn't offer any explanation. So instead of hollering they investigated. They found out he was having trouble with his stump. It had become all red and sore because the artificial limb didn't fit properly. So they got him a new one. And now he's okay.

What they're after is to make the guy with either a mental or a physical disability feel that in the right job he just hasn't got any disability. To go about it they make a survey of every job they have to find out whether it requires standing, sitting, five fingers, one leg, two legs, and whatever else. Then they fit the disabled vet with the job he's able to do.

That's the way it is at Sperry. And Sperry isn't the only one. Honest, sincere, decent Americans in charge of industry all over the nation are trying to do the same thing. The Arma Corporation, in Brooklyn, even trains guys for certain types of work while they're still in the hospital. They've worked out a rehabilitation plan with St. Albans Naval Hospital.

The quicker you get a job the better. It doesn't make any difference what you heard about war worker salaries, the day of the sweatshop is over, but you're not going to find any job that'll make you a plutocrat overnight. The man who hires you doesn't owe you a bonus, but under the GI Bill of Rights and his own ideas of citizenship you'll get generally a better break than Civilians.

To give you some idea of the job and commerce picture you're coming back to—there are thirty-five hundred businesses in America which employ more than one thousand persons. There are two million employers who employ a hundred persons or less. This two million makes half of the total number of jobs. Manufacturing provides about twenty-five per cent of normal employment.

The big postwar deal will have to be selling.

Bucking and Bitching

There is a piece in this book about how every day of an American's life is a fight against something—depression, sweatshops, infantile, or whatever. And of how once in a while some threat to peace of living becomes particularly acute—like the last influenza epidemic—and how when that happens doctors drop practically everything and just go to work in a body against whatever the biggest threat is that's laying everybody low. Well, this time it wasn't influenza. This time it was Fascism and Nazism, and they got so bad we all had to drop everything and everybody unite and make formal battle.

It's not the last battle. We've won, all right. But just don't go on figuring that's the last battle. There's plenty more lesser ones. There's heart trouble and graft and greed and slavery and cancer and traffic deaths and poverty and hunger and kids having to quit school and go to work and intolerance and malaria and blight. There's a hell of a lot of stuff. And every once in a while one of the damned things jumps out of the mass and becomes The Problem. And then the world organizes a solid front against the threat and puts on a uniform of one kind or another and goes to work and licks it.

But when the fight's over, when the world returns to more or less normal again, it's still, by God, far from a perfect world. Don't forget that.

What I got long-winded for was the fact that when you come home, most Civilians will act kind of guilty. They've been very conscientious, as a whole. They've given all the blood the doctors would let them, and over-subscribed every bond issue, and with one mind produced a miraculous and never-ending supply of food and arms for China, Russia, England, and America—whatever they were told to. They've done a lot. But they haven't done what you've done. They haven't suffered what you've suffered. They haven't given up what you've had to. And they know it. And they feel guilty.

They fought a different kind of fight. Don't make them feel bad. Say something nice to them. Tell them about how swell the millions of rifles were, and where Russia would have been if they hadn't produced the stuff that turned the tide when the Russians were holding off the Germans and you were in England and not firing a gun. And when they shamefacedly bring up strikes and slackers and People Who Acted as if They Didn't Know There Was a War On—tell them about the AWOLs—tell them about the looted carloads of supplies black-marketed—tell them about the courts-martial—and ask them if they think those few jerks involved in such goings-on represented the whole picture of men in uniform.

IN the Army when you wanted something you bucked for it. And when you got something you didn't want you bitched. Or when you didn't have something you ought to have you bitched. Bucking and bitching were two of the chief occupations.

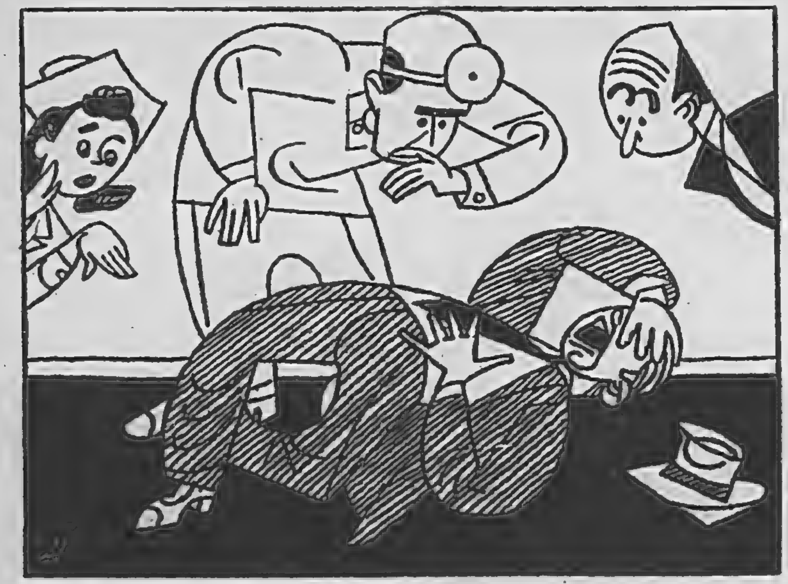
In Civilian it's just the same.

Now in the service a good bitch is a grave and a wonderful thing. There were all kind of bitches. There was the resigned bitch, as: "Well—the bastards have done it again." This was applied to a pair of S leggings for a pair of L legs, a full kit inspection at which the inspector failed to show, the same lousy B pictures, and the fact that guys in the very next camp could wear garrison caps and all of a sudden the CO decides no, you can't wear one. They can. But you can't. Anything they-can-but-you-can't called for the resigned bitch. This meant: what could you expect on the bridge of the *Bounty*—Lincoln?

There was the last-straw bitch, as: "That does it! I'm goin' over the hill!" This was used when some Navy personnel or some other guys in another division had given the local police a bad time and nobody in your camp had anything to do with it and, by God, they put the town out of bounds to everybody. It also was used when you hadn't had a furlough in two and a half years and some jerk that just finished basic asked for fourteen days and they said sure, take twenty-one.

Between these two grades of bitches the embroidery of human indignation ran the gamut. The vicissitudes of a soldier's life were many and there wasn't a single one that didn't have a legitimate bitch to it. And when there wasn't anything to bitch about, then *that* was something to bitch about too.

Nobody ever gave you any medals for being cheerful in the Army. Nobody cared particularly whether you bitched or not. It was impossible to imagine a GI saying five consecutive sentences without bitching; it was the decent, the American way to do. Probably, for all we know, there was many a saboteur and spy caught in American camps simply because he aroused the suspicion of his barracks mates and his officers by taking the bright view.



Nothing could be more reasonable than that you will come home bitching. Well directed, that bitching will help more to nail down and make secure what you fought for than all the sweet smiles, patient resignation, and tolerant acceptance the anxious ones hope you can muster. You can't always get the money-changers out of the temple with parables and a hopeful attitude; whips will have their day. Dynamite, however, will simply bring the whole edifice down about your ears.

In Civilian life you don't have to take your resentments and your dissatisfactions out in griping because you can actually change whatever it is that bothers you by a vigorous prosecution of your claims on life and the government under which you will live.

You are now the best-trained fighters in the world. And because you are the world's best-trained fighters you will automatically be assigned the greatest burdens and responsibilities in the peacetime fight to come. If you stand up and turn your back on these problems, weaker men, men and women less well trained and conditioned, will have to assume the burden and, because you want the most reforms, the loss of them will make you the greatest sufferers.

Keep your bitterness. Use it to advantage. There is great, there is incalculable good in it. You have learned to fight as a team. Keep fighting that way. That's something Civilians know little about. That's something you can teach them.

Hitting the Book

One of the damnedest things you will find out about *la vie* Civilian is how to hit the book.

A piece about hitting the book for American service consumption would talk about the pasting medicine took from the Army Medical Corps, meaning mostly the doctors. And a piece about hitting the book for overseas guys probably couldn't keep from hanging medals on the Medics every other paragraph. In America anybody who ever hit the book was presumed to be a malingerer until the corpse got high. When you showed up on sick call they just figured you were bucking. Their next job was to tell you what you were bucking for.

First on the list came Gangplank Fever. This ailment was a great old favorite diagnosis of doctors. When they couldn't diagnose a case right away they kidded each other that the guy was scared of going overseas. He was yellow to put his foot on that gangplank.

After Gangplank fever came Inductivitis, which means inflammation of the induction. That was just from a lot of poor, scared Joes, fresh-caught, not knowing what it was all about, most of them sure as hell that in the strange new life a simple cold meant pneumonia and so miserable they wouldn't give a damn if they died of it. After those two there was a whole list of things a guy could be bucking for. He could be bucking to get out of some detail. He could be bucking because he just felt like bucking that day. He could be bucking for a Section Eight. He could be bucking for a CDD. He could be bucking to get into the band or for any other limited service detail.

When a guy showed up on sick call that was the first thing seemed to flash in the doctor's mind: this guy was bucking for something. So that was the first thing they had to get to the bottom of. Was he bucking or was he really sick? And the way they got to the bottom of it was to treat practically everybody as if he was bucking. Most guys weren't bucking. They were either sick or they thought they were. Didn't make any difference to their efficiency either way. And that's what the Medics were for, either to cure him or set him straight. But they kind of forgot that.

A SWELL Army doctor told me something I never forgot. I was railing and hollering to him about the way doctors were treating their responsibility to medicine. I was citing the glass eyes and the cataracts, the bad knee joints that were keeping bum soldier material in and ball players and athletes out. I remember ending up by prophesying that American medicine had been hit a blow from which it would never recover.

"All these years these guys were Civilians, when they went to a doctor they got courteous treatment and paid for it. And the doctor was glad to see them and didn't try to tell them nothing was the matter with them, you bet. They got good treatment. And then they were only Civilians. Now they're soldiers. And they'll die, a lot of them. And a lot of them'll be crippled. And they're important. Big. Big as life and death. Big as the country.

"And they go to the selfsame doctors who used to take their money and agree with them that there was something wrong with them and treat them tenderly for it. And the selfsame doctor now rousts them around as if they were Nazis and a low order of criminal and spends most of his time reviling them as quitters and fakers and malingerers who have nothing wrong with them whatever."

When I finished there was some he agreed with. Some he didn't. But this is what he said that stuck with me:

"You know," he said, "when we come in we're told this: 'You're in the Army now. You're officers *first*. Second you're doctors!' We see a lot we don't like. What are we going to do about it?"

Oh, they've got their side of it too. A lot of guys *did* buck. And a lot of doctors didn't give a damn much and threw the load on the ones who did.

You don't hear that kind of stuff from fellows overseas. I guess over there Medicine came first. Because what you do hear about front-line doctors overseas is fine, thrilling stuff, full of heroism and self-sacrifice and everything else being laid aside and them just doing their wonderful best, like we've always thought of doctors.

And those Medics, those ward boys—and isn't that a hell of a name for a soldier?—who used to be culled out of the ranks of the physically unfit and sent to the Medics when they didn't know what else to do with them—well, over here most of them didn't know which end of a thermometer to stick in your mouth and had the patients doing their work for them and hadn't any training to speak of and a lot of them were pretty sour—but those are the boys who any infantryman can tell you wrote the really brave pages in the history of this war. They were the poor slugs who went out unarmed, knowing the

Germans and Japs and Italians knew they were unarmed and knowing their Red Cross armbands were just targets, and lugged in the wounded and never quit. Those are the boys of whom the infantrymen speak when they say: "It was so bad that day that not even the Medics were leaving their foxholes."

So there's that too. There's that on the one side, and on the other side the Medics here in the States can chalk up thousands of casualties in men who never saw a battle whether they wanted to or not. Men who will be released into Civilian life with warps and hates and crippling things and mental twists.

When you study how to become a Civilian you've got to try to forget that. It's done. It can't be undone. The thing to remember is the way the doctors and Medics were overseas.

One of the nattiest cases of *real* bucking was a guy I bumped into in a hospital. This guy had a spare thermometer. He kept it in his pajama pocket. It was heated up to read 101. When they came to take his temperature he would just take out of his mouth the thermometer they stuck in and stick in the one that read 101. And he would get down pat the symptoms of everyone in the ward. Whatever they had, he had. He stumped the whole hospital until one day he got too big for his britches and when the doctors came around to see what the hell he had *that* day he gave them all the symptoms of pregnancy. The fellow in the next bed had a wife who was pregnant, used to write him all her symptoms, and this guy just memorized them and recited them back to the doctors. They threw him out and restricted him and raised hell. Guy went on to make sergeant, too.

IT'S hard to remember, but once you were a Civilian and went to a doctor. And this is how you do it. First of all, you don't have to hit any book. You don't have to lie down and die in front of a first sergeant and moan and tear out your hair and the guy's next to you so he will put you down on the sick book.

Next, you don't have to fall in with the sheepish bunch and listen to some jerk of a T-5 holler, "All right, you sick, lame, and lazy guys, let's go."

When you're a Civilian and want to see a doctor, you can do one of three things. You can call him up and he'll come over. Come right over to *you.* Or you can call for a meat wagon and Civilian stretcher-bearers will take you over to the doctor or to a hospital or just out for a malted, if you want to. Or you can get up and put your clothes on and go over to his office.

Just walk right in. There'll be a nurse inside. No battle-ax, either. Civilians pick pretty ones. Now don't salute her. Remember, there's no rank in Civilians. You can kid her as long as she'll stand for it, just like any other girl. You tell this pretty nurse you want to see the doctor and she takes your name and address and you sit down. There are a lot of books and magazines around. Just pick up any one you want. Nobody's going to stop you. Pick it right up and read it or look at the pictures. They aren't just for officers. They're for everybody. You'll notice, sitting there, that the office has other guys in it waiting to see the doctor.

Now you don't have to look sick. You don't have to be self-conscious about what the other patients are thinking about you hitting the book. So don't sit there moaning and holding whatever part of you hurts. Just sit there. And don't sidle up to the guy nearest you and say out of the corner of your mouth: "What're *you* in for, Jack?"

Civilians don't do that. Whatever they want to see the doctor for, they keep to themselves. It's called private and means the same as top secret. And don't go sidling over to the nurse and say: "What's *that* goldbrick in for?" Because she won't tell you and the chances are she will think you are bucking for a Section Eight even to ask. All Civilian Medics are sworn to secrecy. It's a Civilian oath.

Just leave the rest of them alone and go sit there and read your book. And don't read with half your mind and with the other half figure out things you're going to tell the doctor, so he'll have to treat you. Don't worry about that, brother. He really wants to.

All right, you're sitting there and in a little while the nurse says: "Joe GI." At this point you will be tempted to leap to the position of attention, arms at the side, thumbs at the seams of your pants, chin up, belly in, and holler, "Here!"

Uh-uh. No. Take five. Just sit there. Get up slowly and languidly. Maybe don't get up. Maybe just raise your eyes. Say: "Yeah?" Nice. Slow. Easy. Just yeah.

"The doctor will see you now," says the little chick.

And you follow where she points. You go into the doctor's inside office. He will be sitting behind a desk. It will be a regular doctor's office, just like in the Army, with instruments and cases, although no other Medics around. And it will be a very plushy-looking joint.

Now here is where you have got to get a grip on yourself. Your first instinct will be to throw yourself violently on the floor, screeching bloody murder at the top of your lungs as follows: "Oh, Doctor, it hurts! Oh, God, I can't stand it!"

Once on the floor, you will thresh around in convulsions, grabbing your head, your stomach, and your throat in as many hands as you can manage. "Help me, help me, help me!" you will scream from this rolling and kicking position. "I am going out of my mind, I've been hit, I keep throwing up, I am a pencil sharpener, I am burning up, I bleed, I am going to faint!"

While this was a logical and necessary preamble with which to lead up to the fact that you have a common cold and need a physic, nose drops, and some aspirin, and without which you could not have obtained the attention of any Army doctor in his right mind, you must not pull any such thing. Civilians do not do this. If you pull it on a Civilian doctor he will quick call the little men and they will hit you on the sconce and put you in the Section Eight ward.

Stay on your feet. Overmaster every impulse you have learned. You have to keep standing; you have to walk, not crawl, right up to his very desk. That is the way Civilians do. They do not crack on. In fact, they are great ones for doing the very opposite of what self-preservation in the Army would lead you to expect. These Civilian jokers try to minimize what is wrong with them. They know they have to pay for going to the doctor. So they just step up as follows: "Got a little old cold, Doc. Nothing, really. Don't know why I'm taking up your time."

"That so?" says the doctor. He is tremendously concerned. "Well, now, a cold can be a mighty serious thing."

Honest to God, that's what they say. You needn't be afraid they're conning you. The way it is with Civilians, the more serious he can make out your trouble, the bigger bill he can give you. There are actually some Civilians who go shopping from doctor to doctor just the way you would for a USO party. And all the doctors treat them nice and cordial and polite and treat them for anything they say and pat them on the back and send them a bill. Just step right up and talk to him.

Maybe you don't want to talk to him. Maybe you don't like his looks or the kind of clothes he wears. You can turn on your heel and walk out. You can go to another. You can go to any doctor and any hospital in America. And if there aren't enough in America you can start traveling to find the one you want. That's the way Civilians do.

One last word on the subject: in case you have to go to a Civilian hospital, stay in bed when they put you there. Don't spring out of the sack at 0600 and start sweeping the hospital floors or cleaning out the hospital latrines. Don't expect to do the nurses' or the ward boys' work. Don't worry about the firing squad.

Just lie there. Take it easy.

Psychiatrist

Say you've been home a month.

Say something's wrong. You can't seem to get started. You lie around the house all day. You bark at the folks. You don't want to look for a job. The sight of the home town makes you rebellious. The prospect of spending the rest of your life there starts making you frantic Nothing's going right—the gal, the wife, the mother, the father, the townspeople—everything's haywire.

If that happens to you, you won't have any difficulty recognizing the situation.

You'll have a sense of shame about the way you feel. That'll probably make you sorer than ever.

You're now at a three-way crossroads. You can ditch everything and run away. You can sweat it out somehow and, still rebellious at heart, make the necessary adjustment and stay home. You can go see a psychiatrist and get straightened out once and for all.

A long time ago there was considerable hush-hush about going to see a psychiatrist. In the Army guys who went to the psychiatrist were either nuts or bucking for a Section Eight. There was something shameful about it. Guys brave enough to run the gantlet of barracks criticism found, in too many cases, that they'd accepted the stigma for nothing.

IN the first place, although all doctors, when they study medicine, have to take a course in psychiatry, there were plenty of doctors who dismissed psychiatry with unconcealed contempt and kidding. That branch of medical specialization was a branch they were leery of. They weren't backward about making their attitude public in front of the non-medical section of the Army. Guys who didn't know anything about medicine listened and watched and copied their attitude about psychiatry from jerks like these.

Men with neuroses and bad attitudes and a total lack of ability to adapt themselves to Army life, men who had been passed into the Army during that quick shuffle we all got at our induction examination, were soon in trouble. Eventually they found their way to the psychiatrist, who, after careful examination, certified them unfit and either marked them for the board for discharge; for confinement; for Army jobs where they might be able to work things out; or for treatment.

They passed these findings on to their superior officer. If the superior was one of those guys who didn't hold with such newfangled goings on as psychiatry, why, he just taught that junior whippersnapper of an officer a lesson. He refused to accept the specialist's findings. He pigeonholed the report. He put psychiatry in its place. He showed 'em!

It is estimated on excellent authority that, of all American wounded casualties, from twenty to forty-seven per cent are psychiatric.

He showed 'em, all right.

But the guy who got hurt was the GI. He'd usually gone to the psychiatrist as a last hope. He'd eventually braved himself to bear all the shame going to the psychiatrist brought on him. And all he got for his pains was the stigma of being nuts.

The Army was a nightmare, in the first place, for such a guy. It now became a horror. There was no help anywhere. Inside him the pressure grew and grew. Maybe the pressure broke up in camp and a guy who might have been sane and saved was carted away nuts, sometimes to spend the rest of his life in a nuthouse. Maybe it broke on the battlefield. Nobody knows how many lives were lost as a result of it, how many lives were maimed, how many useful citizens will for the rest of their lives be warped charges on the community.

It's a hell of a note that on top of this the stigma foisted on the act of going to a psychiatrist still persists.

What was the first crack that went around a barracks when it flashed around that Jones had to go see the psychiatrist?

"Jeeze! He had to go see the psychiatrist! He must be nuts, huh?"

"He don't *act* nuts."

"Well, *something's* wrong with him—or he wouldn't be going to see the psychiatrist!"

That was a shame, wasn't it? A bad blot on the guy. Not right in the head. Screwy.

Sure, there was something wrong with him. There's something wrong with everybody. There is hardly a guy in the whole world who hasn't something wrong with him. The perfectly adjusted guy hasn't been found yet.

A guy with a hot temper isn't a normal guy. A guy with habits different from his fellows isn't a normal guy. A guy with a stronger set of preferences in any direction whatever isn't a normal guy.

And war isn't normal. And being in the Army isn't normal. And whichever way you differ from your fellows, when you're in the Army, when you're in the war, you've got three adjustments to make. You've got first of all to adjust your habits and preferences to the habits and preferences of the majority. You can't be the lone wolf all of us were in Civilian life. You've next got to adjust yourself to an entirely different life and its entirely different regulations. And, finally, you've got to adjust yourself to war.

Well, that's a hell of a lot of adjustments to make, all at once. Some made the adjustment easily. Some made it not so easily. Some never made it at all.

WHAT is a psychiatrist? He's a guy, always an M.D., who specialized in the mind like other M.D.s specialize in obstetrics, or gunshot wounds, or surgery or skin diseases or heart trouble.

How does it work? Just like any other doctor. You go to a psychiatrist. You tell him what's troubling you, what brought you to see him. He finds the reason for your trouble. Both of you then set to work to cure it.

Now, there's a clean-cut remedy that lets a man help straighten himself out, better than ever, that makes his wife happy, or his girl, that makes his family happy and his community and his country. That solves his problems and sets him on his feet and makes him a better man in his job, a happier man, a man who can put everything he has on the ball because he isn't perpetually tired out and irritable from the fight that's going on inside himself all the time.

And that's the kind of a deal you're supposed to be ashamed to take.

Are all psychiatrists miracle workers? Hell, no. There are good ones and fair ones and bad ones and better ones and worse ones. They're made of meat, like anyone else.

How do you find out a good one? Well, the best way is to call or write the American Psychiatric Association and ask them to recommend two or three in your neighborhood. Another way is to ask at your Veterans' Center. Or the nearest hospital. Or ask your own doctor. Or ask some buddy who's been to one.

There are a hell of a lot more good than bad, just as there are in medicine in general, so don't worry about that.

WHAT kind of problems are going to put pressure on returning servicemen?

The Veterans' Center has this to say: "American veterans are not bitter, disillusioned, frustrated, angry men. They are decent, honorable, good citizens, anxious to pick up the threads of home and family life and to participate once more in the economics, social, and political life of their communities. For many, this presents no problem at all. For others, however, the transition from military to civilian life brings with it a variety of difficulties and calls for a variety of rehabilitative services."

The biggest jolts take place in getting back to domestic life when a guy tries to resume family relations and life among Civilian friends. He finds out that there have been changes made. Life has moved on. He's got to find where it's moved to and what cadence they're calling now, and get in step. Also the family finds out the vet has changed somewhat. There's the emotionally shot veteran and the physically disabled veteran, and their families and friends need help so they can understand how best to handle them and help them.

There's the guy who went in a kid and came out a man. Only when he gets home they don't realize he's grown up. There's the guy who had a furlough honeymoon and comes home to a new wife as a stranger. There's the guy who comes home to the kid he's never seen.

There's the guy who brings home a wife from some foreign country, and the guy who gets married fifteen minutes after sighting the Statue of Liberty.

There's the guy who's a hero for a week and then just another vet. There's the guy who's seen what he's seen and can't get over it. There are thirteen million guys. They've got thirteen billion problems. Some are coming home in no mental condition to cope with any problems at all. Some have held together this long and one more problem will be the feather that broke the camel's back.

The USES will handle a lot of problems. The Veterans' Centers will handle a lot of problems. For problems of adjustment there's only one real expert, the psychiatrist.

Does it cost much to go to a psychiatrist? Just like going to a doctor, what it costs depends on your means. Big-shot congressmen, actors, doctors, judges pay big-shot fees. Little-shot guys pay little-shot fees. Broke guys get just as good as anybody and pay when they can.

It's pretty hard imagining any doctor who specializes in psychiatry turning down a vet because the guy doesn't have dough to pay. I don't think you're likely to encounter such a human being. At any rate there are always psychiatrists to whom you can apply.

You're running in high gear right now. You come home and they're living the same kind of life, almost, as when you went away. You see ex-buddies still hitched to the same tar-paper foxholes, and you know it's not their fault, but you've had more than your share, and you've been carrying all the load, and it's not fair.

There's a lot, there's a hell of a lot to bitch about. You know it, your family knows it. The whole world knows it. But don't let it get you down. You'll get nowhere. You'll just punch yourself on your own chin.

If you're lost, go to the guy who can show you how to find yourself. If you're sick and sore and bitter and choking with hate and contempt, if you can't get along and can't get back in the swing of things—there's always a reason.

There's always a guy who can set you straight and send you back in swinging harder and better than ever. You're a sucker to miss it. Drop in at the psychiatrist's—the doctor who's an expert on just such wounds. He's the best—and, brother, you've got a right to the best.

Organizations

It's hard to tell whether veterans of this war will feel any big need for organizing. But there are about a thousand hopeful leaders of one kind or another who think that as the boys come home they are just going to stream into organizations right and left, and each one of these clubhouse commandos has it all figured out that the particular organization he has whipped together is the finest deal a serviceman could hope for.

It's damned near impossible to check on every bright new organization for servicemen that's reared its red, white, and blue head during the past two years. But there are a few salient facts that bear looking into.

I don't know whether you remember the Silver Shirts and the Christian Fronters and the small army of similar outfits we had such trouble with before and even during the early days of the war. Well, they're still at it. This time they're launching clubs for ex-servicemen. Gerald L. K. Smith offers the Nationalist Veterans of World War II; Edward James Smythe offers the Protestant War Veterans—no Catholic, Jewish, or Negro veterans wanted. There's Joe McWilliams, who now has a nice new gang he wants you to join on the principle that if you do he'll try to get you seventy-eight hundred dollars in government bonds as a bonus. In Detroit there's an outfit called the United Nations Legion, and also in Detroit and elsewhere the Ku Klux Klan is right on its toes with bait calculated to get your backing. There's the Arsenal for Democracy, as put out by Charles E. Coughlin, who also has a little deal called St. Sebastian's Brigade. There's the American Order of Patriots, in Houston, Texas. There's an outfit called the AVA, in New York, which actually is on record against any bonus or veterans' benefits.

There's a crackpot outfit probably in every big city in the nation. They all want your dough and they want you to fight other Americans. They want you to hate either white men or black men or Protestants or Catholics or Jews or Northerners or Southerners—they want you to hate the guys you fought alongside of and they want you to love what you went abroad to wipe out. They're nuts. Steer clear of them. As if you had to be told.

But, on the other hand, there's the American Legion and the VFW. Both of them are old organizations that have had their knocks and their boosts. Lots of guys have beefs against both outfits. The Legion has probably been on the pan more than the VFW. Not everybody can join the VFW, however. Only guys who have been in service in foreign parts.

The two brand-new outfits which promise the most are the American Veterans of World War II—the AMVETS; and the American Veterans' Committee—the AVC.

The AVC deal, as set forth in their prospectus and lived up to, says in part: " . . . We are associating ourselves with American men and women, regardless of race, creed or color, who are serving with or have been discharged from our armed forces." They want the establishment of an international veterans' council.

And speaking of international, when you get back you'll hear quite a few organizations referred to as Red. A Red is those guys you rushed to shake hands with over in Germany.

You're going to have the rest of your life to join any veterans' organization you want to. Look 'em all over and pick the one that best suits your aims as an American citizen. Pick the one that can give you the best deal, but make sure it can give you what it promises and make sure it gives you a voice in figuring out what to ask for.

So far I haven't joined any of them. Like a lot of other guys, I'm waiting to see what you guys are going to do. You're the babies who carried the ball.

TS

When you leave the service you'd better not figure on taking the chaplain with you.

It's true that Civilians have a chaplain too. But it's different. He doesn't issue TS slips. He isn't the guy you bring your problems to. He doesn't stand between you and unfair treatment. In Civilian the chaplain stands in church on the Sabbath and reads things out of the Bible and gives a lecture on deportment.

This is generally true all over the United States, except in very small villages or in cases where the Civilian chaplain is a special sort of chaplain who believes that a sinner can sin, and a guy can get in a jam, and that the morale of a community is important and the doings and hopes of people are as important as sermons.

In the service we learned that chaplains were more interested in people than in the church building. We got to know them as guys like any other guys, but guys who had committed their lives to helping us solve our problems.

We learned that these guys were the guys to appeal to for relief from injustice. We learned that we could go to them when we had butched up and they would intercede for us.

I don't know what the Army would have been without chaplains.

Maybe Civilians don't have enough chaplains and maybe Civilians don't make use of what chaplains they have. I don't know where the responsibility lies. All any GI knows is that these guys laid aside all denominational bias and practically all denominational identity and tried to be all things to all men of all classes and colors and creeds and that the greatest religious revival in American history occurred as a result. Those guys were really on the ball. They were heroes. They were great men. They knew their job and they did it.

THE nearest Civilians come to it, especially in large cities, is Mr. Fixit on radio programs. Mr. Fixit makes a living solving people's problems. He does it before millions of listeners, and he doesn't have to be especially trained, and he only handles sensational cases.

That kind of deal won't much appeal to you after what you've had from the chaplain. You'll want the kind of advice you got from the chaplain, something you can set your teeth into.

There's a story going around about one of those programs. A guy comes to Mr. Fixit. He's got troubles. He's a sad sack. Big deal.

"Mr. Fixit, I came to you for advice."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, I stole a car. I needed it to make a clean start with."

"You wanted to make a clean start."

"Yeah. I lost five thousand dollars on the races, which I borrowed from the bank without their knowing it, so I stole ten thousand dollars more—five thousand dollars to pay back the bank and five thousand dollars to give me a new start in life."

"Go on. You interest me."

"Well, the car turned out to belong to a policeman."

"I see."

"And when I got home my wife had run off with another man."

"Aha!"

"And the doctor tells me I got tuberculosis and on the way over here somebody picked my pocket and stole my five thousand dollars, and I just got word my mother and father died and my daughter won't speak to me and I think I have lost my job."

"I see. Well, what is your question?"

"My question is, Mr. Fixit—what shall I do?"

"Young man, my advice to you is—buck up!"

Whether that actually ever went over the air or not, I kind of believe the chaplain who told me about the GI who came shyly to him for a TS slip.

"What's your problem, soldier?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the GI, "I got this girl."

"Yes?"

"We been engaged since before I went into the Army."

"Fine!"

"Yes, sir. But now I get this letter where it says she has gone and got herself pregnant—by another man."

The chaplain shook his head.

"Also she has gone and had all her teeth pulled out and she has dyed her hair black."

The chaplain studied the back of his hands.

"And look, sir! Her mother, who's always hated me, now says she's gonna live with us. And the worst of it is, how do I know she's through with this other fellow?"

"What is it you want to know?" sighed the chaplain.

The GI leaned forward hopefully. "What I want to know is, sir, is September a good month to get married in?"

Something is wrong somewhere. Over and over again the churches protest frantically that people are abandoning them, that religion is waning. But in the battlefield and in the camps of America it is universally recognized that men and chaplains have found a true meaning to religion, that the men of the armed forces have faiths more secure and more serene by far than the Civilians and congregations who profess such deep concern over their spiritual welfare.

It is true that if Civilian chaplains were to copy military chaplains it would mean they would do little else all day but solve human problems, be targets for infinite sadness, give kind and firm advice, stand alongside their parishioners to avert injustice, reconcile husbands and wives, sweethearts and lovers.

Boy, wouldn't it be great if some Civilian church were to announce:

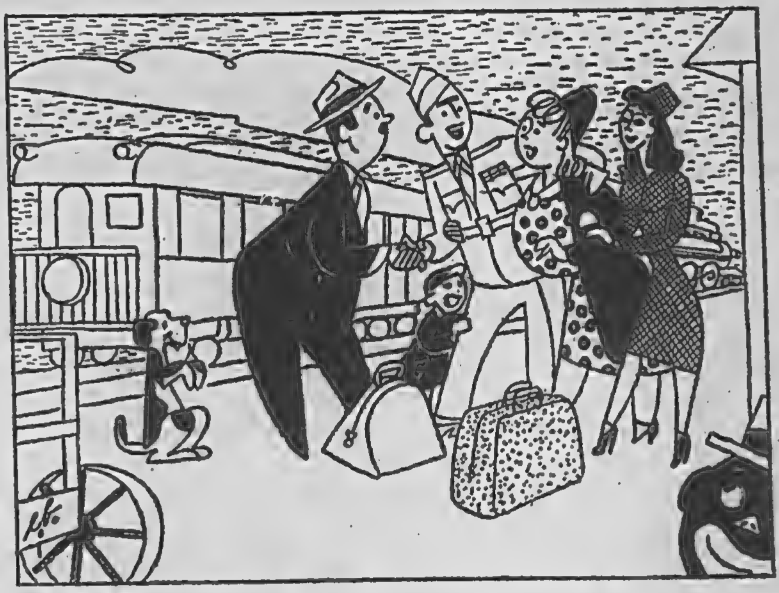
"Men of all creeds, colors, and classes! Come to us with your problems, or let us come to you to help you with them—any time, any place, anywhere. No problem too big. None too small. Let us help you. And you'll get the same deal you got in the Army!"

It was tried before, you know. Very successfully. Not in the same words, though. The actual words were: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . ."

How to Get in Bed With Your Wife

So damned much has been written on this subject that I guess it won't hurt any for another imbecile to get in his two bits. I have read whole serial stories dealing with just this one item. The stories and the articles launch off with this premise: Joe, a returned soldier, sailor, or Marine, is back home from war. His soft, tender, adoring, impatiently waiting wife is standing there on the train platform with her arms wide open. This is the big day. She is a little nervous about it. She has heard stories about returned veterans. . . .

Joe gets off the train. He grabs her hard. Then he breaks awkwardly away. Then they go home. All the time he acts strange. He keeps looking at stuff to see if it's changed any and making homely remarks. Stiff and curt and strange. My God, it's terrible. What's happened? Where's my Joe I loved so? Why has he changed so? What will become of us? Oh, the pity of it all. Oh, oh, and my.



Well, things work along like that until the last three pages, when all of a sudden she gets an insight into Joe that shows her he hasn't changed a bit really—oh, a little grimmer around the jowls, maybe, a little peerier around the eyeballs, but still the same old Joe. Then there is a big clinch and they start off life anew with new understandings and new this and new that.

Civilians are very grisly about stuff like that. They've got a vivid fantasy picture of the returned soldier. Wives are going around swearing they're worried sick over the whole thing, and so are sweethearts.

But you don't hear any squawks out of mothers.

Because almost all mothers get along with whatever problems their sons represent, it's just common sense for wives who want the same permanence in *their* relationship to watch what the mamas do and do likewise.

Mothers know that sons have been popping off since the first man returned from the first war. Mothers know that sons have come home with mental twists and mental warps, and moods and as strangers. Mothers win in the end because they are prepared to face any contingency life can offer. They know that the best help they can offer a man is love and sympathy and understanding and listening and patience.

Many a guy has real problems. He was one of those who got married during the war. He never got a chance to really settle down and know his wife. They met as strangers, they married as strangers, and they'll be reunited as strangers. He's wondering how he'll look to her and she's wondering how she'll look to him. They have to get married all over again. They're both afraid and fear is a funny basis on which to start a marriage.

There's no reason why she should be any more afraid of him than his mother is and there's no reason why he should be any more afraid of her than *her* mother is. The trouble is that there'll be the usual amount of bickering incident to the early days of marriage and everybody will go around blaming their natural adjustments to each other on the war.

From where I've sat as a reporter in divorce trials, it always seems to me that the principals were more concerned with their personal position in the matter than with the other person's happiness. I long ago came to the conclusion that if you spend most of your time thinking about the happiness of your partner it doesn't leave you a hell of a lot of time to worry about yourself, and whether the right thing's being done by you.

THERE'S never been a problem in the world to which the answer wasn't already written down someplace. And there never was a problem that didn't have to be worked out. And walking away from a problem is something we human beings just don't get away with. Sooner or later we have to face the same problem all over again.

The answer to most any kind of question about how to get in bed with your wife can be found in just one place—bed. The way you get into bed is easy.

First thing you do is take your clothes off. If you're wearing skis still, take them off too. The best thing is pretend you're going to take a shower. That way you get everything off.

Do not try to lie down on top of the blankets so you won't have to make up your bunk in the morning. It is okay to pull back the covers and get between the sheets, just like in a hospital or sick bay. Also you do not have to put your wallet in your pillowcase, along with your fountain pen, the keys to your foot locker, your loose change, souvenirs, and the stuff you stole while visiting Company K area. Leave all this out.

At first it will seem strange to find someone in the same bunk with you. The chances are you will start thinking, Oh hell! There I go dreaming again, because anybody knows no damned bunk is going to hold two people, so I must be dreaming. It is not so. Furthermore, the chances are it will not be any buddy creeping up to get warm. There are any number of ways to reassure yourself about this. One of the easiest is to bellow out: "Hey!" If a female voice answers, you can be damned sure it's not any buddy, buddy. And if it's *your* house and *your* bed, you can be reasonably sure the female voice is your wife. You can get absolute reassurance by asking point-blank: "Honey, are you Mrs. Joe Jones?" If she says yes, and your name is Joe Jones, you are in on a cinch. The introductions are now performed.

I'll say this: it's a little hard getting adjusted to Civilian life, to people you know and people you love. It's not hard, so much. It's just odd. On a smaller scale I remember the same sort of difficulty in adjustment after a prolonged vacation spent hunting.

A hell of a lot of disillusionment that crops up in the process of getting home again comes from the fact that the farther away you get from home the more you ennoble home and build it up and make it better than it is and then when you find it little changed from the place you left you are hurt and you start screaming that everything's changed. As a matter of fact nothing's changed, much, except your dream ideas.

This much is true: no one can make your dreams come true but yourself. The world you want to live in is worth fighting for. But you can't build it with bullets and dead bodies alone. That's just clearing the site for the house that's to be built. And the house won't go up by itself. You have to build it.

And when it's up, no matter how much trouble it was to build it, you've got to keep doing stuff to it all the time. You've got to keep making repairs and keep the joint in order. You've got to live in it. So you've got to build it yourself. Bitch all you want to. But that's the way it is.

I'VE got a personal idea of how this reunion business is going to work for most returning warriors. I think it'll work out about this way:

Joe comes home. He can't wait to *be* home. All the way on the boat and the train his pants are afire just to be home. Maybe it's the Cumberlands, maybe it's New York City, maybe it's Montana. Wherever it is, it's home. Home means a hell of a lot. It means everything. And Joe can't wait.

He touches everything and he looks at everything and it's meat and drink to him, and the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and by this time he may not know what he was fighting *for* but he knows what he was fighting *against* and now he's on his way home.

Comes the Statue of Liberty or San Francisco Bay. Comes the train. Comes the long, waiting, impatient agony of the train trip. Comes *the* station. Comes home.

There's the wife waiting. There's the mother, the father, the kids, the sisters, the brothers, the family. You hurt, buddy? Hell, you're not the first hurt guy they've seen. You're home. Home is where you go when you're hurt. Remember? There they are. They're standing there, hopping up and down inside, and they can't wait to get their hands on you.

They're scared, some of them, that *you* won't like *them*. Can you imagine?

And now Joe's stumbling down off the train. And now the family has engulfed him. And now everybody's talking at once or crying at once and the home is complete again and milling around, until somebody remembers there's a house waiting.

And Joe and the home he's come to go off together, one again. Maybe he'll gimp along on a set of twigs, maybe he'll have to be led, maybe he won't look the same; it doesn't matter how he gets there or how he looks, it's *being* there. That's what counts.

Well, Joe's married, and dinner's over, and he's eaten like a horse, or maybe he was so excited he couldn't eat and in any case it isn't likely he knows what he's been eating or tasted much of it, even though Mom or the wife has set out every blessed thing she could think of that was his favorite. The sight of his favorite is enough.

Joe doesn't want to see anybody, much. He'd rather stay home. Or else he'd rather take a quiet walk with the wife, maybe, all alone, taking a gander at the town, feeling unobserved, feeling not pulled at, not ordered around. He's excited as a kid, that way. No other way.

And then Joe begins to get tired. And he and his wife take one last look around and lay it aside for another day, and then they go home. They're both a little shy, maybe. It's like being married all over again, like this is another wedding day.

A man who's been hungry a long time doesn't put forty pounds on his starved ribs the first hearty meal he eats. It takes days of feeding. It takes days of home and love to put the spiritual tissue back on your spiritual framework. It takes care and love and home. You don't just push a button. Remember that. There's no magic in it except the inexorable magic of love and time.

Joe gets up the next morning. And he knows he's home. He can't take it all in at once. All of a sudden time starts stretching out for him. There's a million things he's wanted to do and a million things he wants to see. The biggest thing he wants to feel is his freedom. His own head. And he's the way he is, and he's home.

If anybody can think of a better way to get in bed with his wife, go to it.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

OUR SON PABLO, by **Alvin and Darley Gordon,** is the story of the education of a Mexican Indian boy.

Pablo was from Michoacán, one of the more remote states of Mexico. Although he spent some time in cosmopolitan Mexico City before he joined the Gordons in California, he had many adjustments to make to modern living. Alvin Gordon went in to waken him one morning and found him asleep, sitting up in bed.

Alvin Gordon

" 'I go to sleep seeting like thees,' he explained to me, 'so I weel not sleep too much.'

" 'But you have an alarm clock.'

" 'Yes, I know.'

"Then I realized my own stupidity. 'Do you know how to work it?'

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'very well.'

" 'You know how to make it ring?'

" 'Does it reeng?' he asked. He was out of bed, watching me control this marvelous mechanism. He had to be shown only once. For the next few days at any odd moments the alarm would sing out—Pablo was practicing."

The other university students at Berkeley took Pablo to their hearts. It wasn't until he returned to his native Mexico that his troubles began—for modern Mexico is not too sympathetic toward the educated Indian. The Gordons were startled to get a letter from Pablo that read: "Dearest Mama and Papa. I need to see you soon. My love to you, Your Son." —and this from a Tarascan, one of a people who pride themselves on their stoicism.

The Gordons rushed to Mexico City and then with their son traveled to his native town at the foot of the volcano, Paricutín, which threatened always to destroy it.

Our Son Pablo is a heart-warming book. Anyone who knows the Indians of Mexico loves them, and it is under the leadership of men like Pablo that they will come into their own.

Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.75.

ILKA CHASE'S I Love Miss Tilli Bean is a great improvement over her previous novel, In Bed We Cry. The first part of the book, which deals with the transplanting of a spirited Quaker woman, Maud Matilda Bean, and her small daughter Tilli from New Jersey to Italy, is charmingly done.

Ilka Chase

After Tilli grows up and becomes a famous and beautiful modiste, Maud Matilda is the only character who retains any individuality. Her Quaker practicality shines against a background of "stock" types. However, most readers will be interested in the detailed picture Miss Chase has painted of the dressmaking business in New York and Paris.

Doubleday & Company, New York. Price $2.50.

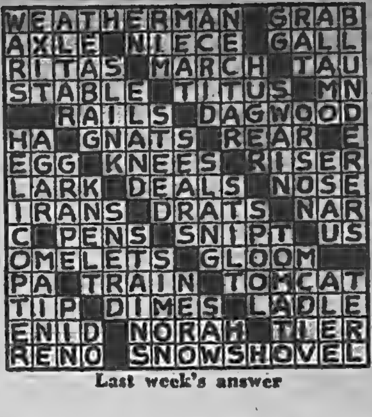
THEODORE PRATT always writes delightfully of the misunderstood, and **Valley Boy** is no exception. Johnny Birch was a lonely little boy whose parents apparently loved horses more than they loved him. Fortunately Johnny had Oscar, the trained sea lion, and Oscar's charm was calculated to make up for almost anything.

Johnny had other friends almost as interesting as Oscar, and their idiosyncrasies and their problems make Valley Boy engrossing reading.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



WEATHERMAN GRAB
AXLE NIECE GALL
RITAS MARCH TAU
STABLE TITUS MN
RAILS DAGWOOD
HA GNATS REAR E
EGG KNEES RISER
LARK DEALS NOSE
IRANS DRATS NAR
C PENS SNIPT US
OMELETS GLOOM
PA TRAIN TOMCAT
TIP DIMES LADLE
ENID NORAH TIER
RENO SNOWSHOVEL

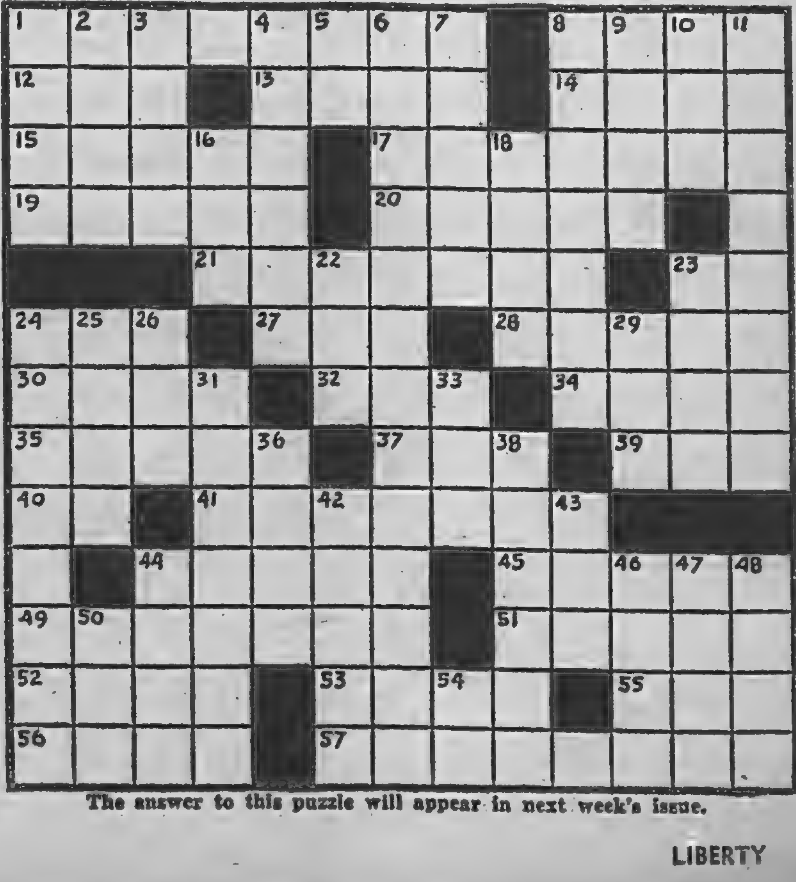
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 The Indians fought wars to control what food? (two words)
8 Russia upset the pre-war world with what?
12 Who presented Iran's case at the UNO?
13 Sanctity is said to have a pronounced what?
14 Perry's pond refers to what body of water?
15 Vulcan's wife was who?
17 Gertrude Ederle was a famous what?
19 Put oneself out
20 The Gemini are twin whats?
21 Whose advice was always sought on the Greek high command during the Trojan war?
23 Half time
24 Twenty-first Greek letter
27 Complete: The Murders in the —— Morgue
28 Icelanders talk what?
30 What was it Biblically correct to do at funerals to the habiliments?
32 'Otspot
34 The dear are also said to be what?
35 Many African cities are built about whats?
37 554 minus 50
39 Arrowsmith and de Kruif are whats? (abbr.)
40 Who was the sage of Sagamore Hill? (abbr.)
41 Complete: Tomatoes are ——, potatoes are ——, now's the time to fall in love
44 Car-manufacturing town
45 Gal's name
49 Name a famous Italian wine
51 Who said: "I know there's money in the chicken business—I put it there!"?
52 Horseburgers
53 Sea song
55 Where would you go to see a tiglon?
56 What is not so much?
57 Who was the moon goddess' boy friend Keats wrote a poem about?

VERTICAL

1 Who was the Gobbess of the Sea?
2 Holly's technically what?
3 James Henry who was called the Liberator of Kansas?
4 Military list
5 Take 500 from 999
6 Name the great new jet-propelled passenger plane
7 Shelley owes a lot to what mythical lady?
8 Who cranks up and runs the Washington Merry-Go-Round?
9 Rankin's called the Academy of Whats and Sciences Communistic?
10 The PAC makes you think of what?
11 Bedlingtons, black and tans, and Skyes are whats?
16 Undertakers do what to their living?
18 Mountain lake
22 What gal was associated with a sunbonnet?
23 One of non-red rats to the Communist (anag.)
24 First draft of a treaty's a what?
25 Eat with the ears
26 What the G. O. P.s haven't been within the memory of thirteen-year-olders
29 What's an unpopular color around Iran?
31 What word, with two e's added, was one of Ethel Barrymore's greatest stage hits?
33 Brooklyn manager Durocher's called Leo the what?
36 The tibia's what-bone?
38 Name another bit of clothing like the pantry
42 Complete a common French phrase: —— *nous*
43 The keyboard of an organ's called the what?
44 Starts suggest what spasms?
46 Rat (extinct) (we hope)
47 Two eyes and two noes
48 What credit line do you find on many old poems? (abbr.)
50 Complete: Scots wha ——wi' Wallace bled
54 Complete: —— *valorem*



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Happy ending.
Red Cap
CARLING'S
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Brewing Corporation of America
RED CAP ALE

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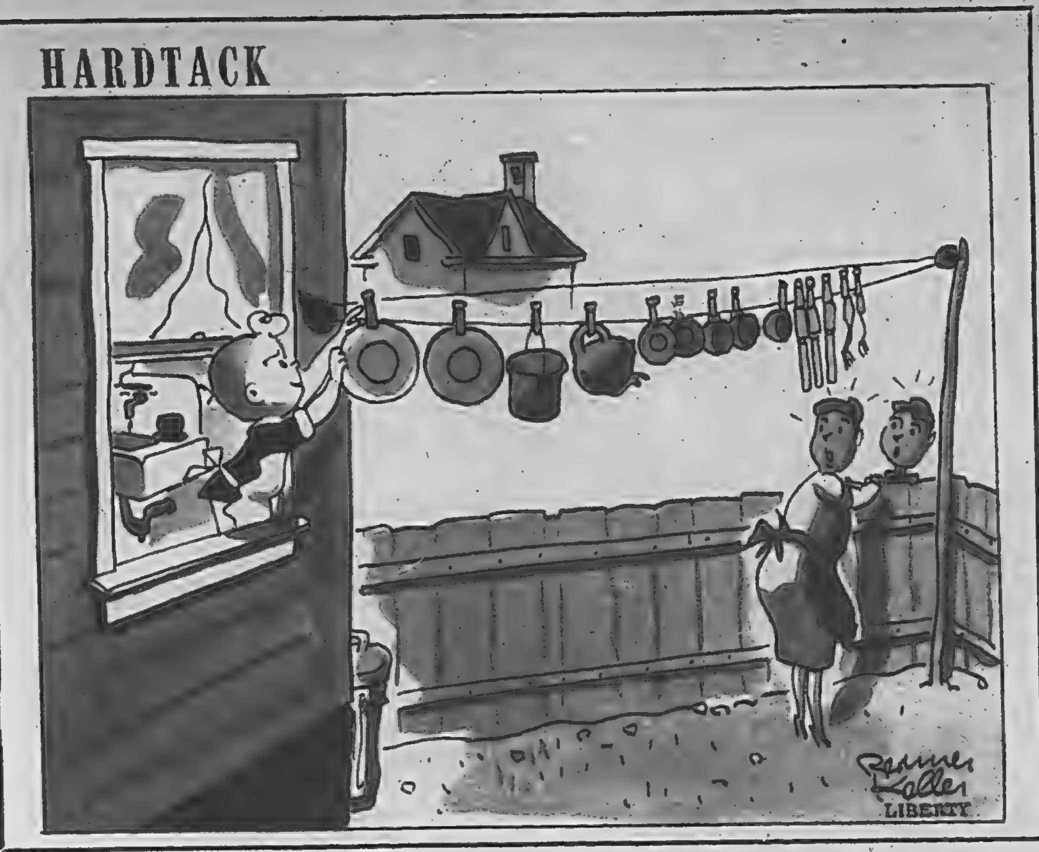

BUSTING THE TENNIS RACKET

Continued from Page 19

ley, and smash. Also greater experience. This one would be murder.

Kovacs vs. Segura: Kovacs' bullet forehand and backhand drives would overwhelm the spectacular but slow-footed Segura. If Frank lost even one set to Segura, I'd be amazed—and probably broke, because I'd be betting on a straight-set Kovacs' victory.

Perry vs. Cooke: Perry's rapier forehand and aggressive net attack would pierce Cooke's steady backcourt defense.

Van Horn vs. Wood: Van Horn hits harder and makes fewer errors than Wood.

Final score: Pros, 5; Amateurs, 0.

SO much for the hypothetical match. *Admitting professionals are superior, can professional tennis support itself financially?*

Again let's look at the record. The first postwar professional tournament held last December at the Los Angeles Tennis Club netted $12,000 in five days. A subsequent challenge match between Budge and me—played at night in Los Angeles Pan Pacific Auditorium—netted $13,500.

Not bad for a couple of hometown boys. Don and I grew up around Los Angeles. Probably every ticketholder had seen us play many times—free of charge. If our neighbors were willing to contribute $13,500 to sit in on an old-home-week match, there's every reason to expect that fans in other cities—most of whom haven't had a chance to see top-flight tennis—will give strong financial support to pro tournaments.

But why compete AGAINST the amateurs by scheduling separate tournaments? Why not compete WITH them in open tournaments similar to the open golf meets?

Open competition is impossible because professionals and amateurs disagree on two fundamental issues: (1) where national tournaments should be played; (2) on what surface national tournaments should be played.

Professionals believe national tournaments should take place on hard-surface courts—clay, cement, or asphalt; and the site of national tournaments should be rotated yearly around the country.

The U.S.L.T.A. officials insist national tournaments must be played on grass courts. This automatically restricts national competition to the eastern seaboard, because you can't grow grass courts anywhere else (climate isn't suitable). Even in the East, only about a dozen wealthy clubs can afford the high maintenance cost of turf courts.

The professionals oppose this pro-grass, pro-Eastern policy of the U.S.L.T.A. The reasons are obvious. American tennis is played on clay, cement, and asphalt. Perhaps one player in ten thousand—and that's a conservative estimate—ever sees a grass court. Why stage national tournaments on a grass surface that is used approximately by .00001 of the nation's players?

And it seems only fair that tennis fans in the South, Midwest, and Far West—sections which produce our champions—should have an opportunity to watch their favorites in national competition. (The East has not turned out a men's champion since 1929!)

But the U.S.L.T.A. doesn't agree. It has awarded the national men's and women's singles championships to the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, New York, for the last twenty-one years, and recently extended West Side's monopoly to 1950. The national men's and women's doubles championships are awarded annually to the Longwood Club, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

This insistence that national tournaments be played on grass in effect guarantees Eastern galleries an all-summer monopoly on the best amateur competition. Clay- and hard-court players must accustom themselves to the peculiar low darting bounce of the ball off turf. That means competing in three or four warm-up tournaments on grass to get in shape for the all-important national events. Thus, hard-court players from the West must spend a minimum of two months each year in the East—from mid-July to mid-September—and play in a minimum of six grass-court tournaments to earn a national ranking.

WHILE these conditions prevail, open competition between professionals and amateurs is impossible. The pros will play a coast-to-coast schedule of hard-court tournaments during the summer months the amateurs dissipate in grass-court competition.

Why does the U.S.L.T.A. attach such importance to grass-court tournaments?

The Eastern officials who dominate the U.S.L.T.A. are afflicted with a virulent tennis disease called *grass-itis*. Blinded by tradition, these grass-happy officials have been unable to bring tennis into focus as a national sport. They apply 1890 schedules to 1946, apparently oblivious of the fact that tennis is no longer a grass-court game, and that the sections of the country which produce the champions should be awarded championship tournaments.

But doesn't the U.S.L.T.A. schedule important tournaments for clay and hard courts?

Tournaments, yes. Important, no. The U.S.L.T.A. determines player rankings—in border-line cases—by *late season* results. The U.S.L.T.A. interprets *late season* as meaning the July-September period when the amateurs are competing in Eastern grass-court events. Now, this two-month grass-court binge consumes all the time-off which the average amateur—a young business man or collegian—can spare from his work or studies. Consequently the average amateur competes only in close-to-home sectional tournaments in the remainder of the year.

Will the U.S.L.T.A. abandon its pro-grass, pro-Eastern policy and sanction open competition?

As the popularity of pro tennis booms throughout the country, amateur tennis officials in the South, Midwest, and Far West will bring increasing pressure to bear on the U.S.L.T.A. to adopt a similar coast-to-coast tournament schedule. The U.S.L.T.A. will have to give in and sanction open competition. When? Certainly within the next ten years.

It should be emphasized, however, that the success of professional tennis does not depend upon the establishment of open competition. Professional tournament entry lists always will carry the names of the world's best players. The top amateurs will continue to turn pro—as they have at a steadily increasing rate in the last decade. Many youngsters ambitious to become champions will prefer to compete in professional rather than amateur tournaments. For one very good reason—the competition is tougher. They'll learn more in one year with the pros than they will in three years in the amateurs. My own experience is a case in point.

PROFESSIONAL tennis will prosper and grow, regardless of the U.S.L.T.A.'s ultimate decision on open competition. Amateurs would play only a minor role in open competition anyway, because of the overwhelming superiority of the professionals. But the real fun in tennis is competition, and amateurs should be permitted to enjoy the privilege of playing against the world's best. After all, the golf amateurs are permitted to swing away at Nelson and Snead. When the U.S.L.T.A. sanctions open competition, the amateurs will be welcome in our tournaments.

And I'll stick to my prediction that within ten years the pro-tennis boom will develop into a round-the-world blockbuster. Last summer Budge and I flew 4,000 miles from Hawaii to Guam in one day and were playing before 5,000 sailors the next afternoon.

It won't be long until the pro-tennis schedule reads: San Francisco, Honolulu, Melbourne, Manila, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Calcutta.

I expect to make that trip. I'm only twenty-seven now and you never grow old at this game. Look at Tilden (still the Old Master at fifty-three). Bill walloped Perry in the quarter finals of one of our winter tournaments. Afterwards he wanted to play another set.

"Haven't you had enough?" Perry asked.

"Hell, no," boomed Big Bill. "I need some practice on my forehand."

THE END

NO-SCHOOL DAYS FOR A DISCIPLE OF THE SUN

Suntan, suntan,
Dear old golden suntan!
Oceans of lotions to do the trick;
Oiling and broiling to brown us quick!
You were my queen in unguentine,
Blistered and peeled from toe to bean,
While I had a rich, lobsterian sheen—
We sure were a couple of dopes!
—*Ethel Jacobson.*

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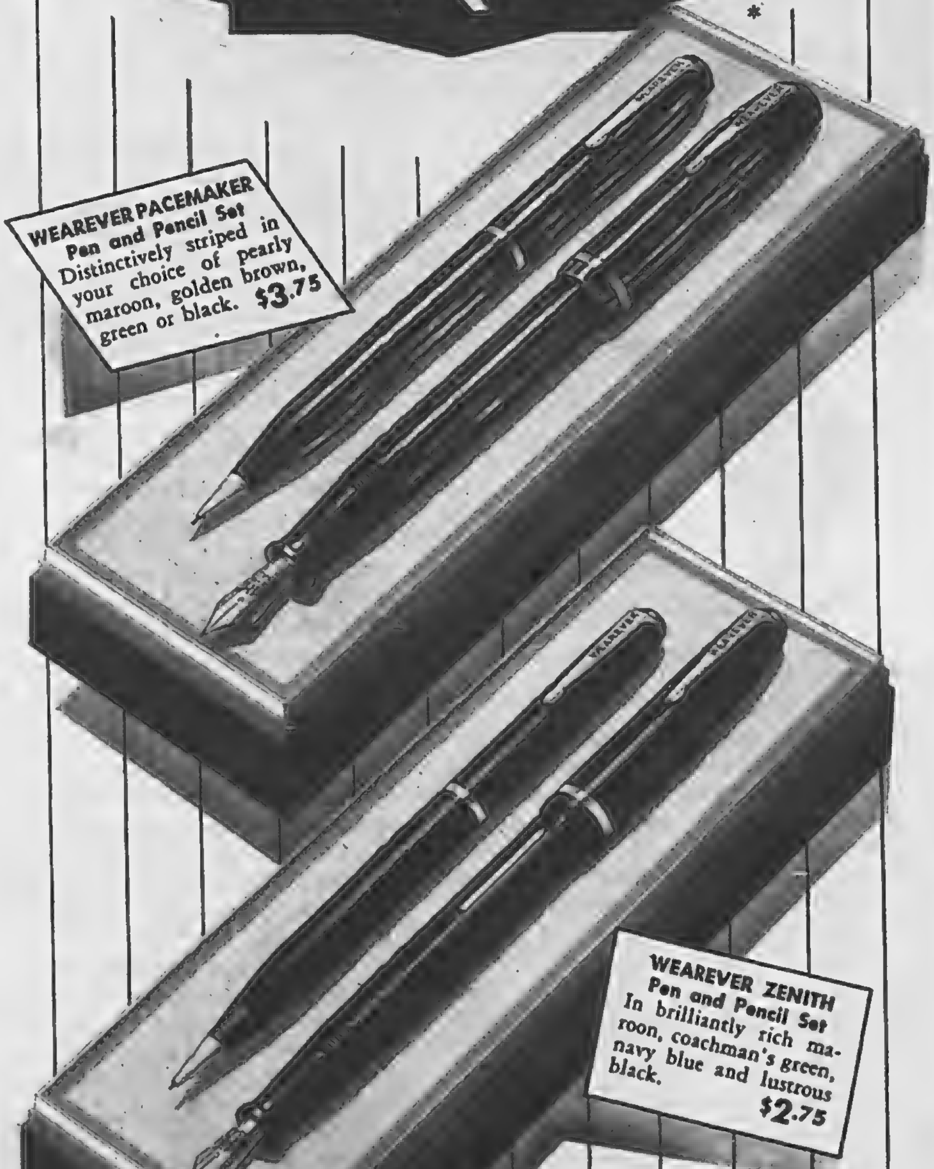

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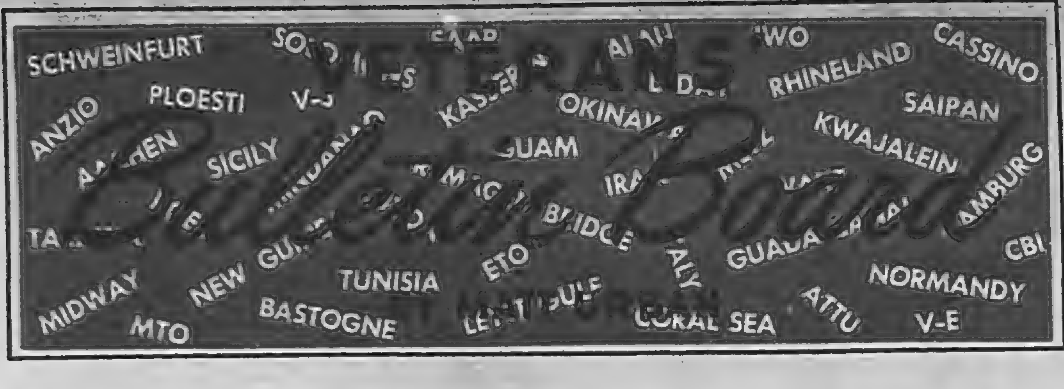
VETERANS' Bulletin Board



THE average veteran doesn't know it, but he probably could be further along in his job or education. His service-acquired skills and training are translatable into academic credits in some instances and into outright upgrading in his occupation in other instances. For example, the studies he pursued at the United States Armed Forces Institute (USAFI) might be convertible to high-school unit credits, or his record of three years as a Navy electrician's mate might give him the status of a second-year apprentice in the electrical industry.

Failure to utilize this accreditation scheme is as much the veteran's fault as industry's. The veteran has an asset upon which he should capitalize. The asset is frozen until he takes the steps necessary to apply it to his personal advantage. Of course, employers and educational institutions must also be made to realize the value of a veteran's training and experience—and this has not been done sufficiently. But if the veteran himself knows his worth—and apprises employers of it—much good will be done, for the value which a man puts on himself helps fashion the world's opinion of him.

Don't lose it!

Take first the matter of educational credits. Through USAFI correspondence, self-teaching and off-duty classes, veterans have studied a wide variety of subjects throughout the war years. But many do not know that honorably discharged veterans may continue their USAFI studies for nine months after discharge. If they were enrolled in USAFI extension or college courses, they have up to a year after discharge to complete their studies. And many of these studies can be made to count toward a diploma or a degree. For details, write USAFI at Madison 3, Wisconsin.

As for gaining credit for military experience in your occupation—if your Army job was comparable to a civilian job—you have only to make use of your Form 100 (Army Separation Qualification Record) which lists all your military and previous civilian experience. Every veteran receives one of these forms upon discharge, but nine out of ten file it away with their discharge certificate. Take it out; have it photostated; show it to prospective employers. But don't lose it—the War Department says only one to a customer.

If that Form 100 lists your USAFI credits, it also can be forwarded to educational institutions for conversion into civilian academic credits.

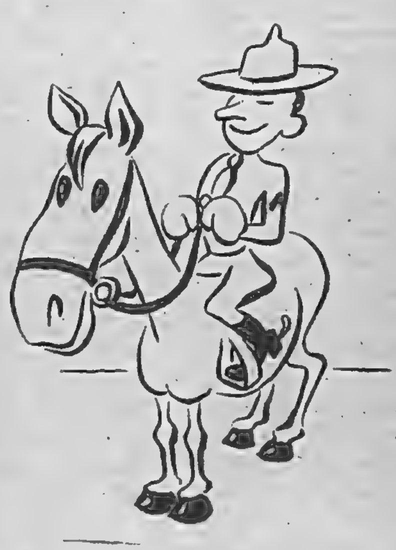
This valuable dope was given to your Bulletin Board by Major General Graves B. Erskine, administrator of the Retraining and Re-Employment Administration, which co-ordinates all veteran governmental programs except those of the Veterans Administration.

Under the guidance of hardbitten General Erskine, one-time commander of the 3rd Marine Division, RRA is no chairborne bureaucracy. It helps establish community advisory centers; it looks out for the veteran in employment agencies; it casts a paternal eye on business schemes for ex-G.I.s; it is squarely behind full utilization of on-the-job and apprentice training programs; it endeavors by every possible means to raise the level of employment. In this last connection, General Erskine recommends more extensive research in the employment field.

"There are thousands of small business concerns that could profitably be expanded to the advantage of everyone," the administrator told me. "Take, for instance, the car-washing, garage, laundry, and cleaning and pressing businesses. Many people have developed an attitude of dispensing with certain services that they had before the war. And they are willing to let it go at that, because there are no outward inducements for them to do otherwise. Why not provide those inducements? Records show that over two million small businesses closed during the war. So far, a negligible number have reopened. If there were customers for those businesses before the war, there are even more customers today."

* * *

T/4 A. G. Hartnell, R.A.A.F., Roswell, N. M. It does look as though K.P. as a "must" for everybody on the roster is on the way out, in the A.A.F., anyway. The way I heard it, in the future enlisted men who show aptitude in handling food will be encouraged to make a career of it. Permanent assignment will be "mess attendant," with plenty of chance to study the most modern methods of selecting and cooking food. Opportunity: mess sergeant, or even a commission as supervisor. The idea is to improve food and service—also to leave technically trained men free for their regular duties. Wonder what will take the place of K.P. as a detail?



Measured up!

* * *

Joseph Lieb, Lexington, Ky. Yes, the War Department has decided to merge the cavalry and the armored force into the "Armored Cavalry." The only remnant of the romantic and historic cavalry is to be a detachment of skilled mounted troops, to train small units for operations in rough country. Don't get down in the mouth about it, though. Make that outfit your goal when you're old enough to enlist. Even if the qualifications are tough, a fellow like you who was "practically born on a horse" should be able to measure up.

* * *

George Keller, Edgerton, Minn. You will get the full $65 for each month you attend school under government sponsorship, without regard to the amount of your pension.

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YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG TWICE

Continued from Page 35

fort of his home, because his wife is off somewhere playing poker with her girl friends."

"Horrors!"

"I'm not married to a woman. I'm married to a green eyeshade!" Mr. Holliday was breathing hard now. "I eat by myself. I go to the movies by myself. I walk the streets by myself. She doesn't care. I don't interest her any more. What have I got that's half as exciting as drawing to an inside straight?"

"Sounds like you've been lost in the shuffle."

"Exactly!" cried Mr. Holliday. "The old gal is deal-daffy, and I'm just an old bore she's been married to for too many years."

"What you need, mister, is a couple of aces up your sleeve."

"How do you mean?"

"Another woman." Abby smiled and lit a cigarette while Mr. Holliday recovered. "Or at least the threat of one."

"At my age? Nonsense!"

"At your age nonsense is delightful, I'm told."

"WAITER! Two Martinis!" Mr. Holliday leaned forward. "Go on. Go on!"

"Mr. Holliday, you look old enough to recognize a proposition."

"I—uh—that is—" Mr. Holliday sought to hide behind a frog's leg.

"Let me make myself clear," Abby said, "before you burn up that pretty white collar. My man—his name is Steve—is on the town with a guinea pig tonight, listening to her with one ear and to his heart beat with the other ear. And as you so rightly put it before, I'm around weeping lonesome tears, instead of snapping my fingers in his face with another man. And the reason for *that* is, I've been going steady with the ungrateful louse for so long, I don't *know* another man."

"*Tch-tch-tch,*" Mr. Holliday clucked sympathetically.

"Now, as for *you*, your wife Laura—"

"Clara."

"—your Clara evidently feels—and probably with just cause—that you are an unromantic old fuddy-duddy who can be left alone at night without getting into any worse trouble than a pair of wet feet."

"Approximately and painfully correct." Mr. Holliday winced.

"O.K." Abby exhaled a cloud of smoke and stubbed out her cigarette. "I think I have a pretty good idea where Steve has taken his date tonight. Maybe it wouldn't hurt my cause a bit if he were to see me having myself a time with a gay old rake."

"Who—*me?*"

"Why not? Just straighten out those shoulders, throw the frown

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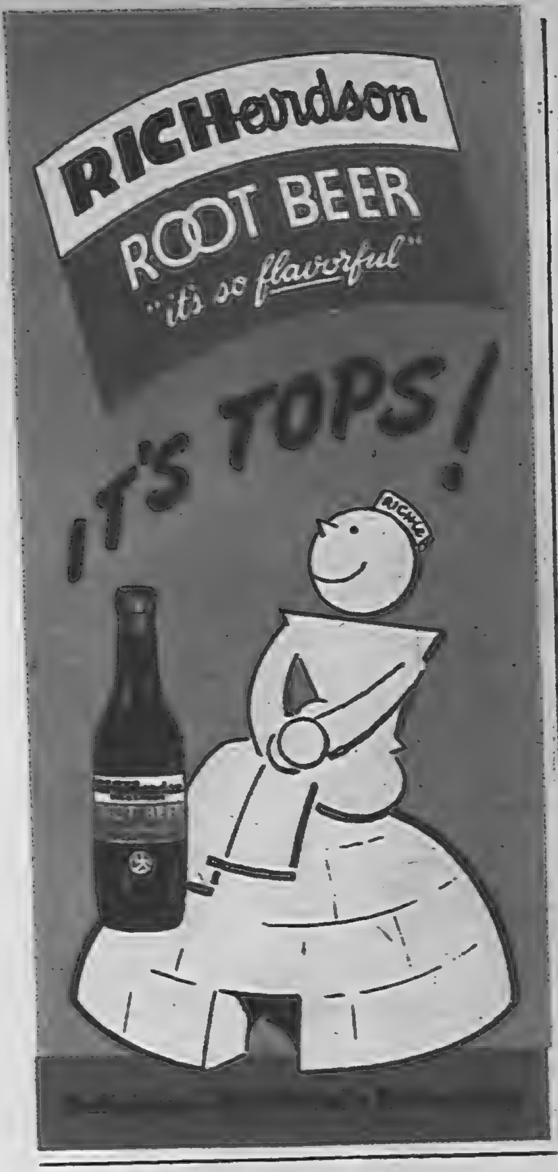

GRADE A
BEAVEN

"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And ... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

away, lift your chin up a few inches, and you'll pass. And maybe it won't hurt *your* cause either. Maybe you'll have yourself a wife and home again, once she hears—and you can make sure she does hear—that you're capable of playing your own little game while she's out making with the cards."

Mr. Holliday was immersed in deep, confused thought. Finally he cried, "What've I got to lose?"

"I wouldn't know," said Abby.

The waiter set down the Martinis.

"A toast!" Mr. Holliday said.

Abby raised her glass. "To the outcast of poker flat."

TWO hours, three night clubs, and countless highballs later, Mr. Holliday had lost his sour expression and a number of years. And Abby had located Steve and the girl.

They were at the Pickled Heron, a softly lighted, heavily carpeted padded cell just off Madison Avenue. As Mr. Holliday was giving the hatcheck girl his hat, coat, and an indecent look, Abby whispered ominously, "There he is."

Mr. Holliday peered through the pale blue gloom of the smoky interior and made out a lean dark young man sitting at a corner table with something blonde and stately.

"This way, m'sieur." The headwaiter bowed from the neck.

"No, *that* way," Abby said, nodding toward the corner. "The table next to them."

"As you wish."

"Why is your hand so cold?" Abby asked Mr. Holliday, as she led him into the room.

"The nervousness of my extreme youth," muttered Mr. Holliday.

"There's nothing to worry about," Abby assured him. "All you have to do is bear in mind that you're a wolf from way back. *Comprenez?*"

Mr. Holliday howled softly.

"Perfect," she said, squeezing his hand.

As they neared the table, there was a sound as of choking and the dropping of a jaw.

"Abby!" The lean young man scrambled to his feet.

"H'lo, Steve," Abby drawled airily, taking the blonde apart with a look. "Close your mouth, you'll catch cold."

Steve stared coldly at Mr. Holliday and than back to Abby. His face was pale and his lips trembled.

"I thought you—I thought you were going to stay home. You—"

"It gets so stuffy around the old homestead when the shadows fall. George, this is Steve Shanks. Steve, George Holliday."

Steve stuttered, "Abby, Miss Lansbury, Abby."

The blonde said, "Chahmed, I'm suah."

Abby yawned.

Then Steve blurted hoarsely, "Care to sit with us?"

"Unh-unh," said Abby.

"Thanks. Not tonight," said Mr. Holliday, putting an arm around Abby's waist and winking broadly at Steve. "Come on, baby, we've got lots to talk about."

He eased Abby into her chair at the next table and grabbed her hand ostentatiously.

"Who," he asked in an angry whisper that could not be heard more that a hundred feet away, "is this Steve character?"

Abby caught Mr. Holliday's wink on the first bounce.

"Oh, George dear, you're not going to start that again, are you?"

"You never mentioned any Steve to me," Mr. Holliday rasped loudly. "I thought you told me everything. How many more Steves are there? How do I know there aren't a few dozen? I tell you that I won't stand for it!"

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

MUS-SCAT: A gun for back-yard fence felines.

O-LIMP-IAN: Greek runner with a Charley horse.

DIS-SQUAW-LIFIED: Injun forbidden to marry.

DADDYCATION: To my father.

WIN-DOUGH: Where you collect on-the-nose money.

SOM-NUMB-BULISTIC: Walking with your feet asleep.

M-AIRIN"ER: Sailor out with his dog Susie.

MATHEM-ATTICS: Arithmetic in upper stories.

PERISH-UTE: He forgot to pull the cord.

CERTAFFYCATE: For graduating from a candy factory.

"Honey, not now," Abby pleaded. "Not on a night like this. Can't you wait till later, when we're alone?"

"All right," Mr. Holliday gave in, grumbling. "All right."

He turned his head and met the full fury of the glare aimed at him from the next table.

"Lovely place," he hissed.

"Yeah," snapped Steve.

"Lovely place," Mr. Holliday said to Abby, taking her hand. "We must come here more often, angel."

And just when it seemed that someone would have to burst, the music started playing. Miss Lansbury, with a look of hopeless bewilderment, made nervous tracks for the powder room. Steve immediately jumped up from his table and came visiting.

"Mr. Holliday," he said tensely, "I wonder if you would spare Abby for one dance? There's something I'd—"

"Unh-unh, not tonight," Mr. Holliday smiled slowly. "I get too lonely. Come on, sweetie." He led Abby away from Steve's open mouth onto the dance floor.

"You oughta be in pictures," Abby whispered.

"I had the second lead in the senior play at college," Mr. Holliday explained.

"Hold me closer," Abby said. "I only *look* fragile."

"Is he watching?"

"With every nerve in his trembling body."

"Poor guy," Mr. Holliday said. "He looks so unhappy."

"I love that look," Abby sighed. "I want to see it on his face for the rest of my life."

THE band started toying with a lively fox trot and Mr. Holliday started toying with his arthritis. Suddenly Abby clutched his arm and whispered, "Here they come! Kiss me! Quickly!"

"Now, wait a minute."

"Hurry," Abby said. "I won't bite you."

"No." Mr. Holliday's feet started tangling.

"Yes!"

"No," he panted.

"All right. No," Abby said. She grabbed Mr. Holliday's head in her hands, forced it into position, and planted a noisy kiss on his cheek.

"Good Lord!" Mr. Holliday cried, as Steve and Miss Lansbury came dancing madly toward them.

"The good Lord has nothing to do with this," Abby said, dragging Mr. Holliday's dazed body back toward the table.

"He's in the bag by now," gasped Mr. Holliday. "Can't we stop twisting the knife?"

"I want to hear him howl," Abby said with a glint in her eye.

"All right, but can I go now?" Mr. Holliday pleaded, mopping his brow.

"Where to, mister?"

"To the phone booth. I want to call Clara and tell her what a wonderful time I'm having out with a redhead. It's time we took care of *me* now, isn't it?"

"Of course, you poor neglected thing. But first wipe the lipstick off your cheek. You look as though you have been shaving with a meat ax."

Mr. Holliday grumbled his way to a phone booth in the foyer and instructed Abby to stand beside him.

"I may need you," he said.

"Give her both barrels," she drawled.

He dialed the number. She repaired her mouth.

"Hello. . . . Tillie? This is George Holliday. Is Clara there? . . . May I speak to her, please? . . . What? . . . Yes, of course it's important. . . . Well, I don't care if she is. Tell her to lay the hand down for a minute. . . . Yes, I'll hold on."

"Remember now," Abby warned him, "deuces are wild—but so are you."

"Hello, Clara. George. . . . I just wanted to tell you not to wait up for me. I won't be home till very, very late. . . . Hello, Clara! Wait a minute! There's more! . . . So what if you are? Can't they play without you for a minute? . . . I'm at a night club. . . . The Pickled Heron. . . . No, Clara, not a chess club. *Night* club. . . . Liquor, music, women. . . . Of course I'm not alone. . . . I'm with a girl. . . . I *haven't* been drinking again! . . . I tell you I'm with a girl! I picked her up at a restaurant. . . . I tell you—I tell you— Wait a minute. You can hear her for yourself. . . . Abby, come here!"

Abby squeezed into the booth with Mr. Holliday.

"Hello, Clara! Where *did* you get that *wicked* husband? He's wonderful! A real devil!"

MR. HOLLIDAY pushed her aside. "That was her, Clara. Did you hear her? . . . I tell you this isn't a joke. . . . She's a redhead; beautiful. I picked her—"

"Abby!" It was Steve, pale and trembling. "What are you two doing in that phone booth?"

"Writing a letter," Abby snapped. "Quiet!"

"Hello, Clara?"

"Abby!"

"Hold on a minute, Clara. . . . Look, young fellow. Would you mind taking your head out of this booth? . . . Clara? . . . Hello? . . . Hello!"

"Come out of there at once!"

"Ssssshhhh!"

"No, I'm not finished, Clara. . . . Don't you have anything to say to what I've just told you?"

"See here, Mr. Holliday!" Steve started squeezing into the booth with them.

"Quiet!" Mr. Holliday roared. "No, Clara. . . . I'm *not* at Freddie's place. . . . This *isn't* a joke. . . . I tell you I'm— Wait a second! . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Clara!"

He hung up slowly.

"What did she say?" Abby asked.

Mr. Holliday looked dazed. "She

ON THE
QUIZ ME AGAIN
WITH ROLLY McFOLLY
INTERROGATOR

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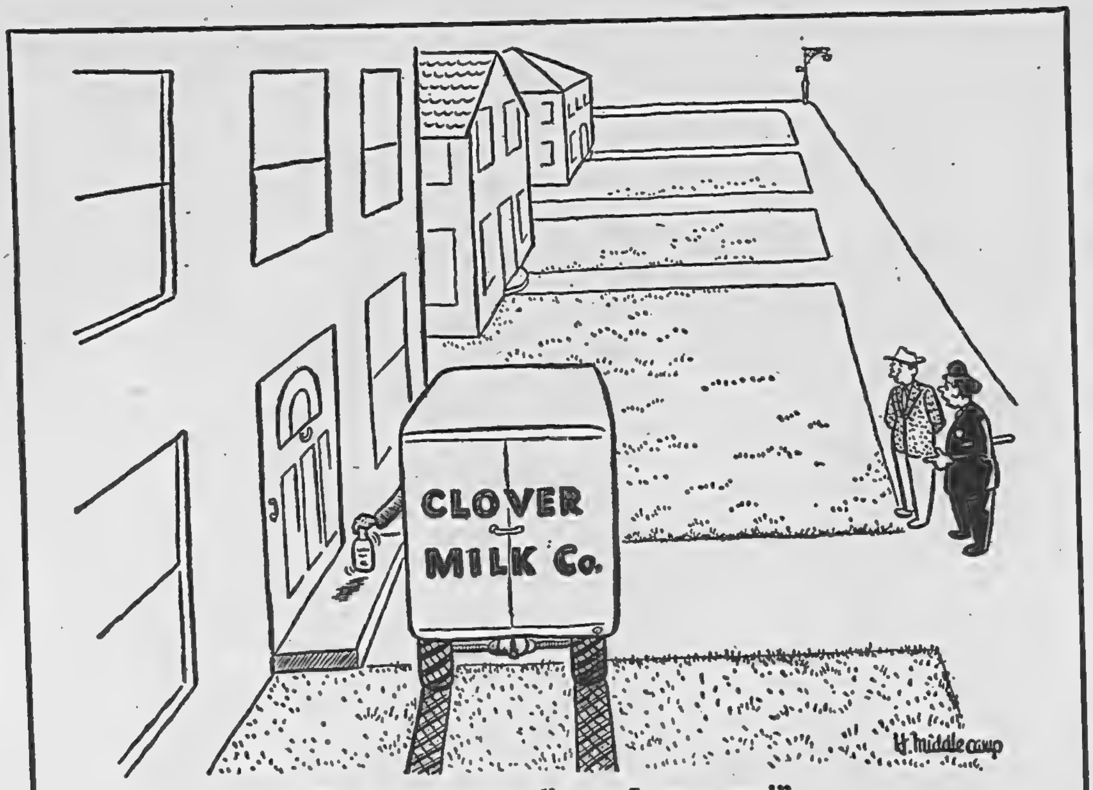


"Laziest damn milkman I ever saw!"

LIBERTY

said she was in the middle of a big pot and she was losing seven dollars and I should stop bothering her with my silly jokes because she had to get back to the game." His voice broke.

"Don't worry. We'll find a way." Abby patted his cheek soothingly.

"What the devil is going on here?" Steve broke in.

"She just doesn't give a damn," Mr. Holliday mumbled, sitting limply in the booth.

"Abby!" Steve shouted. "Why don't you *tell* this man?"

Abby wheeled around. "Tell him—*what?*"

"That—that—that we're engaged."

She swept him with an icy look. "I hadn't heard," she drawled. "I don't get around much any more. . . . Come, dear." She took Mr. Holliday by the arm and led him back to the table.

STEVE followed, whimpering, "Abby, can't I speak to you alone—just for a minute?"

"I'm terribly busy," Abby called over her cold shoulder, "and if you were any kind of a gentleman, you would get back to your blonde playmate instead of leaving her all alone to fumble with the silverware."

"She's a big mistake," Steve whined.

"And you're acting like a bigger one."

"The best years of my life—" Mr. Holliday muttered darkly, collapsing into his chair.

"Well, my guy is trapped," Abby chortled.

"I've tried," Mr. Holliday went on quietly. "Nobody can say that I didn't try."

"Relax," Abby said. "It's always darkest just before midnight."

There was a faraway look in Mr. Holliday's eyes "I've done everything I could."

"Ssssshhhh," Abby said. "I'm thinking."

"I can still hear the tone of her voice."

"Please!" Abby said. "I can't concentrate."

Her fingers drummed nervously on the table.

Mr. Holliday drained his glass bitterly.

Suddenly Abby cried out: "I have it!"

"Keep it," Mr. Holliday croaked.

"Look!" She grabbed his arm. "Over there!"

Mr. Holliday followed Abby's pointing finger and his mumble of protest died aborning. His eyes lit up.

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

A beautiful raven-haired creature was hovering near their table. She was wearing a low-cut white satin blouse, black satin tights, and long black mesh stockings. *Very* long black mesh stockings. In her hands she held a camera.

"Wonderful!" Mr. Holliday breathed.

"A picture is worth ten thousand words," Abby said, "and your wife is going to eat every one of them. . . . Yoo-hoo, beautiful!"

"Wonderful," murmured Mr. Holliday, his eyes growing larger.

The black mesh stockings came slinking over to the table. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Plenty, I'm sure," Abby said. "But right now can you just take our picture, please."

"Wonderful," beamed Mr. Holliday.

"Smile," said the black tights, adjusting her camera.

Abby pressed her cheek up against Mr. Holliday's face and wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Look wicked," she said.

The tights said, "The gentleman is doing quite all right by himself."

The flash bulb went off.

"What an expression!" said the mesh stockings.

"What seams!" said Mr. Holliday.

"What nonsense," growled a voice from the next table.

LATER, in the cab bearing them toward Abby's apartment, Mr. Holliday sat deep in thought, with Abby snuggled up close beside him. In his pocket was the photograph, and on his face there was a faint smile.

"Happy now?" Abby asked.

Mr. Holliday awoke. "Yes—yes." He sounded almost cheerful.

"With that picture," Abby said, "Clara's house of cards will tumble, and yours will rise up from the ruins."

"H'mmmm—yes," Mr. Holliday mused, sinking back into cozy reverie.

Confused and half-shaped thoughts were nagging at the back of his mind.

"Don't look now," Abby was saying, "but we're being followed."

"Who?" Mr. Holliday turned to look at the cab close behind them.

"Not J. Edgar Hoover," Abby said. "You didn't think Steve was going to miss the grand finale, did you?"

"Poor boy," Mr. Holliday shook his head. "He's been through so much tonight."

Abby hugged herself happily. "He doesn't know it, but he's in for a lifetime of it."

The cab finally pulled up in front of a brownstone house and Mr. Holliday helped Abby out. She took both hands, as they stood there on the sidewalk, and she said, "Well—we came, we saw, et cetera."

"In union there is strength," Mr. Holliday smiled. "Good night, Abby, and good-by. Be happy. And be kind to him."

The other cab halted furtively a half block away. "Remember, he only *loves* you."

"You know something?" Abby squeezed his hands tightly. "I've decided that I like you very much."

"He can't hear us from the cab," Mr. Holliday said uneasily.

"I'm not talking to *him,*" Abby murmured. "When you show that picture to your wife, I want you to tell her I think she's missing an awful lot."

"Please—"

"Tell her I said you're distinguished looking—"

"Abby."

"—and a man of experience—with a sense of humor—and that you dance nicely—and tell her *this*, too."

Before Mr. Holliday knew what was happening, she had rushed at him and thrown her arms around his neck and she was kissing him squarely on the lips.

"He—he—he may be looking!" he gasped.

"Who cares?" Abby whispered, and she kissed him again. And Mr. Holliday tried to say "You shouldn't *do* a thing like that," but she had broken away suddenly and vanished into the house and he was left standing there on the pavement, trying to put himself back together again.

So he said it to no one in particular.

"You shouldn't *do* a thing like that," he said, as he walked slowly away, but it didn't sound too convincing.

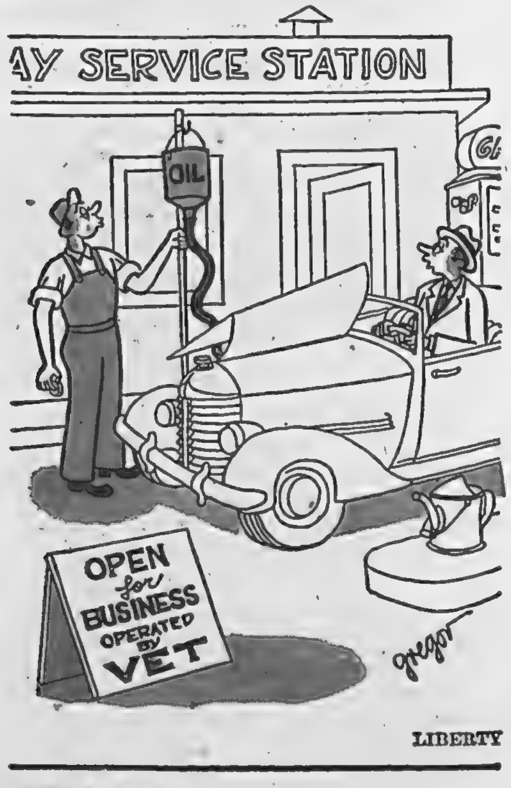
When Mr. Holliday drew level with the cab, he smiled cheerfully at the white-faced young man who peered at him from the rear window. "Well, don't just *sit* there," Mr. Holliday said briskly. "*Do* something!" And he kept on walking and he kept on smiling, turning briefly to watch the young man enter the house. And it wasn't until Mr. Holliday had strolled for several blocks that his feet finally touched the ground.

IT was far past midnight, and Clara was probably home by now. But Mr. Holliday did not hail a cab and head uptown. Instead, he continued to walk west, toward the still-bright lights of Broadway. He breathed deeply the cool night air, and with each step that he took, the confused and half-shaped thoughts that nagged at the back of his mind became a little less confused and took on more shape.

Finally he drew the picture from his pocket, and he looked at it for a long time. And he was smiling to himself as he slowly tore it into many little pieces and scattered them in the wind. Then he walked quickly into an all-night drugstore off Times Square and, after a brief search, he found what he was looking for—a book.

It was a gift for Clara. He would give it to her in the morning. It was called How to Improve Your Poker Game.

THE END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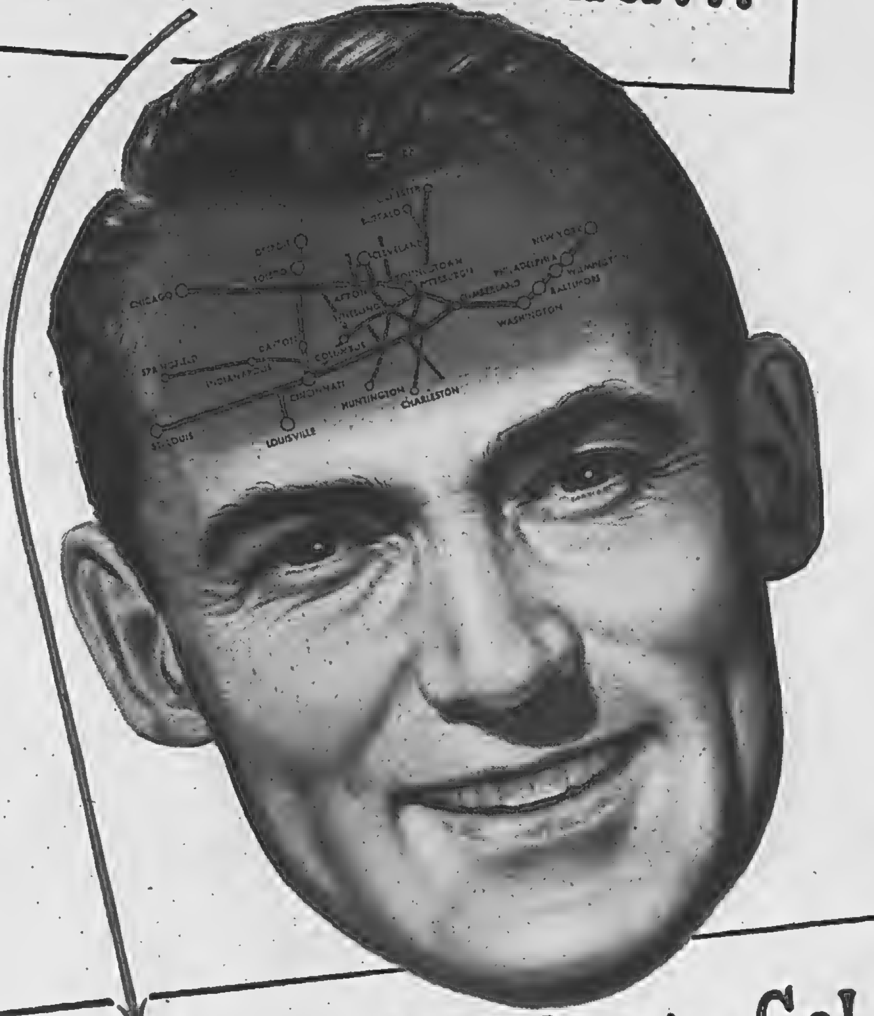
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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

REPORTER MEETS GIRL

Continued from Page 33

slow grin, and . . . She read one line again. "Do you let the nickel-and-dimeness of existence push the you-you'd-like-to-be into the wistful land of dreams forgot?"

Did she? Brother!

She returned to the office after lunch, realizing that with just one more boy-meets-girl story, she'd go to gnawing picture frames. She approached the editor. "I think I've got a headache. Maybe a sore throat too. I'm going home."

The editor was solicitous. "You do look flushed, Linda. Stay home tomorrow if you're not better."

Linda flushed deeper—with guilt.

"Do something out of the ordinary occasionally," Vance's last paragraph said. "Have you ever gone to hear a psychologist? Yet in the hands of such a man can lie the greatest hope of the future, the reconditioning of man himself!"

He had something there. "Do something out of the ordinary." On a magazine, life was a frantic squirrel cage of lunch and cocktails with agents, authors, movie-story scouts, artists—exciting maybe, but oh, so daily! Well, by golly, this day would be different. She'd have a long leisurely afternoon that would let her soul catch up with her. Then maybe she'd go hear this psychologist.

Not, she told herself, that she didn't like her job.

Not that she didn't try to be dependable. Only . . .

Her phone rang.

"This is one of your famous authors, Miss Bowman." Of all the idiotic—but she fixed whoever he was. Tomorrow would be soon enough for remorse. This afternoon, leisure and serenity.

MISS NANNIE MAE TUCKER bought the noon Blade at the same time every day.

Promptly at twelve thirty she always shopped. Promptly at one she left the store with her market basket on her arm. She beat the same path around the counters with her basket, always pausing by such things as caviar and cocktail onions to wonder who bought such things.

On her way home she bought the *Blade* and whatever drugs she needed, corn plasters, or maybe a little something to rub on her chest in case she caught cold. She got the noon edition because she hadn't gone out after dark since her fiftieth birthday.

But she wasn't lonely. Life wasn't dull. The clock kept at her all the time. Time for church. Time for her favorite news commentator. Time to set the wastebasket out in the hall. Time to leave for the ladies' circle.

Today being Wednesday was soupbone day. She lay the Blade by the rocker in the sunny bay window, put away the groceries, and set the soupbone to simmer before she allowed herself the luxury of the rocker, the sun, and the Blade.

She read cover to cover—murders, funnies, and all. She came upon Life Is So Daily, by Vance Hill. She read it dutifully, about to move on to the next column to the right when something clicked. She read the article again. "Our daily lives! And how!" She could feel the sarcasm dripping this time. "We walk the same streets, see the same people, read the same things, talk the same talk, eat the same food at the same old table. Did you ever stop to realize what a change just walking down a new street might make in your life? What excitement might lay in talking to a *new* person? Not just one of the old ones by a different name?"

Nannie Mae read on to the end.

"Well, officer—I'm driving along on my own side of the road, and then this guy cuts over and . . ." LIBERTY

Her face burned. Why, she might—she might go to that lecture. Indeed she might! ". . . what a change just walking down a new street might make in your life?"

Why wait until tonight? She'd never even walked around the block where the grocer's was. She'd do it right now.

She remembered the stew. She'd just add water and turn the gas down. She did, and excitedly put her hat and coat back on.

Out in the hall, she closed the door, tried it, took a few steps, and then turned back. If any mouse had watched Nannie Mae through the years of his short life, he'd have been amazed. Nannie Mae never turned back. Nannie Mae always remembered things.

But this wasn't something forgotten. This was an inspiration. She might eat out tonight at a restaurant. Indeed she might. But the soupbone might boil dry, and maybe burn and start to smoke. . . . She went back in and turned off the gas. She sailed back out and slammed the door, not even bothering to try the latch.

THE very air seemed charged with excitement as Nannie Mae walked toward the grocer's. The clerk looked surprised when she walked up to his counter. "Forget something?"

Nannie Mae shook her head, walked straight to the caviar and cocktail onions. Cocktail onions? No, after all, an onion was an onion. But caviar!

The clerk rang up the check with some astonishment. "Party?"

"No, I'm eating out tonight," Nannie Mae told him briskly. "These are for a snack—around the cocktail hour." *That* should fix him!

She rounded the corner with interest, seeing things she hadn't noticed for years. Each shop got attention. Men's haberdasheries. Did men really wear ties all splashed up with orange like that? Come to think of it, she didn't know what men wore at all. After all, it wouldn't hurt to look.

She wondered mildly how you ate caviar. Probably with a fork.

The next window had a little picket fence at the back. Playing on the excelsior between the fence and the shop window were three roly-poly pups. They spotted Nannie Mae and padded their paws against the slippery glass. She ought to have something alive around the house. But pups grew up to be dogs. A nice gentle goldfish, or maybe a bird. . . . She ventured in.

The man who came out of the back room was as broad and jolly as Nannie Mae was thin and ladylike. He pooh-poohed the idea of a canary or a goldfish. "They're just for old ladies," he said, thereby winning Nannie Mae's eternal gratitude. "What you want is something with personality, a pup—or a kitten."

"I don't know—" Nannie Mae hesitated. "Dogs bite. Cats sharpen claws on things."

"I have just the thing for you. Ninette!"

There was a sharp chattering and scuffle under the counter, and a monkey leaped to the counter and then to the pet-shop man's shoulder. "Shake hands with the lady, Ninette."

Ninette put her tiny hand out and grasped Nannie Mae's gloved finger.

"See? Right away she likes you! Nothing like a monkey for company." He spoke from a full heart. There was also nothing like a monkey for opening pet-shop cages, pulling pups' tails, and tipping over water dishes.

"I don't know. Are monkeys—Can you—"

"Housebroken? Absolutely!" He explained how simple it all was.

"How much is she? You see, I've never bought a monkey before."

He beamed expansively and made swift calculations. "That monkey has already cost me twenty-five bucks, but to see her have a good home—she's lonesome here in the pet shop—just to see her have a good home, to you, fifteen dollars."

"Could I leave her behind in an apartment? I go out—to church and so on, and tonight I'm eating out."

"No, sir! She won't make a bit of fuss. You just feed her and tie her to the stove leg, tight, near her bed and box, and she'll be happy as a lark until you get home."

NANNIE MAE smiled at the little pansy face. "It would be nice to have something waiting when I got home. I'll take her—that is, if you won't miss her too much."

"You'll let me know how she is now and then? Just ask for Abercrombie when you come in."

"Every day, if you like."

"That would be fine, Mrs.—"

"Miss—Miss Nannie Mae Tucker. I'll come in the morning to tell you how we got along."

Mr. Abercrombie fastened the little harness onto Ninette and perched her on Nannie Mae's shoulder. "Her sweater is frayed but it's warm."

"I'll knit her a new one. I knit fine sweaters and socks."

"Now I'll bet you do," Mr. Abercrombie said admiringly. "And don't forget to come back."

"I won't. And thank you very much."

Miss Nannie Mae left the store feeling ever so wonderful. Strange, what just buying a monkey could do for a person. Or was it like that Mr. Hill had said—talking to a new person, not just one of the old ones by a different name? Mr. Abercrombie didn't look a bit like the men in the Bible class.

Ninette chattered excitedly as they walked along. Nannie Mae reassured her about traffic and things. It wouldn't do to show she herself was afraid of busy streets, would it? She stepped off the curb with new assurance.

In fact, she felt—wonderful. She couldn't help but notice the poor,

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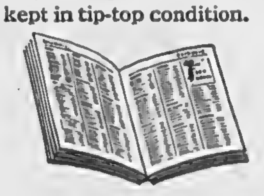

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sad, nice-looking young man sitting on the bench outside her apartment house. She sat down beside him. He looked at her with some amazement.

"Do you like monkeys?" she asked companionably.

"I hadn't considered it lately," he admitted.

"This one is Ninette. Shake hands with the young man, Ninette." Ninette obliged, and swung to the young man's shoulder.

"Ninette likes you," Nannie May told the young man brightly.

"H'mmm-mmm-m."

"You know what you should do? I can tell you're depressed. You should read an article in today's Blade: Life Is So Daily."

The young man looked at her with augmented interest. "Not Life Is So Daily. Not in the Blade!"

"Oh, yes. It's by that Mr. Vance Hill."

"What kind of article did you say it was?"

"I didn't say. But it's an article of pure inspiration. If you'd read it, you wouldn't sit here moping. Is it a girl?"

"*If* I'd read it! Is what a girl?"

"What you're mooning about."

"Could be. Tell me, what did it say in the article?"

"It said you shouldn't do the same things day after day. That's why I bought Ninette. That's why I spoke to you. Vance Hill must be a wonderful man. I'm glad he writes for the Blade."

"Something tells me when that article hits the street, he'll be just a guy that used to work for the Blade."

"You mean he'll get the can?" She hadn't read the funnies for nothing—not Nannie Mae.

"Couldn't be otherwise."

"If that happens, I'll go down personally and see the editor."

"You won't like him," Vance predicted gloomily. Then, more happily, "If he does get fired, *would* you?"

Nannie Mae sat up very straight. "I certainly would."

"Would you—just as a favor to me—take Ninette with you? I'd sure appreciate it."

"Well," Nannie Mae said doubtfully, "I guess she wouldn't mind."

The odd young man grabbed her by the hand and shook it heartily. "Gee, you're really swell! I feel better already."

Nannie Mae beamed, and then she covered a shocked little "Oh, my goodness! It's after five! I forgot to ask what to feed her."

"You mean Ninette? Monkeys," he said, "eat anything."

"Do you suppose she'd like caviar?" Nannie Mae asked hopefully.

"Caviar she would dote on. Caviar, bananas, and peanuts."

"Caviar, bananas, and peanuts. Thank you *so* much. I must go in now. I'm eating *out* tonight."

"You live here too?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"No, but somebody does. You may see her around."

He tipped his hat courteously, first to Nannie Mae, then to Ninette. "And don't forget your promise."

"I certainly won't." Nannie Mae beamed after him, gathered up monkey, monkey bed and box, purse and caviar. Life *was* more interesting when you spoke to strangers.

VANCE glanced at his watch. After five, eh? Probably a little late to go back and get fired. But better late than early.

It was late. Practically everybody had gone. "Old man leave any bonuses around for me?" he asked the switchboard operator.

"He left a note in your typewriter, but something tells me it ain't a bonus, chum."

Vance read it: "Inter-office memo. Desk of the ed. Att. Hill. YOU'RE FIRED! AS OF NOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS—A BLITHERING ADVICE TO WOMEN SHEET? IF YOU WANT YOUR LAST CHECK, YOU'D BETTER LEAVE A DAMNED GOOD WRITE-UP OF THAT BLITHERING PSYCHOLOGIST'S SPEECH FOR TOMORROW'S NOON EDITION. AND KEEP OUT OF MY SIGHT WHEN YOU COME FOR YOUR CHECK."

Vance glowered. If the old buzzard thought Vance was going to listen to some blithering psychologist just to write up his blithering speech, he was as dumb as Vance suspected. He fished through the files until he found the advance copy of the speech the psychologist's manager had sent on. As he wrote, he pulled out all the stops. Never let it be said he'd let Nannie Mae down.

He grinned. Maybe with a little judicious prodding he could get her to consider beating the old baboon about the ears with an umbrella. He pictured the scene complete with Ninette, umbrella, and high-laced shoes with considerable relish. He galloped off for a bit of sustenance and a shave before he beat it back to his apartment-house vigil. It was no use. Not home. If she married Alfred (not Al, mind you, nor Fred, but Alfred), she might stay out all night. Vance shuddered. But maybe it was for the best. Probably Alfred had a job.

He turned his collar up and sat on the bench to wait until Linda, the beauteous and fair, took a notion to come home.

LINDA had a wonderful afternoon. She strolled. She loitered. She dawdled. She coked. She saw things. Like the old lady scurrying into her apartment house just as she came back. She was carrying a monkey, a monkey bed and a box. Had these things gone on all these months and she hadn't noticed?

Linda took a quick bath and made sure she had time to try out a strange restaurant before the lecture.

Then she went out again.

BY ten thirty the cop on the beat began to believe Vance really *was* waiting for his girl to come home. After that he was right sympathetic.

"You know," he said, "I oughta run you in for your own good. If you stay here, what happens? You make up, you make love, then she makes a fool out of you all over again. Geez, it's a tough world."

Vance wrapped himself back up in beautiful dreams of Linda, menaced by an Alfredian villain. When the cop came by again, he looked at Vance gloomily. "Say, whyn't you give up, kid? I can give you a couple smooth addresses."

"Go away. Can't you see I'm not in the mood?"

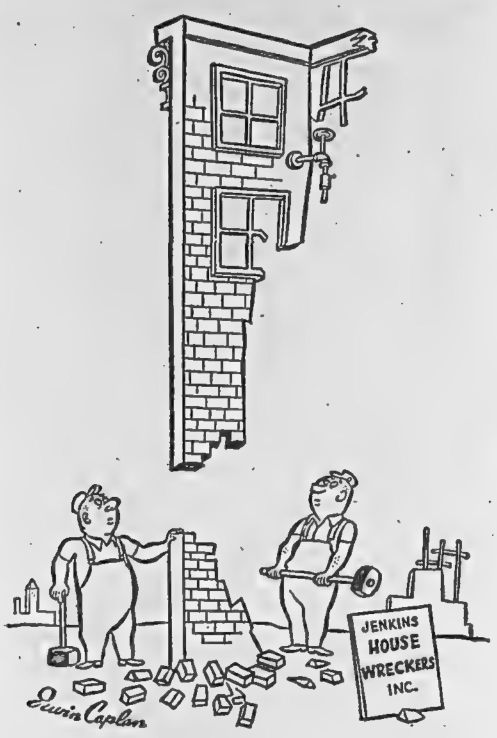
"Sure, I know. But you're wrong, kid. It ain't gonna get you no place but in the neck."

Thanks for the Memory

MAKE you laugh? It should. There was only one Marie Dressler, and the picture is from Tillie's Punctured Romance, a Mack Sennett opus that rolled 'em in the aisles in 1914.

Hers was the real comedy, the kind you could feel. A star from 1896 until she died in 1934, she wore the mantle with humility. She shared her heart and purse at the asking and was beloved by all, in and out of her profession.

A fighter too, she made 149 Liberty Loan speeches in twenty-nine days. Ah, Marie! You were an artist to remember!—*Allan H. Witwer*



LIBERTY

It was then Vance thought he saw her coming. Just a glimpse of good-looking legs and a perky blue hat getting out of a taxi across the street, but there was a wild pounding inside his ribs. And at the same moment a sudden frantic tug on his sleeve.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still here. Ninette! I'm afraid she's dying!"

Vance looked at Nannie Mae vaguely. "Oh, yes. The monkey." He strained his eyes back across the street.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault," Nannie Mae soothed hastily. "I only fed her caviar and bananas and peanuts like you said, only while I was out, she got her harness off, she got into the medicine chest and ate some mentholatum and cough syrup and—and some pills I keep. Do you think I should get a doctor?"

"Yes, definitely. I think you should get one right away."

"Oh, but I don't know any! I just simply don't." Nannie Mae burst into tears. At a time like that it would be Linda, of course. Vance waved his hands helplessly as she came up. "It's all right," he explained hastily. "The lady's monkey has a—an upset stomach. She thinks it's dying."

Linda's eyes clouded. "How awful! Where is it? Maybe I can help."

Nannie Mae stopped sniffing. "Oh, would you? It's up this way!"

THEY found Ninette curled into a pitifully whimpering ball around her distended stomach.

Linda threw her hat onto the rocker. "Have you some old flannel you can warm? And some hot water and a teaspoon?"

Vance watched Linda with admiration. Of course Nannie Mae kept old flannel pieces carefully washed and folded away. She warmed them in the oven while Linda trickled the water down Ninette's gullet. Pretty soon Ninette was a very sick little monkey, and then she sat whimpering herself to sleep on Linda's lap, warm flannel wrapped largely around her stomach.

Vance gazed. "You're wonderful!"

Linda shook her head. "I just figured it was probably like taking care of a baby. I'm used to that. I mean, my sister's having them all the time."

Vance beamed. Linda grew impossibly better by the minute. What luck to have fallen in love with *her!* At least, if she *had* married Alfred, she didn't bring him home with her.

"I'm so glad Ninette's all right. It would have been so hard to face Mr. Abercrombie in the morning," said Nannie Mae.

Linda gave the monkey back to her. "She'll be all right now."

"Oh, I just don't know how to thank you, Miss—"

"Miss Bowman," Vance supplied. "Shucks, it was nothing. She does things like that every day."

NANNIE MAE smiled at Linda. "And now, my dear, I hope you'll make up with this nice young man—" As Vance gulped, she added, "Oh, he didn't tell me about it. I just knew, when he waited all day on that bench for you, what must have happened. Won't you forgive him?"

Linda's eyes sparkled. "If he's sorry—and if it means so much to you, I do."

Nannie Mae patted Ninette. "Now, isn't that nice, Ninette?"

"Look," Vance said outside the door. "You can't sit up all night with a sick monkey without something sustaining. I know a pretty good place—"

Linda took his arm. "Let's go."

As they started across the street a policeman passed them, talking loudly to himself: "Like I always say, you make up, you make love, then somebody makes a fool out of you."

"Was he talking to us?" Linda asked.

"If he was, he must be nuts," Vance said ungratefully.

They went to Scranton's, which is where all newly fired newsmen go. Occasionally an editor wanders in. The editor of the Sentinel wandered in, came over to Vance's table.

"Thought I'd find you here. No job, huh?"

"No job," Vance agreed shortly.

"'Swhat I figured when I read the noon Blade. We need somebody to take Yorty's place on our News and Views column, and you've got a good touch. How about it?"

"Sounds interesting," Vance said carefully, "but—"

"Come see me in the morning." The editor scribbled something on the back of his card and handed it to Vance. Vance glanced at it. The figure was quite satisfactory.

"I'll be in."

"Do I extend condolences or congratulations?" Linda asked.

"Congratulations!" Vance exulted. "It's almost twice the salary. In

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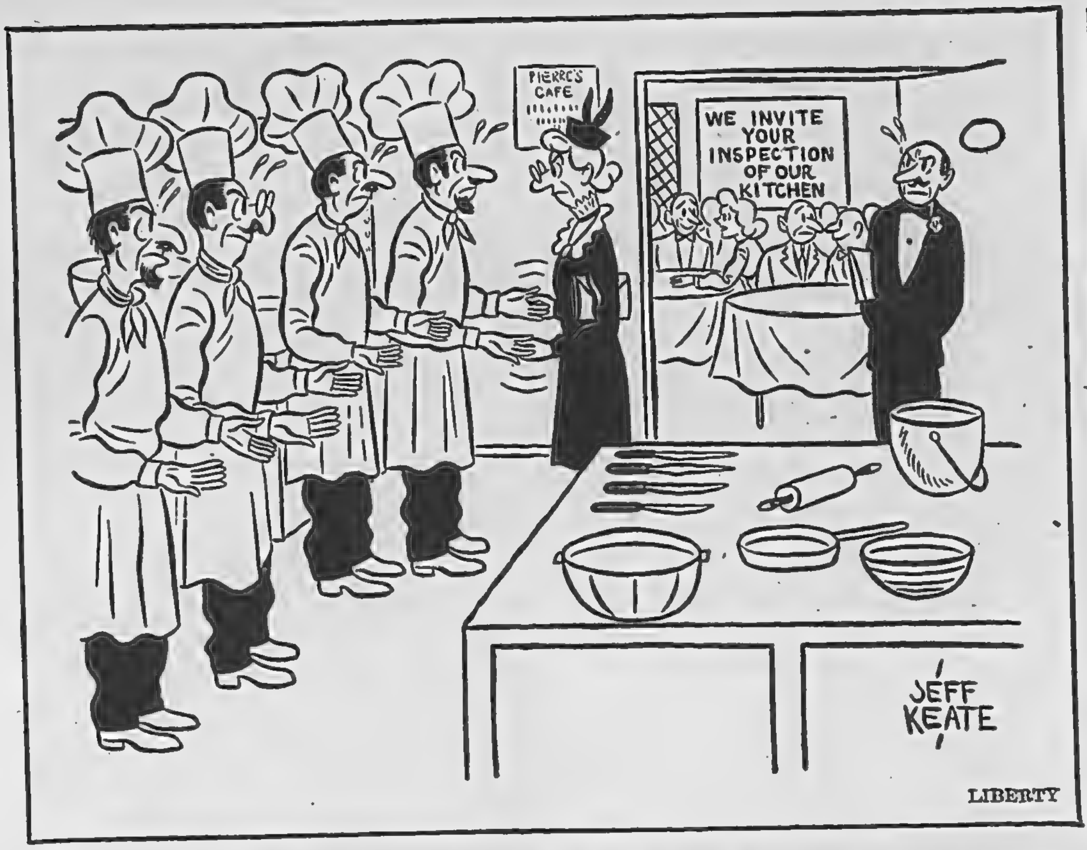
PIERRE'S CAFE
WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION OF OUR KITCHEN
JEFF KEATE
LIBERTY

fact, Linda, it's pretty big enough for—" He reddened, gulped, and stopped. The exultation faded from his face, leaving him looking about as exuberant as an ancient bloodhound.

"Darn it. I keep coming to things a guy can't say to a girl he's just met. But when I can't say them, my mind goes blank. With my mind a blank, I'll certainly never get anywhere."

LINDA looked upset. "Why don't you say them—just to get them off your mind, of course. I'll put my fingers in my ears."

"Would you? Gee!" Linda stuck her fingers in her ears, but not quite all the way.

"I fell in love with you last night," Vance said earnestly. "It keeps getting worse. But if I can't talk about it, there's nothing to say, because everything else—my new salary, or anything, only means I might ask you to marry me some time sooner. Only you probably already married Alfred. Gee, I'm a dope!"

Linda's fingers came out. "You aren't, either. And I wouldn't have Alfred as a gift!"

Vance gulped. "You listened!"

"Only just a little bit." Linda blushed. "And I didn't mind. I rather liked it."

Vance jumped forgivably to conclusions.

The bartender slowed his polishing of the counter to a standstill. Gee, he thought enviously, maybe I shoulda been a reporter. These news guys do get around.

Every climax has an anti. Vance went for his check the next morning. Old Beelzebub himself came storming up as Vance stood at the cashier's desk.

"You're hired again, Hill."

"Oh, no, I'm not."

"Oh, yes, you are. And now you're fired again. You blithering nincompoop! Did it occur to you to go to that lecture before I ran your account in today's Blade? No, because you are a blithering idiot." He shook his fist. "It so happens, you blithering numbskull, the lecture was called off!"

Being fired twice is galling and must be salved. On his way to Linda's apartment to take her out to dinner, Vance stopped at Nannie Mae's to remind her of her promise, and also to tactfully suggest an umbrella.

Nannie Mae indignantly agreed that an umbrella was indicated. She asked Vance in to introduce him to her dinner guest, a heavy-set gent by the name of Abercrombie who had something or other to do with Ninette.

Nannie Mae was cooking things that filled the room with wonderful aromas. She was flushed, probably from the heat of her cooking, and Vance thought she looked almost pretty.

AS Vance left, he felt of the little square box in his pocket. The elevator which took him on up, was no elevator, but a coral cloud.

He never bothered to wonder why the lecture was called off.

But it seems that Dr. Oliver C. Trotwell, psychologist, had read the noon Blade when he got to town. Naturally he'd looked for some word about his night's speech. He read Life Is So Daily. He pondered deeply on why it behooved a man to go from town to town like a dutiful puppet saying the same words over and over again night after night. He went out and had himself a large evening instead, leaving his manager to refund money at the door.

He felt wonderful.

The manager? He didn't count. He hadn't read the article anyway.

THE END

GYPSY

Continued from Page 29

jetty. The outboard was moored there, tugging gently at its ropes in the ebbing tide. There was a light burning in the house, and far up the ridge I could hear the plaintive note of a cowbell.

The tide slid me insidiously nearer, surprising me when the skiff ground against the jetty. I moored it to a pile and climbed up.

I was thinking about the girl, Gypsy. There was an aloofness about her that intrigued me. It was as though she lived in a world of her own, self-contained and self-sufficing. You couldn't touch her—nothing could touch her—behind that shield of aloofness.

I walked up to the house, stumbling over loose stones on the path, and knocked, and her voice said quietly behind me:

"Why did you come?"

"You startled me!" I said. "I didn't hear your step!"

"I go barefooted on the farm."

"I found something that I thought you'd like," I said. "I just wanted to return your hospitality. May I come in?"

"Yes," she said, and held the door open.

I ENTERED, and from the corner of the room her father said, "Hulloa!" I walked over and took his hand and said, "Hulloa!"

He was sitting with his knees drawn up, leaning against the head of the couch. His eyes were dark and intent; the pupils mere pin points. He needed a shave. He watched me warily, like an animal.

I gave the girl the chocolates, and she took them without thanking me, and offered them first to her father, and then to me.

"Do you like chocolates?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"I'm glad of that!" I said. "They would have been wasted, and I—I thought you might like them." I stood up. "Perhaps I'd better go now," I said.

"Don't go!" the father said suddenly. "She'll make you some tea. We'll have a cup of tea!"

"Yes," she said. "Of course!" And went out into the kitchen and filled the kettle.

I looked at the man, and he was beckoning me, so I went uneasily over to the couch.

He seemed furtive and afraid, like a caged animal. His eyes turned continually to the kitchen, where the girl moved about.

He seemed to listen. He said:

"Look! I want you to write to this address."

He took the stub of a pencil and a piece of dirty paper from his pocket. "It's very important—on my word of honor it is."

He wrote laboriously with the pencil and handed me the paper.

There was nothing written there.

"Did you see the paper?" he asked suddenly, and nodded his head slowly and looked at me. His eyes were disconcerting. The girl moved in the kitchen, and he glared and paused, pointing like a bird dog toward the sound.

Then he relaxed and said:

"I've been thinking. I've been very silly! But I'm not going to play up any more."

THE girl moved a chair in the kitchen, and he wrote "spies" quickly in a spidery scrawl upon the lid of the chocolate box, and showed it to me. He said, more loudly, "I'm not going to play up again. I want to get better! They put me in solitary the other night, but I'm not going to play up again."

"Now, father!" the girl said. She had entered silently with cups of steaming tea upon a tray.

"He's all right! We were just talking!" I said. She gave him a cup of tea and a huge slice of cream cake. I looked away quickly. I didn't like to see him eat.

"There!" she said. "Now when you've finished that, I'll play you to sleep."

"Thanks!" he said softly. "Good! Thanks a lot!"

She came and sat at the table and sipped her tea and looked at me.

"Is this," she asked, "part of your experience?"

"Why," I said in surprise, "all life is experience to a writer. Life, and love, and hatred, and foolishness, and death."

"Play!" cried the father, like an impatient child, and rattled his cup against his saucer. "Play! Play!"

She took the cup and saucer from him and went into another room, and returned with a battered violin case. She tuned the instrument and commenced to play Tchaikovsky's Serenade Mélancolique.

The man's eyes closed, his mouth opened, and he quivered as though every sense and nerve were attuned and vibrating to the lovely sadness of the melody. His head nodded slowly to the beat, and you could see him relaxing, and the tenseness going out of him as the melody progressed.

"Lie down, father!" the girl said, and he lay down obediently. Presently she stopped playing. I sighed. Even in the silence the last golden notes were still impressed upon my mind. Her father was sleeping gently, like a tired child.

"You play well," I said.

"You must go now," she said as she put the violin back in the case.

"This has been—" I said, and stopped. I had almost said an extraordinary experience. "I am glad that you let me visit you. You—never have many visitors, do you?"

"No, none."

"Could—may I visit you again?"

"You'll come," she said, "if you wish it."

"Well," I said awkwardly, "I'd better go."

"The path is broken," she said. "I'll walk to the jetty with you."

IT was dark outside, with the stars vivid against a moonless sky. "Do you always play him to sleep?" I asked presently.

"No," she said, and I thought that I could detect horror, faintly, in her voice. "Sometimes he plays."

"Does he play well?"

"He just plays the things that come into his head. It—is not music!"

"I heard that he was in an institution," I said suggestively.

"Yes," she said. In the darkness I felt her shoulder against me, and thought that she shuddered.

"Then why—why is it that you have him here?" I had almost said—"hidden."

"He came home," she said. "Why should he not be welcome here?"

"How do you live?" I demanded, and turned to face her. "You can't work the farm, and surely he can't either."

"I have the cows and a tractor. I plow a little," she said. "Then there is the oyster lease. We get along."

"You—you're worth—worth something better than this," I said, and found myself stammering. "Let me help you. I—I'm not poor—I—" And suddenly a madness came upon me and I reached for her and pulled her into my arms, and my lips found hers, and I pressed the softness of her and the loveliness of her close in my arms.

She was warm, and soft, and yielding—but there was no response in her. Presently I said huskily, "I'm—sorry!"

"Why did you do that?" she said. "You don't love me."

"I—I wanted to, Gypsy!" I said. "Why did you let me? You—don't love me either."

"There's your boat—Dennis," she said, and pointed. And when I looked around again, like a shadow she was gone.

I climbed in wearily and pushed off and lay on my oars and looked at the house, and as I watched, the violin started playing again.

It was a different tune now. Not slow and melancholy. There was nothing in it of fatalism or loneliness.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Two very tired young ladies boarded a bus late Saturday afternoon after a week's hard labor in a business office. One of them commented that at least they could rest as long as they pleased on Sunday morning. "What time do you get up?" she asked her friend.

"I have to get up very early," the friend said. "You see, my mother is very religious, and so I have to get up early and take the bottle of milk off the step, so the neighbors won't know she's still in bed."

—Pastor's Wife.

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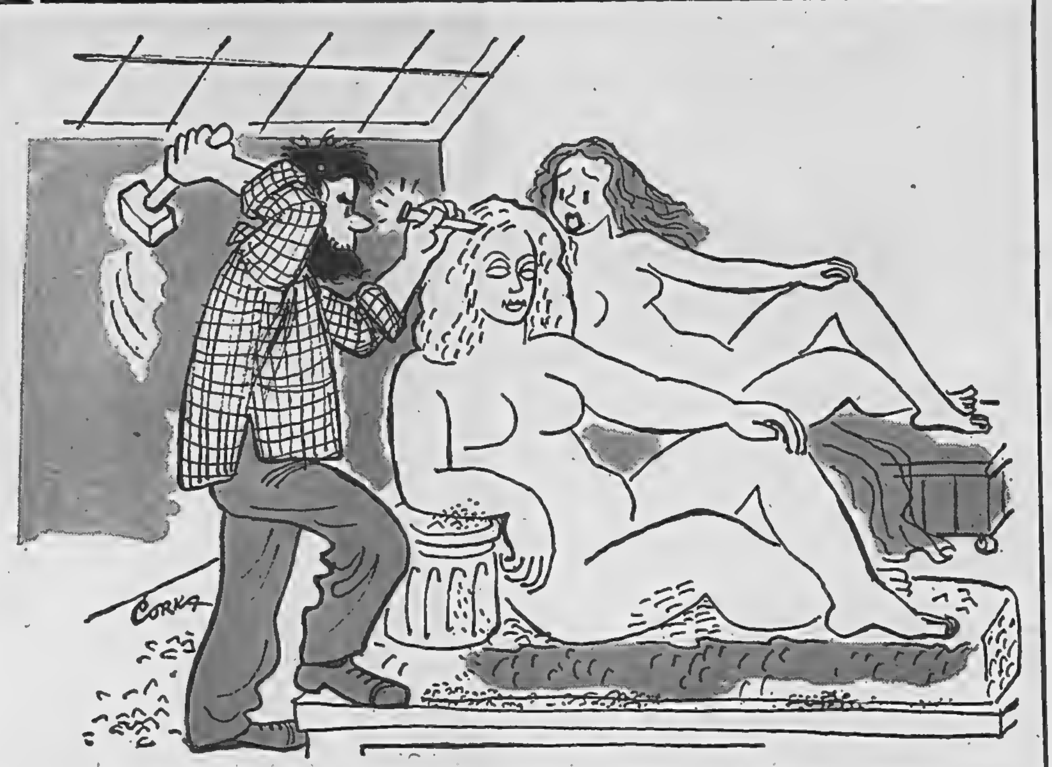

"Could we quit for awhile, please? I'm getting an awful headache."

LIBERTY

It was gay and lilting, a dancing melody of hope and happiness that rushed out of the silent night across the water to me in golden waves of sound. I think that it was the Souvenir Drdla.

Then the music stopped and the light went out. I leaned wearily upon the oars, feeling like a man that had run a long way uphill. There was an emptiness within me that was like a pain.

I DIPPED the oars slowly, silently, and the cool swirl of phosphorescence as they stirred the water was pleasant to the senses.

Jim Wheeler grunted in the stern of the dinghy, as he eased the net into the water, and his pipe glowed suddenly.

"They're jumping well tonight, Master Dennis," he said. "Keep well in to the bank and stir the water. They lie in the shallows. The net's out now!"

I swung the oars and splashed, and the dark water slid past. The lantern in Jim's hand gleamed redly. In its light the river was smooth, like oil.

Mullet leaped and splashed over near the opposite bank.

"They're comin' in," old Jim said happily. "I can feel 'em kickin'."

"Good!" I said, and thought of fat mullet fillets frying in old Jim's pan, and wouldn't have changed places with a king.

"Th' tide's turnin'," he said. "Feel 'em jump! One just hit the net like a punch. Bet it's an old bullnose. We'd better pull in?"

"Give 'em a few more minutes," I said greedily.

A phosphorescent trail streaked in under the dried calabash floats, and they jerked and dipped, and there was a flurry of greenish light deep down. A new moon outlined the rough hills beyond Wheatley's farm, and the river valley was a pool of black shadow.

"Now, Jim!" I yelled. Old Jim strained at the net, and I leaned forward and grabbed the kicking mullet hanging by the gills from the net and tossed them back into the bottom of the boat.

"Nine fat ones," Jim grunted. The net was a neat pile in the stern. He pushed the lantern forward with his bare foot and bent over to survey the catch. His toes were brown and twisted like knotted sticks. "Not bad, me boy! Not bad!"

"Fair enough," I said. "They're jumping well across the river. We'll take another pull over there."

"Near Wheatley's jetty? We've all we want now," he said, and his voice changed. "It's after midnight and a changing tide."

"We'll take a pull over there, nevertheless," I said, and took up the oars.

He knocked his pipe out on the side of the boat and jammed tobacco viciously into the bowl, and grumbled continually as I pulled across. And as he struck a match, he muttered, almost to himself:

"The mad sleep light!"

HE had the trick of angering me at will, and I felt the oars, hard in my hands, bending to the stroke.

"There'll be no fish if you pull like that, Dennis," he said dryly, and a hint of mirth crept into the shrillness of his voice as he said maliciously, "and besides, there's no point in it. She's a visitor tonight! Other men have eyes as well as you, young Dennis."

"What?" I said, and missed a stroke, and turned my head quickly. We were gliding close in to the jetty, with the hills bulking large above us. And there was a stubby-bowed launch riding alongside the skiff at its moorings.

"What's it to us?" I said, and swung upstream away from the dark house, and pulled far upriver above the jetty, with his high shrill laughter goading me.

We shot the net, and the fish were scarce—nor did I care overmuch.

The tide had turned and was running strongly. Eddies swirled in the circle of lamplight.

"Two," Jim grunted disgustedly. "An' there's a fog coming. See! The moon's gone."

I looked downriver. He was right.

The air had a clammy dampness and the moon was a thin light seen through opaque glass.

"It's a long pull home!" he said, and hunched down into his overcoat.

"I know!" I said resentfully. "And you were right about the fish, but you needn't rub it in—" And suddenly I stopped.

THERE was a thin eerie sound coming from the riverbank. A sound like the wail of a frightened child.

"What's that?" I said, and looked at Jim.

His head was cocked at an angle, listening.

"No," he said, "it can't be him."

The sound swelled suddenly, and now it was like strident laughter, with a vibrant quality that struck the nerves with a touch like knife on living bone. A light flashed and someone shouted hoarsely far up on the mountain, and the sound dropped to a thin whisper and died.

Old Jim was poised like a pointing bird dog in the stern.

"It's him!" he said, and there was horror in his voice. "He's got out. It's old Wheatley and his fiddle—"

"What do you mean, got out?" I asked resentfully. "Gy—she doesn't lock him in. He's free to come and go in his own home."

"In his own home—" Old Jim said, and his voice was a dry whisper. "You mean—he was *there* yesterday?"

"Of course," I said uneasily; and then, to reassure myself, "He's silly, I'll admit, but he's harmless. He wouldn't hurt anyone."

"Oh, no?" Jim turned and stared at me. "He wouldn't hurt anyone! He only killed a man! That's why they put him in!"

"The hell you say!" Suddenly I was afraid, thinking of Gypsy.

Ashore, the thin wailing started again and swelled to a wild vibrant melody.

"I don't like it!" Jim said suddenly. "Let's get out of here!"

"We're going ashore!" I said, and swung the boat's nose into the muddy bank. I clambered out. He cursed and followed me. I think that he was afraid to stay alone, and in his hand was the heavy wooden stay we braced our feet against when rowing.

The fog had thickened on the river. We climbed out of it and went toward the gleam of light that now was quite stationary upon the hill.

Suddenly I was running, stumbling over loose stones, with old Jim panting behind me. There was something wrong with that light. It was close to the ground, a triangular patch of white light, spilled among bracken ferns, lying lonely in the darkness.

It was an electric torch lying on the ground. I picked it up quickly and flashed it in a circle. There was a thickset man in a blue-serge uniform lying face down in the bracken.

His cap was off and blood from his broken head had run down and crusted upon his face.

He was alive.

"God!" old Jim whispered, and clutched the stay convulsively. *"He done it! Old Wheatley done it!"*

I lifted the fellow's head and it rolled in my hands like the head of a broken doll.

"He's alive," I said, "but unconscious."

And as I spoke the fellow groaned and his stertorous breathing eased a little.

"Listen!" Jim said tensely and took his club in both hands. "Something's coming!"

A LIGHT flashed close by, and heavy boots stumbled among the stones. The light flickered, flashed full in my face, and swept down to focus upon the fallen man.

"Hell!" a gruff voice shouted. "He's done Jack in! Old Wheatley's done Jack in!"

"He's all right!" I said. "He's alive!"

"And who might you be?" another voice asked suspiciously.

"We was fishin' in the river!" Jim broke in quickly. "We heard a yell an' came arunnin'."

The beam of light jumped to old Jim's face and down to the club in his hands, where it stopped suggestively.

"I thought it was old Wheatley when I heard the fiddle!" he said defensively. "So I brought it." The club moved uneasily.

"It's old Wheatley all right!" the attendant said. "He got away yesterday. We've been chasing him."

He knelt to wipe the blood from his mate's face, and the fog crept up around us like gray snow, soft and damp and impenetrable. The wild fiddling commenced again on a sudden high note, like the screaming of sea gulls.

The attendants started up and glared toward the sound.

"Come on, Bill!" the man with the light said, and they were off, running. I leaped and caught the man with the torch by the arm.

"The girl!" I said. "Old Wheatley's daughter! Is she all right? Is she safe?"

"Do you know her?" he asked, half turned away from me, staring and listening.

"Yes," I said quickly, "I know her."

"She's all right," he said. "He won't touch her. It's only men that he attacks—so far."

"We went down to the house," the other fellow said. "There's a light there. We left Jack here to watch and listen while we went to see if he'd doubled back."

"We'll take your friend to the house," I said, "and guard the girl." I released his arm, and in a moment the fog swallowed them.

I took the injured man's shoulders, Jim his legs, and we stumbled slowly down toward the river. The fog was like cotton wool and moisture beaded on my eyelashes and dripped from my hair. Our trousers clung to us, wet by the dripping bracken.

Old Jim stopped suddenly.

"It's the river," he said. "But where's the boat?"

"Can't see a yard," I said. "Put him down."

WE eased our burden to the ground. Suddenly the mad fiddle started again, and where it was we had no way of knowing, for the fog pressed it close to the water and it seemed all around us.

"We'll take him downriver," I said nervously. "We must go to the house. The girl's alone."

We snatched up our burden and stumbled along the riverbank. Once we heard a distant shouting, and the horrible music stopped.

It started again to a lively jig tune, and the volume increased. We commenced to run, for it was close now. And there was no way of telling how close.

Old Jim stumbled and dropped his part of the burden, and the unconscious man bent limply, and his legs hit the ground.

"I'm—done—" Old Jim panted, and sprawled there limply. I thought he was going to collapse. "I can't—run another—step."

"Listen!" I said. "It's stopped."

There was a stealthy sound somewhere in the fog, and a loose stone rolled, then silence. I braced myself and listened, and the fog and the silence took hold of me, and I thought of the girl.

"It can't be far now," I whispered urgently. "Hoist him on my back. I'll try to carry him."

Jim scrambled awkwardly to his

A returned soldier was becoming annoyed at being detained in an occupational-therapy ward.

A psychoanalyst was interviewing him. "If you had only one ear, instead of two, what would be the result?" the psychoanalyst asked.

"I couldn't hear so good," was the reply.

"And if you had no ears at all?"

"I couldn't see."

"You couldn't see? Why couldn't you see?"

"Because my hat would fall down over my eyes."

—Harold Helfer.

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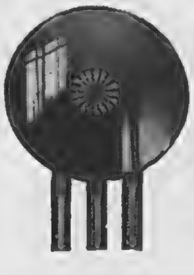

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feet, and I knew that now he was more afraid of the silence than of the music. And a sense of desperate urgency came upon me.

I swung the attendant up upon my shoulder and broke into a shambling trot, and old Jim stumbled along behind me. When we moved, the music started; and when we ceased our noisy stumbling and rested, exhausted, the fiddle too was silent.

My shirt and jumper clung to me wet with sweat and the fog. Then the feeling of vast empty space seemed to end and I knew that we were near the house.

Suddenly there was a change in the music, some of the harshness, a little of the madness, seemed to be going out of it.

"It's goin'—" old Jim gasped. "It's goin' back upriver. He'll run into them. They'll catch him now."

I listened. The strange music was receding. There could be no doubt about that. It was going back—away from the house—back upriver.

Distance lent it mellowness, and it died to a thin wailing, and broke, and stopped. We heard a wild yell and a burst of shouting like the baying of a pack. Something splashed in the water and we heard the sounds of swimming.

"He's taken to the river! God help him!" old Jim said hoarsely. I shuddered, thinking of the tide rips and the swirling eddies.

"He'll drift down to the jetty!" I said. "He's only got to keep afloat. Come on!"

I left the unconscious attendant lying there and set off running, with my hands thrust out like a blind man. Jim and the two attendants panted up. A torch flashed on me.

"He's out there!" I said. "But there's no sound—he's gone!"

"The launch, quick!" Jim yelled.

They rushed for the launch, and she swung slowly from the jetty.

I was thinking of the girl, Gypsy. Strange thoughts, that made me turn back to the house. There was light spilling out from the sitting-room window, with fog swirling through the beam.

I tapped at the back door and opened it and entered. Her father was sitting crouched upon the couch in the corner of the room, *and he was quite dry.*

"Hulloa!" he said. "Hulloa."

I stared at him and could not answer.

"She wouldn't play for me tonight," he said. "She was angry. She took the fiddle and went away."

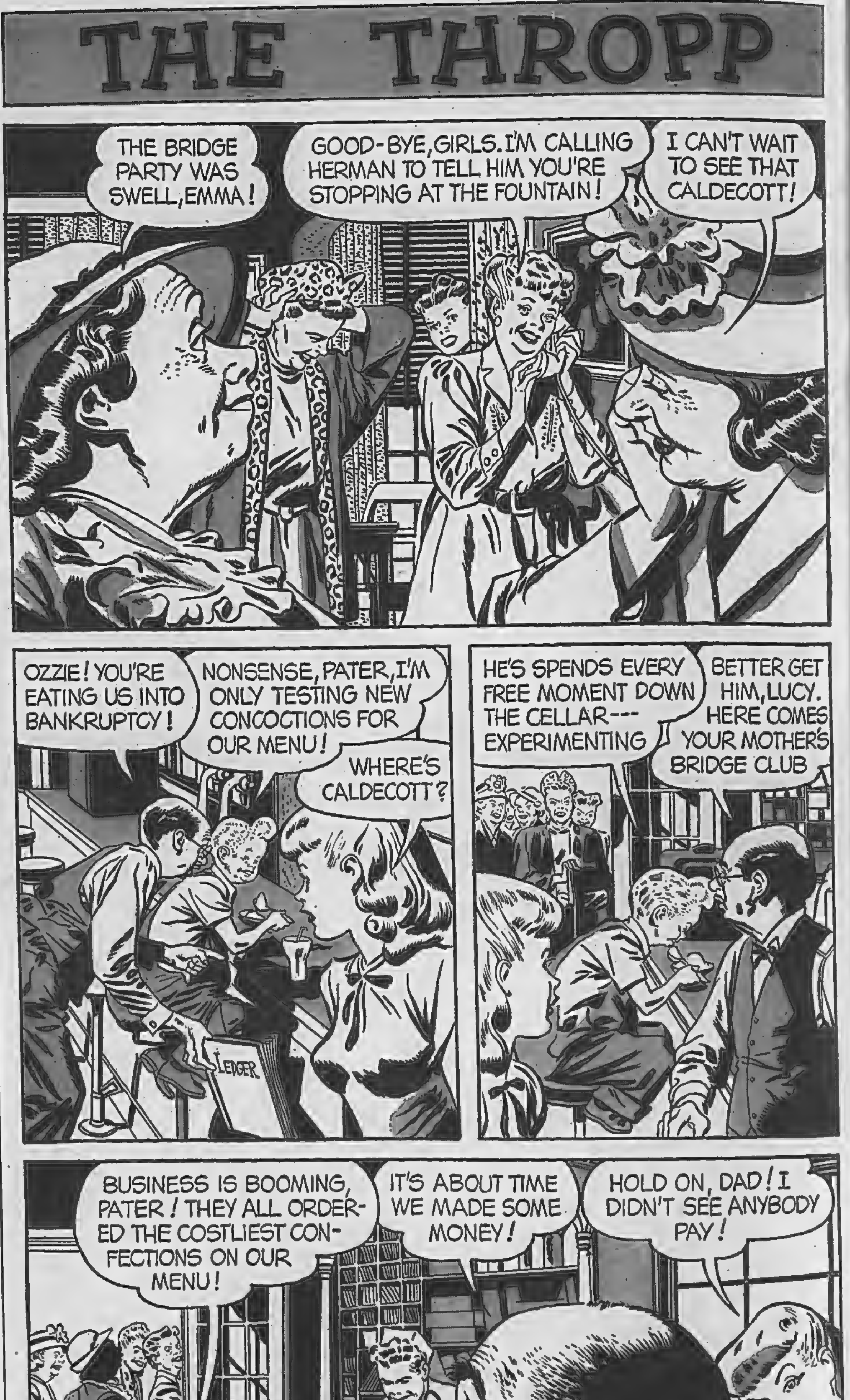
I turned to run back to the jetty, and he called after me:

"Don't go! Don't go! She'll make us some tea. She'll come back, and we'll have a cup of tea!"

I FOUND her in the morning, sprawled on a mudbank far down the river. I was in the skiff. The fog had lifted and the sun was rising above the rough hills. . . .

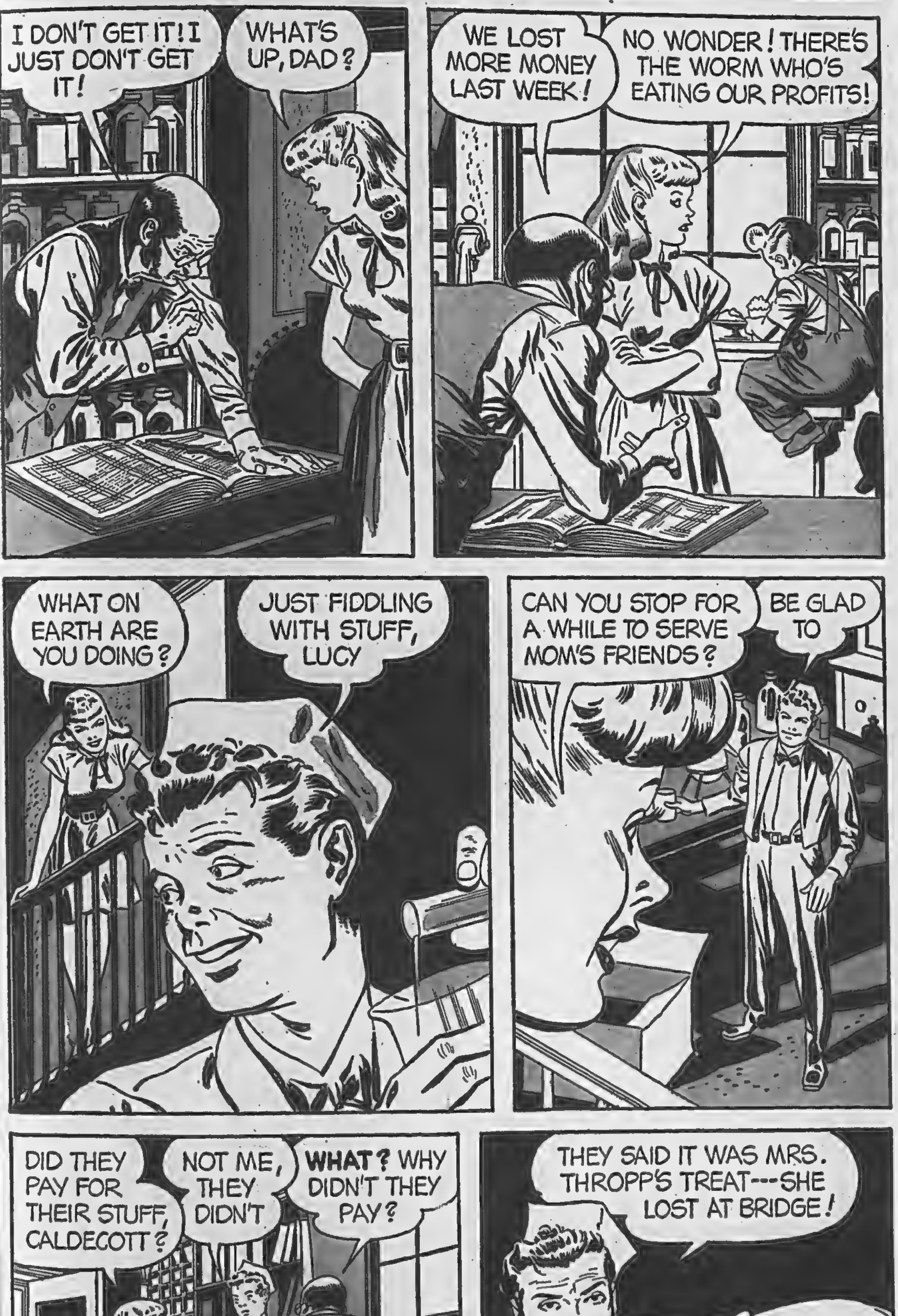
She was not beautiful.

THE END


THE THROPP
THE BRIDGE PARTY WAS SWELL, EMMA!
GOOD-BYE, GIRLS. I'M CALLING HERMAN TO TELL HIM YOU'RE STOPPING AT THE FOUNTAIN!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THAT CALDECOTT!
OZZIE! YOU'RE EATING US INTO BANKRUPTCY!
NONSENSE, PATER, I'M ONLY TESTING NEW CONCOCTIONS FOR OUR MENU!
WHERE'S CALDECOTT?
LEDGER
HE'S SPENDS EVERY FREE MOMENT DOWN THE CELLAR--- EXPERIMENTING
BETTER GET HIM, LUCY. HERE COMES YOUR MOTHER'S BRIDGE CLUB
BUSINESS IS BOOMING, PATER! THEY ALL ORDERED THE COSTLIEST CONFECTIONS ON OUR MENU!
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE MADE SOME MONEY!
HOLD ON, DAD! I DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY PAY!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


I DON'T GET IT! I JUST DON'T GET IT!
WHAT'S UP, DAD?
WE LOST MORE MONEY LAST WEEK!
NO WONDER! THERE'S THE WORM WHO'S EATING OUR PROFITS!
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?
JUST FIDDLING WITH STUFF, LUCY
CAN YOU STOP FOR A WHILE TO SERVE MOM'S FRIENDS?
BE GLAD TO
DID THEY PAY FOR THEIR STUFF, CALDECOTT?
NOT ME, THEY DIDN'T
WHAT? WHY DIDN'T THEY PAY?
THEY SAID IT WAS MRS. THROPP'S TREAT---SHE LOST AT BRIDGE!

Continued next week

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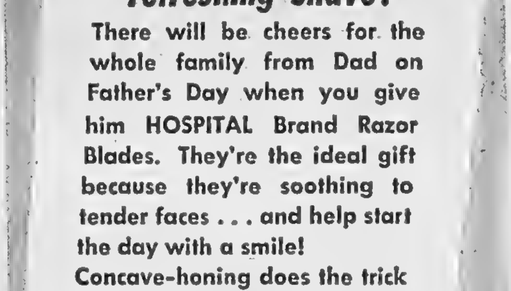
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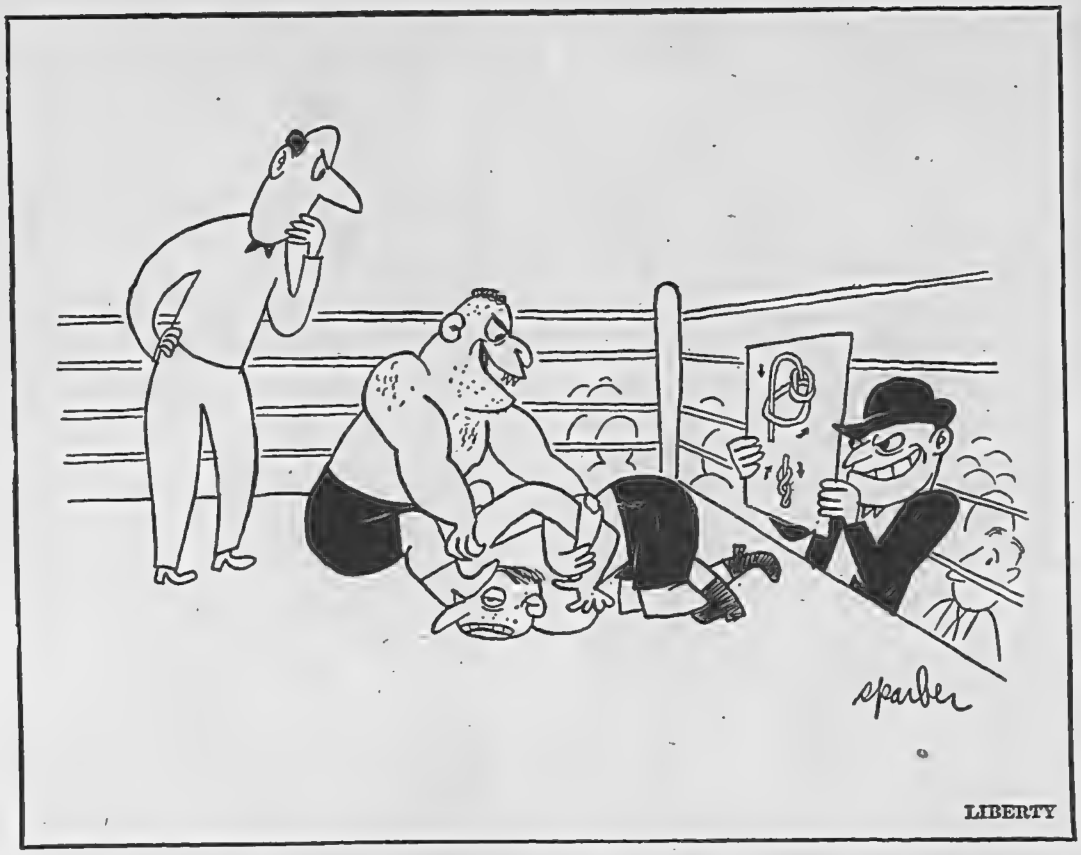


LIBERTY

MODERN FROM THE NORTHWEST

Continued from Page 21

the dining room in accordance with a growing trend, is no more than fairly large. There is only a partial basement.

The excellence of its design makes this house seem larger than it is. The closets are generous because they are efficient. The big windows make all the rooms seem larger. Because of the windows, the basement—only half the size of most—serves well as laundry, utility room and playroom.

THIS unusual basement is made possible by building on a slope and by designing the house in three levels—an idea worth using on any sloping lot. The floor of the bedrooms and bathroom is several steps higher than the floor of the living-dining room and kitchen. This gives the principal rooms the added spaciousness of a higher ceiling and makes it possible to go from living room to basement without descending a full flight of stairs.

Useful daylight basement, bright rooms, economical heating, well-arranged space, many sheltered terraces, ever-visible views—all these add up to an exceptionally desirable house that may be the model for many more.

Architects speak of its compact arrangement, open planning functionalism, site adaptation and fenestration. The Wallaces put it this way:

"We've found the house admirably fitted to the needs of a small family that wanted indoor-outdoor living with an absolute minimum of maintenance."

THE END

THE AUTOMOBILE'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

Continued from Page 23

Glidden's car had not arrived from Singapore, where he left it on his globe-trotting expedition. Two others almost didn't make it. While on their way to the starting line, H. W. Whipple, driving a Peerless, and W. B. Hurlburt, in a Packard, were arrested for speeding by bicycle police. The speed cops easily overtook their prey. Released on bail, the two culprits caught up to the dusty caravan before it bedded down that night at Hartford, Connecticut.

Disaster almost struck a Gliddenite near Greenwich, Connecticut. A woman driver, Mrs. Jean Newton Cuneo of Richmond Hill, Long Island, was the victim. Approaching the bridge over Brothers Brook, she tore past another car that had been waiting for road repairmen to finish blasting. Unable to stop her careening mount, a White Steamer, she crashed through the bridge rail and plunged into the creek bed below. The repairmen extricated Mrs. Cuneo, pinned beneath her car, helped her three passengers back into their seats, and pulled the White back onto the trail. Ruffled but uninjured, the rugged lady and her party repaired the condenser and whizzed merrily on to Hartford!

The arm of the law reached out again at Leicester, Massachusetts, to grab seven of the tourists: W. C. Temple of Pittsburgh, Carl H. Page and Robert Lee Morrell of New York City, Ransom E. Olds (note the initials REO) of Lansing, Michigan, Florence S. Carr of Springfield, Massachusetts, Ezra H. Fitch of Montclair, New Jersey, and the same unfortunate Mrs. Cuneo. The route through Leicester led up a hill, which was a severe test for the Glidden jaloppies. To gain momentum for the climb, several of the contestants exceeded the town's ten-miles-an-hour speed limit.

The Horseless Age reported in its next issue how the constables had anticipated this and so had lain in wait for the tourists. They swore out warrants for the seven. For blundering into this early-day speed trap the victims were fined fifteen dollars each.

On the return trip through Leicester, the tourists decided upon appropriate revenge. They hired a band which tooted along at the head of the parade at the agonizingly slow speed of two miles an hour, and stopped in front of the home of the policeman who had served the warrants. The corny serenade that followed was punishment for everyone, but the travelers left Leicester in a better frame of mind.

Of the thirty-three who started, twenty-eight were able to finish the grueling tour—having covered 870 miles in eleven days. Percy Pierce, who drove a thirty-horsepower Pierce-Arrow, was declared the winner. The others voted that Percy "had done the best touring," and so the $2,500 trophy, fifty inches tall, mounting a sterling globe with a small auto at the apex, went to Pierce.

ALTHOUGH the award officially concluded this tour, the ruckus caused by the meandering motorists was far from finished. One man in particular didn't like it. The editor of the Manchester, New Hampshire, Union panted in a wrathful editorial: ". . . Take the record of their run from Concord here—18 miles in 40 minutes! Have they any right to do such a thing? Take a list of accidents they caused between Concord and Nashua. An old man thrown out and his arm injured at Suncook, while his horse ran away and smashed the wagon and harness to bits; at Nashua, a collision with a lumber wagon, and the driver of the automobile hurt; near Nashua a horse on a mowing machine badly frightened and cut up. All these things without redress offered or obtainable from the man who owns the machine."

Then the editor turned deep purple: "We say it is an outrage, and if these people think of coming here another year, we hope the law against speeding and scorching will be promptly and vigorously enforced against every offender. . . ."

This blast didn't do much good, because the Gliddenites were at it again next year, from Buffalo to Bretton Woods, through Canada. Forty-eight cars started and nineteen finished, thirteen of them making perfect scores. Percy Pierce was one of the thirteen, and so, being undefeated, kept the Glidden trophy.

Next year the technical committee of the American Automobile Association set the rules for scoring the contest. Penalties were imposed on the cars if they broke down or couldn't keep up with the time schedule. Repairs were made at the side of the road, and at night, when the destination was reached, the cars were locked up to prevent repair work being done overnight. There were no penalties against flats, but they had to be fixed within an allotted time. The tour became an automobile club contest and Buffalo won the 1,519-mile jaunt, from Cleveland to New York via Chicago, with two Pierce-Arrows, two Thomas Flyers, and a Packard.

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers sensed the tremendous promotional possibilities in the contests and quickly shoved into the scene. Individual owners were pushed aside and company-sponsored cars made up the field. Newspapermen and telegraphers went along, sending back daily stories on the progress of the tour. There was a photographer, too, to record the impossible conditions conquered by the horseless wonders.

The material made front-page copy for newspapers. Companies bragged about their products. The now-extinct Maxwell published a brochure that sold even the most cautious customer.

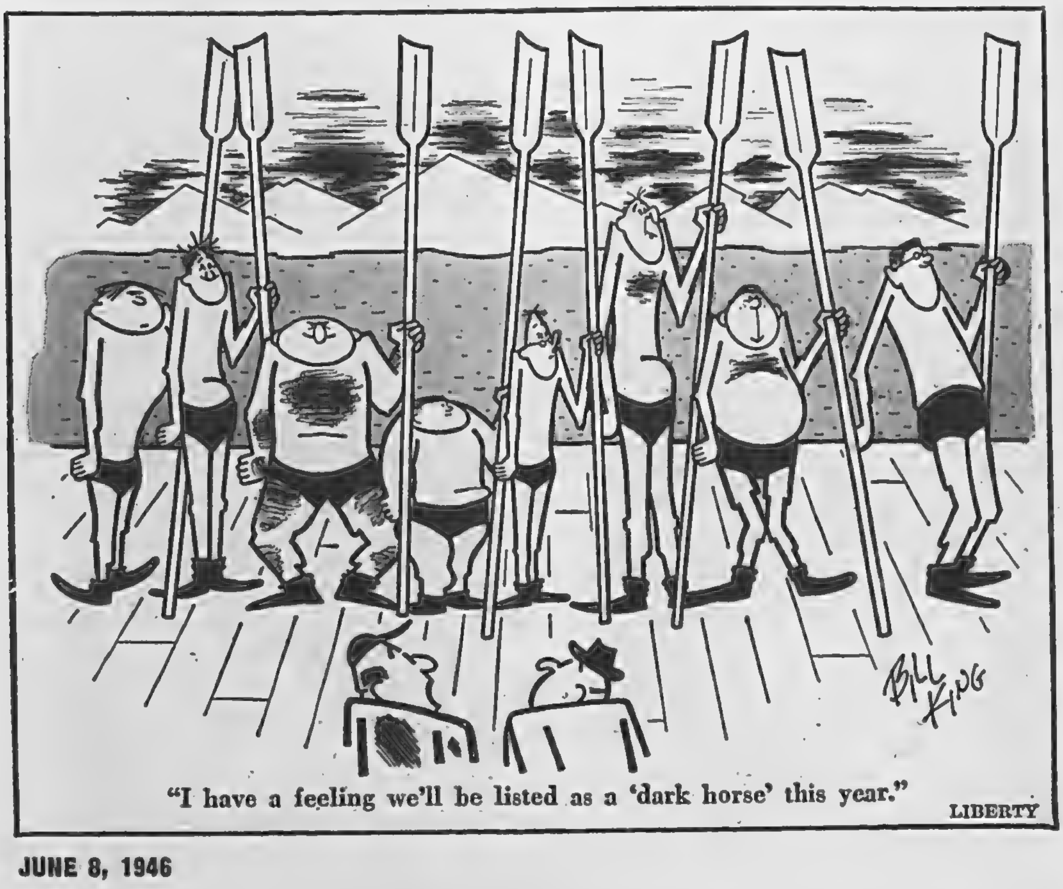
Reporting on the 1911 tour from New York to Jacksonville, the Maxwell people finished a paean of praise for their car with this beautiful plug: ". . . Put yourself again in that high-priced car in the middle of a mountain torrent, in the mire of mud, on the cliff of clay or the sea of sand. Call the mule or the mountaineer to your aid, watch every one of the Maxwells go past you as if they were on a boulevard, and then you will have learned the lesson which every contestant, every tradesman, every native along the route learned from the Glidden tour. They saw, admired and admitted the Maxwell victory."

Despite the reams of whoop-la loosed upon the wary public, there were some incidents that made driving look like a dangerous business. The New York-Jacksonville tour, for instance, was marked by tragedy. Samuel M. Butler of Buffalo, chairman of the tour, was riding in the back seat of the pilot car, a Cunningham, driven by Charles F. Kellman. As the tourists left Tifton, Georgia, the Cunningham hit a bad rut and overturned. Butler was thrown to his death beneath the car. The other contestants, stifling a desire to call the whole tour off, continued on toward Florida.

The "official" telegrapher on four of the eight Glidden tours was P. W. Williams, now living in Detroit. He recalls that a trip of 200 miles in only one day was worth headlines in any newspaper.

The roughest stretch of road ever crossed, Williams believes, was three miles in Kentucky. A banner hung over the main street of a village proudly heralding its reputation: "You are now about to cross over the worst roads between Chicago and Jacksonville." The route led over three miles of cracked stones. Instead of lying flat against the ground, the stones were set edge up. "It was like running over swords' points," Williams explains. "As protection against them, we wrapped ropes and gunny sacks around the tires, but they didn't do much good. About half the tires in the group were chewed off."

A road of any description, however, was more than could be found on some routes. On a tour to Denver, drivers at one stage had to strike out across open prairie, crossing gullies and creeks by any means they could improvise. Standard



"I have a feeling we'll be listed as a 'dark horse' this year." LIBERTY

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Available Soon! On the way . . . other Falcon Cameras, priced up to $23.50.

FALCON CAMERA CO. Chicago 2, Ill.

equipment for each car included a towrope, ax, jack, and a shotgun or rifle. The ropes were needed when the party came up against a fifteen-degree grade, a frequent obstacle out West. Hitched to towropes, the cars were pulled up the grade by manpower—furnished by members of the party!

Improvisation reached new heights, however, during the 1910 run from Cincinnati to Chicago via Dallas, Texas. In one section of Texas the Gliddenites faced a detour of fifty miles to a wagon bridge crossing the Red River. One of the tourists spied a railroad bridge crossing the river, and had a bright idea. After getting permission from the railroad company, the Glidden hacks jolted across the railroad ties spanning the river and chugged on toward their stopping point with hours to spare.

PUBLIC interest at times reached a high peak of frenzy. In one instance, Williams relates, it closed up a town for several days. When the tourists were passing through Utah en route to California, the citizens of Price, a small town situated at the end of a steep-walled canyon, asked if the route could pass through their fair city.

The tourists pointed out that a trek up the canyon to the place, and then back out over the only road then in existence, would cause too much of a detour. Undismayed, the entire town stopped normal business and built a road up over the rim of the canyon which would permit an exit toward the west. It was a close finish: The cars arrived on the very evening the road—a crude three-mile stretch—was completed. Although this illustrates the wild enthusiasm that greeted the Glidden tours, historians will be quick to point out that this trip was sponsored not by Glidden but by a group of Indiana automobile manufacturers, and thus was called the "Indiana" tour. It was similar to Glidden's in many other respects, however, having carried on in 1913 where the Boston millionaire left off.

Williams' most prized story is about a hoax that he kept secret for thirty-four years. It concerns one of the "pathfinders," a car that scouted over the route a month in advance of the regular party. The pathfinder chose the route and brought back notes which were used to make a crude road map. The contestants followed the map instructions and, in addition, looked for confetti which was scattered along the route by the pathfinder when confusing forks in the road appeared.

For the last Glidden tour, the 1912 jaunt from Detroit to New Orleans, a Flanders Electric was selected as the pathfinder. Automotive people well knew that an electric car couldn't go the distance. But the Everett-Metzger-Flanders Company wanted the publicity for their product and put on enough pressure to win the assignment. Williams was hired to handle the publicity releases in Detroit, while F. Ed Spooner went along with the Flanders to send back the necessary copy to Williams.

"Every morning Spooner sent back 150 words or so on the progress of the pathfinder, and I would touch up the story a bit and telegraph it out to 108 newspapers and 125 E.-M.-F. dealers," Williams recounts. "The publicity we received was terrific. For twenty-nine days while the electric was picking its way to New Orleans the story was front-page news."

The story that has never been told, according to Williams, is why the Flanders Electric reached New Orleans. "Along with the electric went a truck," Williams reveals. "And behind the truck was hitched a stone-boat (a crude sled made of heavy planks used by farmers to haul stones from the fields). The electric went through cities on its own power, but once it was outside the city limits it was mounted on the stoneboat. The truck then would pull the stoneboat and its cargo along the country roads until it reached the next city. To anyone who saw the truck and the electric from the other side of the fence, it appeared that the electric was running along under its own battery power."

Now and then, of course, the truck and its parasite went off behind a haystack to stop and recharge the electric's batteries in preparation for the next city. Rolling from the stoneboat at the proper time, the Flanders whirred down the main street under its own power, taking the tumultuous ovation of crowds lined up to see it.

"I guess the Flanders covered less than 200 of the 1,670-mile trip," Williams admits.

THE Detroit-New Orleans affair wound up Glidden's tours. Only three cars made this drive, and Glidden, who went along, failed to arouse enough interest for a 1913 tour. By then the public was convinced of the practicality and durability of automobiles and the market was on a sharp upturn. The competition, while it lasted, had been razor-keen. At one point a bitter dispute marred the records.

The winner of the 1910 tour, Ray McNamara, driving a Premier, was challenged by Hugh Chalmers, who claimed in an official protest that the Premier had an auxiliary oiling device that had not been placed on enough production models to qualify it as a "stock" accessory. When the referee refused to sustain the protest, Chalmers carried the case to the A.A.A. contest board. Although the Premier company obtained a temporary injunction to keep Chalmers from taking the trophy, the New York State Supreme Court awarded the decision to Chalmers, who thus was declared winner.

The stink this caused, and the waning manufacturers' interest, brought an end to Glidden's automotive exploits. Glidden later became an expert on balloon ascensions, and made a dozen or so before getting an even grander idea—the first round-the-world aerial Derby. His fortune finally was drained by his expensive hobbies and he died virtually penniless. He was buried at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Only fourteen persons were on hand to pay homage to his memory.

But the Gliddenites of 1946 will revive the adventurous romance of the Glidden pioneering era so it will not be lost to history. Nor will it be buried beneath the present-day wonders of automotive accomplishment.

THE END

THE QUESTIONEE TALKS BACK

THE radio quiz show hit a new low the other day when I heard the Man on the Street being asked this question: Are women better housewives today than they used to be? I should like to have had him interview me on that subject. Our conversation might have run as follows:

"Mrs. Lee, do you think women are better housewives than they used to be?"

"Which women?"

"Which women? Why, any women."

"But I don't know 'any women.' I only know certain women."

"Well, then, the women you know. Are they better housewives than they used to be?"

"In the first place, I don't know what they used to be. In the second place, I don't know what you mean by better housewives. Do you mean, do their draperies match their slip covers? Do you mean, do they check the ceiling prices before they buy? Do you mean do they cook vegetables without destroying the vitamins?"

"Why, yes, we mean all those things."

"But I can't answer all those things at once."

"Well, then, answer one of them. Let's say, do the women you know cook vegetables without destroying the vitamins?"

"I couldn't say. I never tested their vegetables for vitamins. Wouldn't know how to."

"Well, just give us your opinion, Mrs. Lee."

"What good is my opinion? That isn't a matter of opinion; it's a matter of fact. The only way you can answer that question is to go and test their vegetables."

"But can't you just make a guess?"

"Oh, well, if you want me simply to guess, I can do that. Yes, my guess would be that most of the women I know destroy some of the vitamin value of vegetables by cooking. But actually, of course, I don't have any way of knowing."

"So, Mrs. Lee, you maintain that women are not better housewives today than they used to be. Well, we're all entitled to our own opinions, aren't we, folks?"

"Look here, I didn't say that. I made one little guess and you puffed it up into a big generalization."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Lee."

"Why don't you quit asking people these ambiguous questions?"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Lee."

"And, what's more, the first time I hear a sidewalk interviewer who can distinguish between statements of opinion and statements of fact, I'll buy a whole case of your Fluffy Duff."—Laura Louise Lee.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH DAVID BROWN

MAKE MINE MUSIC

(Walt Disney Productions through RKO)

WALT DISNEY, in what insiders consider a bow to popular taste, comes up with something which, though lacking the consummate artistry of Fantasia and Snow White, will entertain practically everybody.

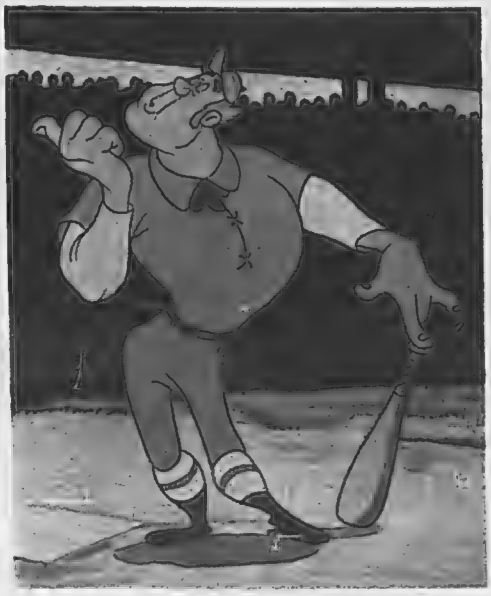
It is a symphony of mood and sensation without continuity—a dream caught on celluloid.

Although it features a heady list of headliners, they are heard but not seen—except for some ballet dancers photographed in silhouette.

There are ten separate bits, as varied as Hollywood's highest-priced imagination could make them.

Benny Goodman raps out After You've Gone while fantastic images riot in an orgy of movement and color. Jerry Colonna lends a mighty larynx to Casey at the Bat. Nelson Eddy voices the part of The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met.

In another vein, Sergei Prokofieff's fable, Peter and the Wolf, is charmingly narrated by Sterling Holloway. The Andrews Sisters give out with a musical love story about two hats. The feudin' Martins and the Coys shoot their way into heaven accompanied by The King's Men.



Before Casey, Mighty Casey, struck out.

Later, all the stoppers come out of the inkwells as bobby-soxers jitterbug to Goodman's All the Cats Joined In. A couple of other bright numbers complete the picture.

'Twould be presumptuous to evaluate each item, as each taste will single out its favorites. But all probably will agree that here is a monument to good taste and good entertainment. Make Mine Music, too.

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS

(Paramount) Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings, Diana Lynn, Patric Knowles, Peggy Wood, Robert Benchley

THIS is another stock comedy of marital errors, but it is an admirable blues chaser, anyway. An improbable but nice young couple of Virginia's horsey set push each other around for an hour and twenty-six minutes and, to nobody's amazement, wind up in a clinch.

The film is enhanced by considerable wild life, including twenty-seven live horses, one stuffed horse, and a camera-shy goat. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Cummings enliven the proceedings with some pretty torrid love scenes which get by on the theory that man and wife can do no wrong. But the business of using kids to spy on a father's suspected philandering, may strike some as venturing overly far for a laugh.

The Warrens in a rare Happy Moment.

The picture concerns Sally Warren (Barbara Stanwyck), whose hips belie her love of horses, and her husband, Jeff (Robert Cummings), a writer of Civil War novels and literary Sinatra to the venerable daughters of the Confederacy. Jeff's phobia is Sally's obsession: horses. He hates the nags with the intensity of Senator Claghorn viewing the Yankee Stadium (can't even stand horseradish). But the Warrens' neighbor is a handsome bounder named Lance Gale (Patric Knowles) who loves horses—and Sally. Nevertheless, Sally tells him to stick to his horses and hold them.

Then, at the vanguard of a delegation of Jeff's fans, enters Mary Lou (Diana Lynn), a luscious night-blooming flower of the Old South. In the spirit of General Lee, she attacks—and when the smoke clears, Mary Lou is occupying Jeff's house—as his secretary—and Sally, now divorced, is living in Lance's house—in his absence.

True love and Paramount find a way, though they have to break nearly every bone in Jeff's body to do it.

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INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND
Screen Play by BEN HECHT • Released thru United Artists
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"—and he simply *refuses* to wear glasses!" LIBERTY

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN AMERICA

Continued from Page 11

citrant president. To put it another way, Lewis uses the funds of the union workers to keep them in servile, or at least in uncomfortable, submission to himself.

What helps to make the mine workers' union an almost unbreakable monopoly is the fact that, as Lewis said, "You cannot mine coal with bayonets"—even during a war. Not even Hitler was able to mine coal with bayonets at the height of the Nazi power. In the countries which the Nazis overran, the miners were kept in the pits not so much by bayonets as by food rations and wages that were much larger than those given other residents of the occupied countries, and by allowing the miners to walk off with coal to sell on the black market.

THE importance of the working miner, and hence of the man who controls him, lies in the fact that mining is a highly specialized and dangerous industry which cannot be learned in a day. Few people want to mine coal and fewer still know how. The fact is that the only people who can mine coal or who will mine it are the miners who are accustomed to the hard, dirty, toilsome job.

These are the hard facts of life which America has to face. There remains the important question: What kind of man is this John L. Lewis who in this country holds the power, if not the glory?

"Ruthless, brutal, dictatorial, dangerous"—"a friend of the poor"—"a fighter for the oppressed"—"a keeper of his word"—"a great actor"—"a charlatan"—"shrewd, power hungry"—"politically ambitious, politically powerful"—"a defender of free enterprise"—"an able negotiator."

These are but a few of the more respectable adjectives, phrases, and epithets which have been applied to Lewis over the years.

As Solid Fuels Administrator, I spent nearly four years dealing with him, and my estimate of the man differs sharply in some respects from the ones generally held about him.

Take, for instance, the conclusion of most Washington observers—that Lewis is one of the nation's most able negotiators. This may be, but the federal government in its negotiations with Lewis during the war was so desperate for coal that it was in the position of the man with a rope around his neck trying to negotiate with the hangman. Ordinarily, in such cases, if the man who is about to be hanged escapes with his life, he and not the hangman is considered to be the able negotiator.

This was approximately my view when, as Solid Fuels Administrator, I was trying to get enough coal produced to fuel the nation's war machine in its backbreaking task of supplying not only this country but the rest of the United Nations with guns, planes, tanks, and ships. I expressed my views at a meeting of the War Production Board during one of the hectic wartime negotiations with Lewis when I was asked whether I proposed to make an agreement with him. My answer was: "Gentleman, I would lie down with the devil himself if by so doing we could produce enough coal to win the war." The other members of the War Production Board regarded this as the only possible attitude.

Most of the mine owners who negotiate with Lewis are in a much less favorable position than the government was during the war. They are in no position to invoke whatever patriotisms he or the mine workers may possess. Hence, to say that Lewis is an able negotiator is only to affirm that the mine owners recognize the inevitable.

With those who call Lewis a great actor, I would agree. In fact, it is as an actor that Lewis commands my greatest respect. In talking "man to man" in an office, Lewis is as frank and as free of theatricals as any upstanding business man or lawyer. But when he leads the "good men and true" of his policy committee to his side of a conference table, he is as much a tragedian as ever were Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield. And biding his time, Lewis waits for what he regards as a good cue for him to set his thunder to rolling. Then, in a browbeating attitude, he will remind the operators of at least some of the crimes that, according to his view, they have committed.

Lewis can utter the word "hungry" with a sob in his voice that instinctively causes one to tug at his belt and reach for his handkerchief. He seldom fails to try to wring sympathy for the "hungry bellies" of the miners. Curiously enough, during these proceedings, he never expresses concern that the families of the miners may be hungry too, and might benefit from better living conditions and educational opportunities.

WHEN the tears begin to appear in John L. Lewis' voice, the faces of the operators across the table take on a Do-we-have-to-listen-to-this-sort-of-thing-again? expression. But Lewis' supporting cast does not forget its role, each man perhaps having in mind the next salary check that, by the grace of John L. Lewis, will be drawn against the treasury of the United Mine Workers of America. Thomas Kennedy, representing the anthracite area of Pennsylvania and at one time lieutenant governor of that state, looks serious and as unself-conscious as possible. Tears begin to gather in the eyes of Major Percy Tetlow, Lewis' economic adviser. The glowering countenance of John O'Leary somehow gives the impression that he himself practices daily before his mirror in order to excel in unrelieved gloom the expression of John L. Lewis himself. The facial expressions of others in Lewis' entourage vary, but none is forgetful that if a wandering glance from the great man should detect even a fleeting expression of annoyance or amusement, except in imitation of Lewis, the culprit might have to go back to wielding a pick and shovel underground.

Among the operators are one or two, Charles O'Neil and O. L. Alexander—both men for whom Lewis is said to have a somewhat high personal regard—upon whom he customarily turns with particular virulence. The operators recognize that

Mr. Lewis is merely putting on an act for the benefit of his assembled policy committee, "the boys" who, as he well knows, will go back to their respective districts and tell about John L.'s stellar performance.

Furthermore, the operators have long memories and a fair degree of intelligence, so that they are aware that there is a considerable degree of sham in Mr. Lewis' wailing for the "hungry bellies" of the miners. They remember that back in the '20s Mr. Lewis, as president of the United Mine Workers, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, and some of the big mine operators agreed to a $7.50-a-day scale for miners, deciding that the trouble with the coal industry was that it had too many mines and too many miners. The $7.50-a-day scale agreed upon would have pushed many of the high-cost mines out of business, thus reducing the number of mines, and hence the number of miners. All told, had the plan worked, some 200,000 miners and their families would have been forced out of the coal industry. Presumably they would have found work in other fields of industrial activity, if they had not starved to death first.

SUCH cold, calculating, and ruthless decisions are part and parcel of Lewis' equipment. This incident would seem to belie his pretensions to being "the miners' best friend." In fact, the longer his record is studied, the more it becomes apparent that he is not concerned primarily with all of the coal miners or their families. He has, for instance, for years harassed the Progressive Miners of America, a group in Illinois which is independent of the United Mine Workers. As late as two years ago the Attorney General of the United States spent some time investigating reports that the mine workers union, or its affiliates, had subsidized a mine operator in Illinois so that he could afford to break a strike of members of the Progressive Miners. Further, it is apparent that Lewis has no use for even all of the miners in the mine workers' union. Ray Edmundson spent most of his life as a coal miner, yet when he attempted two years ago to run against Lewis for president of the union, he was not only denied a place on the ballot, he was virtually run out of the union. He is now selling insurance. The fact is that Mr. Lewis is not so much concerned about miners as he is about Lewis. He is after power, the more power the better.

Some have questioned the sincerity of his advocacy of "free enterprise." I do not. He is a firm believer in the dominance of the strongest. And he knows well that the mine workers' union, with its monopoly over the production of coal, is the most powerful economic group in the country.

"Lewis always keeps his word" is another stock phrase always used to describe the mine workers' chieftain, and Mr. Lewis himself is not averse to vaunting this alleged fact.

An experience of mine as Solid Fuels Administrator throws some light on this claim. In the fall of 1944, when this country badly needed coal, strike after strike plagued the coal regions, although Lewis in signing the contract had stipulated that there would be no strikes if the operators lived up to their agreements. Mr. Lewis failed to cite any operator as refusing to live up to the agreement, nevertheless the strikes continued. Lewis' excuse this time was that the strikes were not strikes of *mine workers*, but merely strikes of members of the supervisory force.

OF course a mine could not be operated without its foremen. It would have been just as effective from Mr. Lewis' point of view, but more honest, if he had frankly closed down the mine. Since the mine foremen had just been initiated into District No. 50 of the mine workers' union—Lewis' union—this was an obvious subterfuge.

I came to suspect that there were occasions when he would not order the miners out in open violation of his agreement, but they would go out just the same when an interruption of work by a strange coincidence would seem to serve the purpose of the dictator. The fact is that I found Lewis to be a keeper of the letter and not of the spirit of the agreements that he made.

In labor-union politics he is unpredictable, except that he may be depended upon to be peripatetic. He left the A. F. of L. to lead in organizing the C.I.O. Then he sulked his way out of the C.I.O. and set up bachelor quarters for himself and his men. Recently the A. F. of L. rolled out the red carpet for him and, like a Roman conqueror returning from the provinces, he resumed power and authority in that organization, apparently with the idea of undoing the C.I.O. altogether if he can. In due course many expect him to take over the A. F. of L. as his own, in which event he might deign to change its name to "American Federation of Lewis."

The terms "politically ambitious" and "politically powerful," generally linked together, are frequent estimates heard about John L. Lewis. I subscribe to the first; I must qualify the second.

For some time it has been suspected that he would not be averse to becoming Vice-President. Probably he would not demur if Presidential lightning should strike him. His claim to political consideration lies in the size and deliverability of the vote of the United Mine Workers of America. This vote is not only potent but in many instances decisive in the coal-mining areas of such states as Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Illinois. A man of lesser ambition or of a more just appraisal

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of his own qualities might be content to influence elections for congressmen, senators, or governors. But there is no horizon to John L. Lewis' estimation of the political availability of John L. Lewis.

His political power is, however, much less than his political ambitions. Formerly he was a stanch Republican. When the New Deal swept into power, he caught the comet by the tail. He was perfectly willing to tell President Roosevelt how to decide grave national and international policy, and when he came to feel that the President was so errant as to think that he could get along without him, Mr. Lewis made up his mind to show just what a potent political hand he held.

When Wendell L. Willkie was a Republican candidate for President in 1940, Mr. Lewis made his plans carefully, expecting that the election would be close and that the votes of the mine workers could be decisive. At what he considered to be the proper time, he took to the air and roared against Roosevelt.

The election results showed that if the mine workers listened to John L. Lewis, they did not heed him. So overwhelmingly as to be almost unanimous, they voted for Roosevelt, the man to whom they felt they owed thanks for the improvement in their economic status, even if John L. Lewis felt differently. The whole country indulged in a belly laugh at the expense of the circumferential Mr. Lewis—the man who could not gather in the chips when his hand was called.

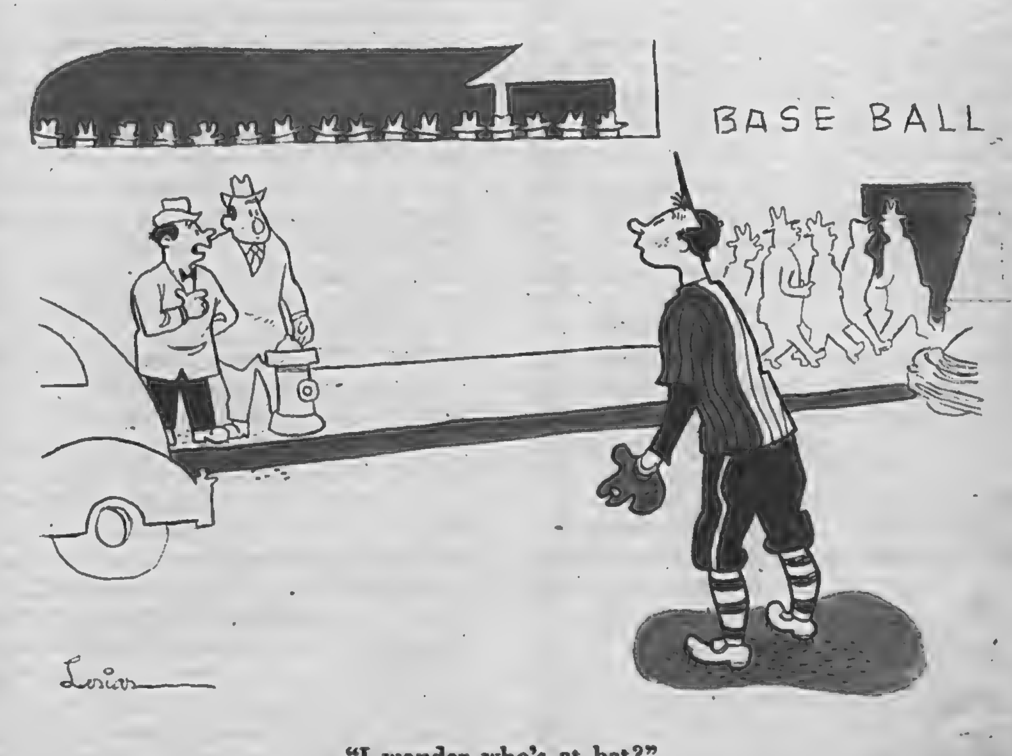
The 1940 election taught Mr. Lewis that discretion is the better part of valor, and during the 1944 campaign he said never a word to indicate how he was going to vote or indeed whether he proposed to vote at all. But he did send his trained seals who drew salaries from the United Mine Workers' treasury (thanks to him) into the coal-mining districts of the country to pass the word that the great man wanted them this time to vote for Dewey. Again the result was the same. Those areas of the country where the mine workers' vote was thickest came through for Franklin D. Roosevelt as usual.

Now that John L. Lewis has been once again graciously received in the White House, one may speculate as to his intentions with respect to 1948. If I were President Truman I would remember the old adage "Soft words butter no parsnips."

As to the charge that Lewis is contemptuous of public opinion, I would agree. This is particularly true when he is operating in his own field—coal. His most amazing display of disdain for public opinion came during the war, when, while the nation was struggling for its very existence, he took his miners out, not once but three times. Such was his power that he could afford to shrug off the criticism of the coal strikers by our soldiers overseas who wrote in the Stars and Stripes: "And so, John L. Lewis, we say to you, damn your coal-black soul."

This, then, is a rough sketch of one whom many regard as the most powerful man in America. On the record, he is arrogant, dictatorial, ruthless, and brutal, a loose keeper of promises, a first-rate though slightly hammy actor, with a consuming desire for political power to match his economic power. He is a man who, by circumstance and temperament, is one of the most dangerous people on the American scene today. To what degree these potentialities for danger become realities depends upon the government of these United States and, in the final analysis, upon the people.

THE END



"I wonder who's at bat?"

LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

HOW DO YOU SHAPE UP?—According to the president of a famous hosiery company, you can't be merely short, medium, or tall. He doesn't generalize about women—hooray! You may be thin and tall, fat and short, or a different mixture altogether. Perhaps you have a large calf and a diminutive ankle. Furthermore, your stocking problem may well be complicated by a girdle that has short-changed you on garters. (Many of us, however, don't consider a problem of physical topography any problem at all—just let us hook on to a pair of stockings and we'll settle for any size and any length. Housewives who haven't time to stand in line for nylons or rayons get a bit edgy when they scrutinize the legs of ladies who *can* wait. Very few are bare, and very few of the stockings have runs, which moves me to agree with the belief that many of those who stand and wait are doing so to get stockings for resale at higher prices in small black-market hideaways.) A new "adjustable" stocking is designed to fit legs of all types. An extra-long nylon stocking, with a triple sectional top, it will fit the tall woman with large calf and ankle, for she will garter it at the top panel. Smaller women will turn down one panel, or two, to get the proper length. Thanks to the all but invisible quality of nylon, the turned-down hem will not be bulky.

HOME FASHIONS: Corduroy is now being featured for hangings as well as for upholstery. And a pretty bedspread is a two-faced job of quilted dark green corduroy with floral sateen on the reverse side. Turn the floral side up for summer, and reverse it for winter. A New York department store is showing a room whose windows have white organdy curtains with a floral chintz swag above them. The bed has a claret corduroy dust ruffle, over which is placed a quilted chintz scalloped throw. Other rooms have draperies and dressing-table skirts of corduroy combined with floral chintz. The corduroy comes in dark green, sand, aquamarine, claret, blue, and rosy pink. . . . Sturdy cotton-twill prints are also on hand for draperies and slip covers. Especially gay is a sprightly pattern of barns and birds with red and green predominating on a white background. Ever-glaze chintz in solid colors is back at last, also theatrical gauze, colored sailcloth, and organdy by the yard. . . . For terrace and lawn, the stores now have considerable quantities of attractive summer furniture, some of bamboo and wrought iron; others of redwood, cypress, wrought iron and glass. . . . Palm-leaf squares and oval rugs from Haiti vie with Chinese rush squares, domestic fiber rugs, and Indian druggets for your attention. Broadloom is promised in new textures and exciting colors by fall. It seems redecoration can now be contemplated with some degree of assurance that you'll see it through.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

**A stranger said, "Just one of us
Can get aboard that crowded bus,
So let *me* wait. I do not mind."
Said I, "Oh, no! *I'll* stay behind."**

FLAT FEET FOR BOBBY SOXERS: Dr. Earl C. Elkins of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, has dire predictions for bobby-soxers who wear moccasins and sandals. He says if they continue to wear them for long, their arches will pancake and they'll have sled runners for feet. He claims flat soles are as bad for feet as the too-high heels that used to be worn by our current bobby-soxers' mothers. . . . Dr. Lewis F. Schreiber, chairman of public information for the Podiatry Society of the State of New York, says war conditions had a beneficial effect on adult feet. Rationing forced women into sensible shoes, and war jobs and volunteer work impressed them with the value of healthy feet. I wish more shoe manufacturers were impressed with the value of putting toes and heels on women's shoes. The woman in search of a closed toe and heel has quite a hunt on her hands.

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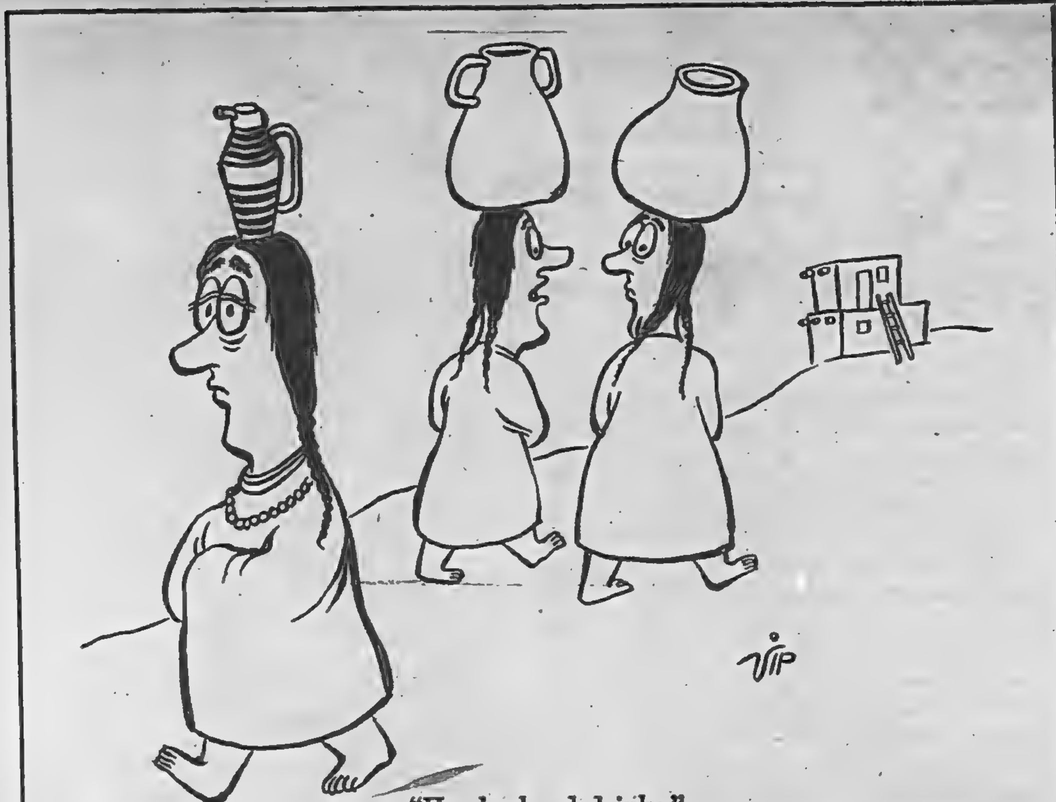


"Her husband drinks."

SOME PEOPLE HATE DOGS

Continued from Page 27

romp, and the world would be fine again.

After school and on Saturdays he did odd jobs to earn a little money, opening crates of merchandise and stacking it on the shelves at Mr. Grinnell's store, cleaning up the church for Sunday services, and cutting firewood for Miss Emily. Sometimes he and Tink went for long tramps in the cool wet woods, Tink romping along happily, Tom walking slow and thoughtful.

He loved the woods. That was why, long ago, he had made up his mind to be a scaler for a logging company when he grew up. He'd talked to Big Mac—who claimed he'd seen every fir tree on this side of the mountains grow from a seedling—about it, and Big Mac had said he ought to get plenty of schooling. "A scaler," Big Mac told him, "needs to know a durned sight of 'rithmetic."

HE was working at his sums one evening when Tink ran to the window, barking. A moment later Big Mac called, "Tom, you home?"

Tom got up and let him in. McLeod shook the rain off his hat, sat down by the fire, and filled his pipe. His gaze fell on the open arithmetic book. "Studyin'?" he grunted.

Tom said that he was.

Tink, tail wagging hopefully, went over to Big Mac and lifted a tentative paw. "Git that hound away from me!" the man exclaimed, his face turning angry red.

"Down!" Tom commanded, and reluctantly Tink lay down beside the stove, cocking his head to one side as if trying to figure out why he was not allowed to caress this man who smelled so delightfully of tobacco smoke, whisky, and stale fish.

"Talk's goin' around," Big Mac said, "that it ain't right for you to be livin' here by yourself."

"Let 'em talk," Tom said with scorn. "They can't do nothing."

"'Fraid you're wrong. You're under age; you got no relatives. They could put you in an orphans' home."

"I'd run away first!"

McLeod nodded. "Wouldn't blame you. But you don't have to. You can come live with me."

Tom looked down at Tink. He liked Big Mac and he couldn't think of anyone he'd rather live with. Only—

"Can I bring Tink?"

"You know I got no use for dogs."

"Then I won't come."

Big Mac scowled. "You mean, you think so much of that mangy hound that you'd rather go to an orphans' home than live with me?"

"I ain't going to no home. But Tink and me stay together."

A painful silence fell. Tink, catching Tom's eye, started thumping his tail against the floor. Big Mac stared down at his gnarled hands. "Well, if you'd promise not to let the durned fool bother me none—"

"You won't even know he's around!" Tom promised.

"It ain't," Big Mac went on doggedly, "that I got any use for dogs. And it ain't that I'm takin' you in just to keep you from goin' to a home, understand? I sort of need somebody to help around the place. You got to chop firewood and help me run my lines and keep the place swept out."

"I'll work," Tom said.

"Then start packin' your stuff. Might as well move tonight, before Miss Emily or them town people take a notion to put you in a home."

Big Mac's cabin sat in a clearing a couple of miles back in the woods, far enough away from the village so that there were only the quiet sounds of the forest. Never in his life had Tom been so happy as he was that first week he lived with Big Mac. Every afternoon he would hurry home from school to find McLeod waiting for him with the guns loaded up for a hunt, or the fishing tackle laid out for an evening on the creek. Tink always went along on these expeditions, and though Big Mac never condescended to say a kind word to the dog, he endured him without complaint.

One evening he did go so far as to ask Tom what kind of dog Tink was. Tom laughed. "Just dog, I guess. Why'd you want to know?"

"In some ways he ain't like other dogs," Big Mac said. "He's sort of different." He took a thoughtful puff at his pipe, then grunted, "Oh, hell—I ain't got no use for any of 'em!"

The villagers, Tom learned, didn't approve of his living with McLeod. The old man wasn't a fit associate for a growing boy, they said. Why, he was nothing but a lazy drunken old bachelor, and if Tom continued to live with him he'd turn out to be the same way. Big Mac laughed and told Tom to forget it.

On Saturday he worked as usual in Mr. Grinnell's store. Just before noon, Miss Emily Faber came in and asked him if he would have time to come over to her place and split some firewood for her. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I can do it after I get through at the church."

AT three o'clock he finished his janitor chores and went across the village to the Faber place. It was on a hill overlooking the harbor, an old solid-looking two-storied house of gray stone. Fifty years' growth of evergreens surrounded it, lending it a dignified, reserved look which never failed to awe Tom. As he worked through the chill, damp afternoon, the big house impressed him more than ever. Somehow it represented all those things he had always wanted and never had—security, comfort, warmth.

Tink suddenly gave a bark of delight. Tom saw with concern that the dog had spied Miss Emily's cat, a white long-haired animal said to be a thoroughbred Persian. "Tink! Here, Tink!" he commanded. But the dog was too engrossed in the pursuit of the bouncing white ball of fluff to halt. Tom dropped his ax and hurried in pursuit. The cat leaped into a tree and clawed its way up to a limb, where it crouched.

Tom jerked Tink back and gave him a sharp slap on the nose. "Leave it alone! Hear me?"

Tink gave him a hurt, puzzled look, then trotted dejectedly away. Tom climbed the tree, plucked the cat off the limb and carried it up to the back door of the house, where he knocked discreetly. When Miss Emily came to the door, he handed the animal to her, apologizing, "Tink got to chasing it."

She smiled and thanked him. "It's late," she said. "Won't you stay and have supper with me?"

He was hungry all right. He looked down at his hands, which were black and grimy. "I'm awful dirty."

She laughed. "I've plenty of soap and water."

Tom had never seen such a fine bathroom, all gleaming white porcelain and spotless glass. He scrubbed hard on his hands for ten minutes, trying to wash all the dirt off so that it wouldn't get on the snow-white towel Miss Emily had laid out for him. During the meal, which they ate in the high-ceiled old-fashioned dining room, he was careful to pick up the fragile-looking glass in both hands to make sure he didn't drop it.

Miss Emily kept saying things to make him feel at ease. "More milk, Tom? Try some of these pickles. I put them up myself."

When supper was over he pushed back his chair and said he guessed he'd better be going. She gestured him to sit down, saying, "Just a minute. I want to talk to you."

He sat down. "Yes, ma'am?"

She looked at him intently and asked, "Tom, do you like school?"

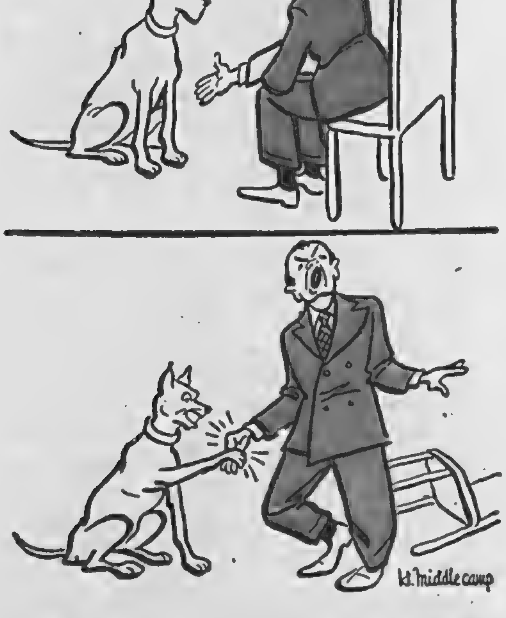
"Yes, ma'am."

"How would you like to go to college and really make something of yourself?"

"Why, I reckon I'd like that fine, ma'am."

"Then let me adopt you."

Tom sat staring down at the tablecloth, unable to answer at once. Miss Emily leaned forward, clasping her hands tightly together. "I have too much and you have too little. For years I've watched you grow up uncared for, wanting to take you in hand and give you what every child has a right to have. You see, if—if things had been different I might have had a son like you."



LIBERTY

"I—I don't know what to say."

"Then think it over tonight. And I hope you'll decide that you like me."

"I do like you, Miss Emily. But—"

She laughed. "You run along now. We'll talk again after church tomorrow."

TOM told Big Mac about it that evening. McLeod didn't think much of the idea and said so bluntly. "You ain't her kind."

"She said she'd send me to school," Tom argued. "Even to college, if I wanted to go. Guess I wouldn't have any trouble gettin' a job as a scaler if I went to college."

"Huh!" Big Mac grunted. "D'ye think she'd let you work at anything as rough as loggin'? More likely she'd try to make a lawyer or a preacher out of you."

"She's awful nice."

"On the outside, maybe. But wait'll she started tryin' to run your life. D'ye think you could go in that fine house of hers with muddy shoes? Could you sit down on one of them red plush chairs with dirty clothes on?"

Big Mac paused to relight his pipe, then looked at Tom and shrugged. "Course, it ain't none of my business what you do, one way or another. I sure ain't got no strings on you."

Tom didn't sleep much that night. He liked Big Mac, but he liked Miss Emily too, and he couldn't believe that the things Big Mac had said about her were true. Being adopted by Miss Emily would sort of be like having a real mother. But that cat, now—

He still hadn't made up his mind the next morning. Big Mac was grouchily silent at breakfast. But the people at church had plenty to say, Tom discovered. Everyone had heard of Miss Emily's offer and everyone approved. Reverend Walker told him he couldn't have found a finer woman for a foster mother, Mr. Grinnell said it certainly was a splendid opportunity for him, and people who never had bothered to speak to him made it a point to come up and shake his hand.

He could not stand against such whole-hearted approval. Miss Emily came up to him after church and asked, "Well, Tom?"

A sudden shyness made the blood rush to his face. He murmured, "If you still want me to, I'll come."

"I'm so glad! I'll rush right home and get your room ready. I can look for you this afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am. This afternoon."

Big Mac had dinner ready when he got back to the cabin. It was a good dinner—fresh-caught trout, canned corn, hot biscuits, and thick slices of potatoes fried in deep fat, but Tom wasn't very hungry. To make it look like he was eating a lot he managed to sneak a piece of fish off his plate now and then and drop it down to Tink. He kept wondering how he was going to break the news.

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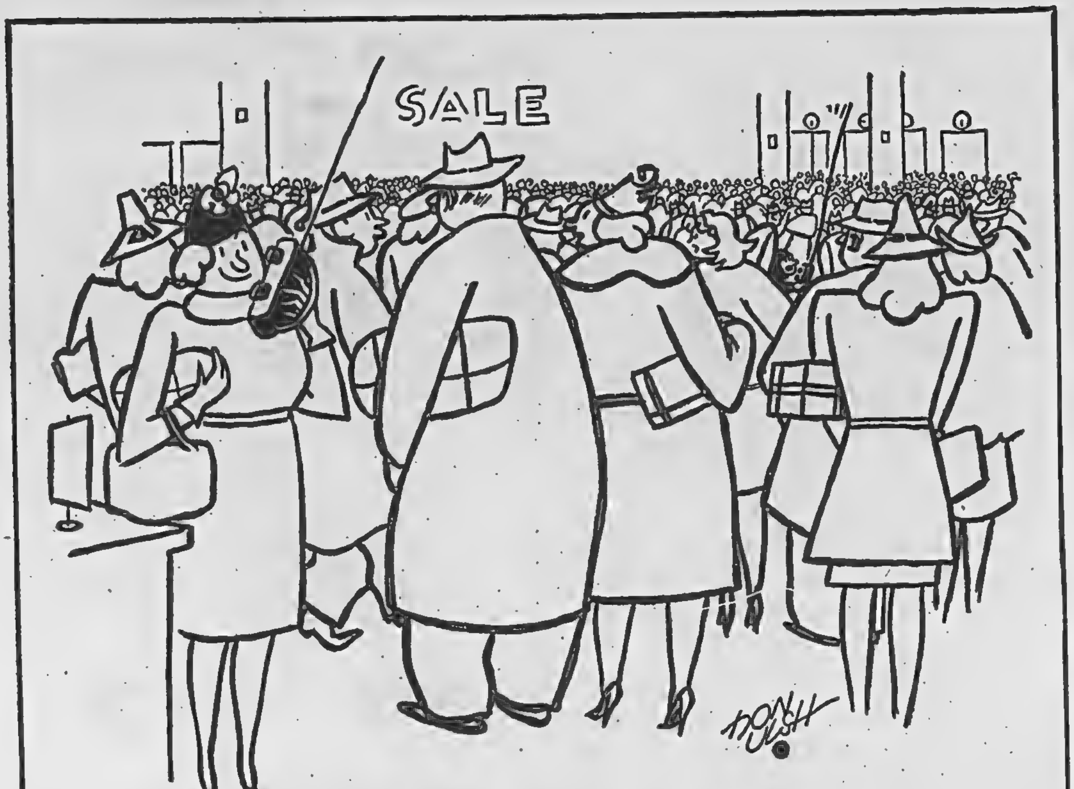


"Junior to Mama—Junior to Mama—over."

Then Big Mac looked up at him and said, "When you leavin'?"

Tom swallowed a bite of biscuit the wrong way. "This afternoon," he mumbled.

"Goin' to take your dog with you?"

"Sure."

"I'll bet him and that white cat of Miss Emily's will get along fine. Did you tell her you was bringin' him?"

Tom hadn't told her. The more he got to thinking about that white cat the surer he was that it wouldn't be a very good idea to walk into Miss Emily's with the dog. Maybe it'd be better if he left Tink with Big Mac until he'd talked it over with Miss Emily and fixed up some sort of place for the dog to stay.

HE asked McLeod if he'd mind keeping Tink for a couple of days. "Huh?" Big Mac grunted sourly. Then he looked down at Tink, who sat looking from one to the other in a hopeful attempt to beg another piece of fish. "Well, I reckon I can put up with him that long."

McLeod left the cabin while Tom packed his things. When he was done he put the bundle of clothes and books under his arm, picked up his gun, and went outside. Big Mac was sitting on a stump, stolidly smoking. Again the shyness came over Tom; he hadn't realized it would be so hard to say good-by.

"Well," he said finally, "guess I'll be goin'."

As he started to turn away, Big Mac grunted, "I've changed my mind about the dog. You'd better take him with you."

"But you promised—" Tom protested.

"Git him away from here," Big Mac said gruffly. "You know I got no use for dogs."

Tom whistled to Tink, the dog leaped up, and they went down the trail together. Tink turned once to bark a joyful good-by to Big Mac, who still sat on the stump staring down at his gnarled hands. But Tom kept looking doggedly ahead. He guessed the townspeople were right about Big Mac after all—he was nothing but a sour grouchy old man who hated people and dogs.

It was the nicest bedroom Tom had ever seen and the softest bed he had ever felt, but somehow he had trouble going to sleep that night. Lying in the dark room, he tossed restlessly, wondering what time it was, wondering if Big Mac was still sitting up staring into the fire, wondering how Tink liked it out in the carriage house.

Miss Emily had been nice enough about the dog, he had to admit. She said he could keep Tink. Only, he wouldn't be permitted to come in the house, of course, because he'd get the rugs all muddy and maybe bump into something and break it.

"You can keep him in the old carriage house," Miss Emily said generously. "Living in town this way, we can't let him run loose on the streets, but I'll buy you a nice chain and collar for him and you can take him for walks in the evening."

Tom didn't know whether Tink would like that collar-and-chain idea, but he reckoned the dog would have to get used to it. Just as he himself was having to get used to a lot of new things. Tomorrow morning, Miss Emily said, they would drive over to the county seat and get a lawyer to make out the adoption papers. She'd buy him some new clothes, too, a couple of dress-up suits, shirts with starched collars, neckties, new shoes, and a hat or two. He told her he didn't need a hat, but she laughed and said that he must wear one.

"All young gentlemen do," she told him. "Now that you're my boy I'm going to see to it that you dress well."

Thinking about it, Tom squirmed uncomfortably. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but the room was too dark and stuffy with the curtains drawn. He got up and pulled the curtains back.

It was a nice night, a cool breeze rustling the moonlit evergreens, making silver-and-black shadows ripple like swells on a calm sea. In the stillness he heard a plaintive whining.

That would be Tink out in the carriage house, complaining because he'd been left alone.

An odd hurt swelled in the boy's throat, a pain that he could find no reason for. Suddenly he whispered aloud, "You're homesick too, ain't you, Tink?"

Suddenly the walls of the house seemed to close in on him, stifling him, choking him so that he could not breathe. He didn't want fine clothes or a soft bed, he didn't want to be a lawyer or a preacher, he didn't want to be anything—he just wanted to be free.

Silently he moved away from the window and fumbled around the darkened room for his still unopened bundle of clothes and his gun.

THE moon told him it was after midnight when he and Tink came to the fork in the trail. Tink, to whom the escape from the carriage house and the long walk through the moonlit woods had been the gayest kind of lark, started to bark joyfully at the darkened cabin in the clearing ahead, but Tom gave him a warning cuff on the ear.

The boy stood for a moment looking at the cabin, then, setting his jaw hard to keep his lips from trembling, he turned off into the woods and set out at a fast walk along the trail which led toward the logging railroad. There would be a trainload of empties going back into the mountains shortly after daylight, he knew, and he figured to be on it. He couldn't stay in the community now —not after he'd run off from everybody who had tried to help him. Miss Emily would figure he was just as undependable and worthless as his father had been, he reckoned, and Big Mac certainly wouldn't want him around. Somewhere, some way, he'd get a job that would take care of himself and Tink.

He could hear Tink off in the undergrowth chasing an imaginary bear, and he whistled impatiently. An hour before daylight he reached the railroad, tired, hungry, and chilled. In the shelter of a boulder, he built a fire and sat down to wait for the train, wondering with irritation why Tink hadn't caught up with him. Fatigue crept over him, and warmed by the fire, he dropped his head into his arms and fell asleep. . . .

Tink was licking at his face. Someone was gently shaking his shoulder and calling his name. He opened his eyes to find the sun bright and Tink leaping upon him with joy. Big Mac was there too.

"You shouldn't have followed me," Tom murmured.

Big Mac laughed. "It was Tink's idea. He come scratchin' at the cabin door last night and woke me up. When I let him in, he kept actin' like he'd lost something out in the woods—so I figured I'd better have a look. Why did you run away?"

"I couldn't stay with Miss Emily. And I figured you wouldn't want me and Tink back—what with hating dogs like you do."

BIG MAC was silent for a long while. Tom saw a mist glistening in the old man's eyes.

"Listen, son." McLeod said thickly. "A long time ago I had a boy like you and a dog like Tink, and I loved 'em like nothing else in this world. They went hunting together one day and never came back, and it was just like a big piece had been cut out of my middle. I swore I'd never let anybody get so deep under my skin again—it hurts too much when they're gone—but, some way, you and that durned fool dog of yours have done just that." A slow smile cracked the leathery face. "Why do you think I made you take Tink with you to Miss Emily's if it wasn't because I knew that was the surest way to bring you back to me? Let's go and fix some flapjacks, son."

Tom suddenly felt hungrier than he had ever been in his life. Nobody could cook flapjacks like Big Mac could. Tink, barking with joy as they started back down the trail, nipped playfully at Big Mac's trouser leg. For a moment Tom held his breath. But Big Mac chuckled and cuffed the dog on the ear. "You lop-eared mutt!" he said gently.

THE END

TAKE THIS, YOU RAT!

Continued from Page 17

Richter's experiments led him right into the middle of the war of Man versus Rat. He found the back door open and before he knew exactly what he was doing he was on the inside.

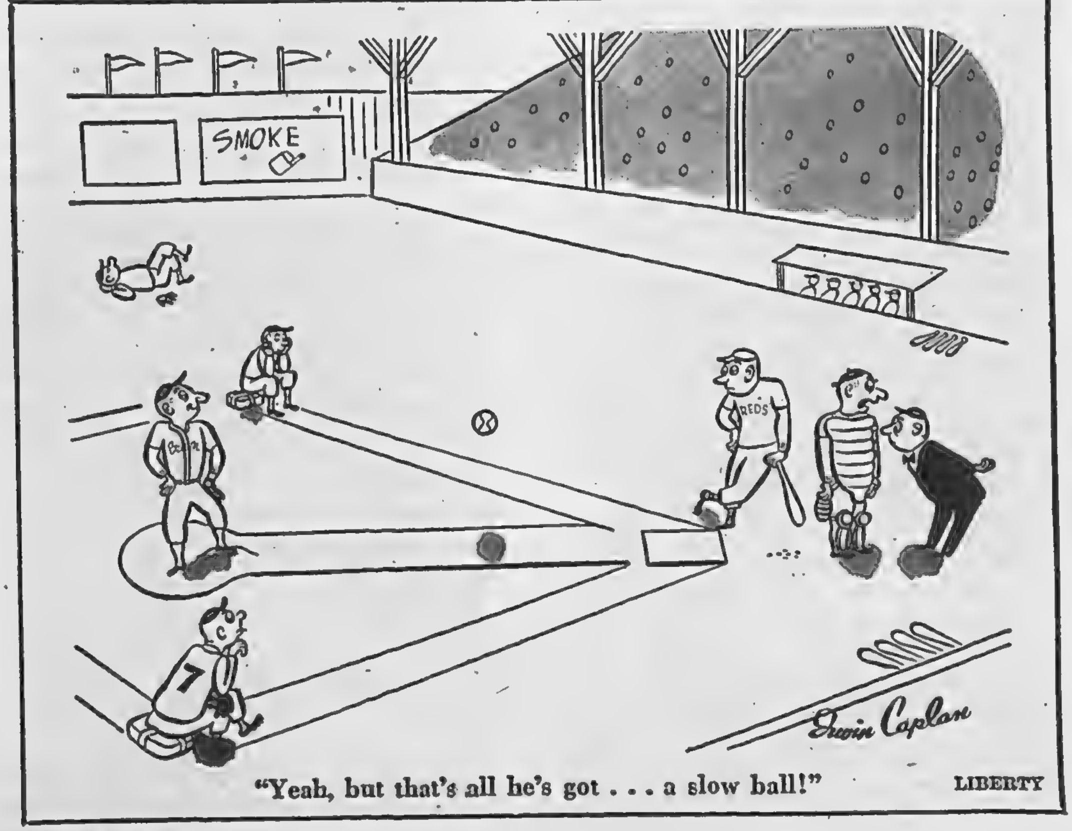
Richter was studying the instincts which enable wild animals to select just the amounts and kinds of food they need for their proper development and health. He worked with rats because they have taste reactions almost identical with our own.

Our own health depends largely on the amounts and kinds of food we eat. There is a good deal of evidence to show that we begin life with the same priceless instincts the animals have. If our overanxious elders would let us select our food as the wild animals do—trusting our inborn instincts—we might develop into a bigger, huskier, even a brainier race.

This thought has fascinated many scientists. It fascinated Richter. Through his rats he hoped to learn just how the taste instinct works, noting their reactions to extremely bitter substances, extremely sweet ones, and so on.

Now phenyl thiourea has the bitterest taste of any substance known. But there is one strange thing about it. Certain persons are unable to taste it at all. Extensive tests have shown that this is true of about three out of ten Americans, about seven out of twenty Arabs, but only about six out of a hundred Chinese! This inability to taste phenyl thiourea actually runs in families. It may be an inherited characteristic of the type known to scientists as a Mendelian recessive.

Richter wanted to know whether the same curious difference existed



"Yeah, but that's all he's got . . . a slow ball!"

LIBERTY

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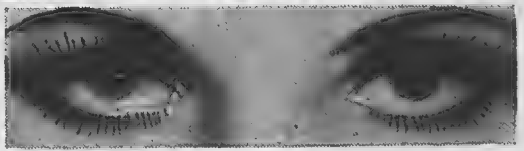

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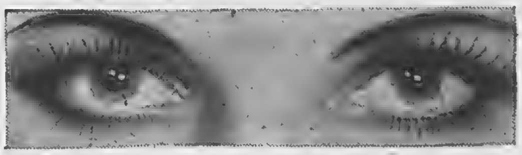

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among rats. So he took some crystals of phenyl thiourea and touched them lightly to the tongues of his laboratory animals. The rats didn't mind at all. None of them seemed to taste the stuff. That was surprising enough. Here was one substance—one among hundreds—that people could taste and rats could not.

And then—to top that—the rats died.

Richter mixed phenyl thiourea in the drinking water and gave it to other rats. The same thing happened. They took it as readily as though it were plain water. And all of them died. The further Richter ventured, the stranger the whole thing became.

For post mortems showed that phenyl thiourea affected rats in a very odd way. It did not act like other poisons. The rats died of something that looked very much like acute pleurisy. Their chest cavities and their lungs filled with water. They literally drowned!

Here was a puzzle and a challenge. Years of study had suggested why rats are hard to poison. They have an uncanny instinct for avoiding foods that are harmful. The same instinct might warn them if food had been poisoned. Phenyl thiourea seemed to be the exception to the rule. Might Richter have stumbled on the answer to bubonic plague, to typhus, and all the other rat-borne ills of mankind?

BUT wait. Richter's laboratory rats were tame, amiable little fellows. They were descended from generations bred in captivity. They were unable to sense the hidden menace in phenyl thiourea. But would their wild cousins be as easy to fool? Richter was too good a scientist to overlook that possibility. So he and his assistants put on hunting clothes and made for the city dump.

They found the wild rats almost impossible to capture alive. But they managed to bring back a few. And this time Richter had guessed right. The wild rats would touch neither food nor water that contained lethal amounts of phenyl thiourea!

At this point most men would have given the whole thing up. What good is a poison that kills only tame rats? But Richter had to find out what, if anything, was on the other side of the fence.

Phenyl thiourea is a member of a large family. Many of the thioureas had been developed by Du Pont chemists in the days when this country was trying to establish its own dye industry. Many of them had proved to have other uses. The simplest chemical of the group, called simply thiourea, is fed to patients with overactive thyroid glands. Richter decided it might be worth while to get acquainted with phenyl thiourea's other relatives.

From the big laboratories of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. he got, in all, more than 200 different compounds that were either derived from thiourea or closely related to it. One of the very first of these proved as deadly to wild rats as phenyl thiourea had been to tame ones. The label on the bottle said: alpha-naphthyl-thiourea. Richter shortened the jawbreaker to ANTU.

GEO. RECKAS
S KURVE AHEAD

"All four tires blew out at once!"
LIBERTY

It was about time to let the government in on the secret. As a pure chemical for laboratory experiment, ANTU was cheap. It cost only about four dollars a pound. And it took only one 200,000th of a pound to kill the toughest rat Richter could find! Enthusiastic over the Richter report, Washington sent money to carry on the experiments.

The standard rat poison is red squill, favored because it is not dangerous to pets or human beings. Comparison showed ANTU to be twenty to forty times as effective. The most deadly raticide then in use was thallium sulfate. Richter found that ANTU was more than twice as deadly. Furthermore, it was virtually a specific for the common "brown" or Norway rat, the chief pest both here and abroad.

THIS thiourea business had taken Richter into a sort of scientific never-never land. He began to expect a fresh surprise each morning. For instance, it took seven times as much ANTU to kill a young rat as it took to kill his great-great grandfather, though older rats are tougher in most respects. Meat-eating rats were killed more easily than vegetarians, though meat eaters are tougher and fiercer. ANTU stopped the hair from growing. Phenyl turned black rats into gray rats, but did not stop the hair from growing.

If Richter carefully fed his rats minute quantities of ANTU, they could build up a tolerance high enough to swallow fifty times the normal lethal dose without being affected. But if afterward they got no ANTU for thirty or forty days they lost this tolerance and would again be killed by a dose of only eight 100,000ths of an ounce.

Yet there were more fences to be jumped. In fact, they stretched ahead as far as Dr. Richter could see. Then he began to study the living habits of wild rats.

It seemed impossible, to begin with, to get enough of them. Richter and his assistants tried every kind of rattrap on the market. They all looked pretty silly to a shrewd old rat. But one man living in the Baltimore slums had invented a homemade trap that worked better than anything on the market. Richter got high-school boys to make a thousand of the new kind of trap and set them out on the city dump. From then on he was never short of rats.

He designed special pens and other apparatus with which to observe rat behavior. Wild rats are savage and highly dangerous to handle. But Dr. John Emlen, a young associate of Richter, proved more than a match for them. Using parts of an umbrella and an old sock, he designed an ingenious device with which lab assistants could safely catch and handle thirty to forty caged wild rats an hour.

THEN came the final and biggest hurdle. A rat poison might work wonderfully in the laboratory, but would it work outside?

There was no shortage of rats in Baltimore. The city was having a rat scare that more than matched Cleveland's, or Washington's, or Atlanta's. The area right around Johns Hopkins Hospital was one of the worst. In fact, between 1939 and 1943, ninety-four cases of severe rat bite—60 per cent of the victims babies under a year old—were rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment. Baltimore's city government was deluged with demands that something drastic be done about the rats. Such was the excitement that Richter had no trouble getting volunteers to help him in his work. He also was eager to test the theory that "a rat probably hates to cross the street."

Exterminators, all volunteers, of course, were divided into teams. Each team covered a city block at a time. Carefully coached themselves, they enlisted the help of at least one person in each building. The teams distributed their poisoned bait on one afternoon, then followed up with a careful check-up of results the next day. After that, the first reappearance of rats was to be reported instantly by people living in the block. It worked like a charm. One of the first blocks treated turned up more than a hundred dead rats next morning. And as the work went on, certain blocks were skipped in order to see whether the rats left there would migrate into adjacent blocks.

They didn't.

Residents of some of the first blocks treated haven't seen a rat in two and a half years, though Richter knows there are rats still living in adjacent blocks right across the street.

MORE laboratory discoveries were put to work in the campaign. Richter knew—contrary to common belief—rats try to keep their bodies clean. Exterminators need not rely on poisoned baits alone. Using pump guns, Richter's volunteers blew ANTU into burrows. They mixed it with flour and dusted it along rat runs. Finding a foreign substance on his fur or paws, a rat would try to lick it off. So there was a way of poisoning even the wise old rat that wouldn't be fooled by poisoned bait.

Once the system was worked out, three well-trained men could take care of a city block in three hours of a single afternoon. The volunteers plowed ahead until they had cleaned up a whole district. The proof that Richter knew what he was doing was overwhelming. So at the beginning of 1945 the city administration took the job over and put it under the street-cleaning department.

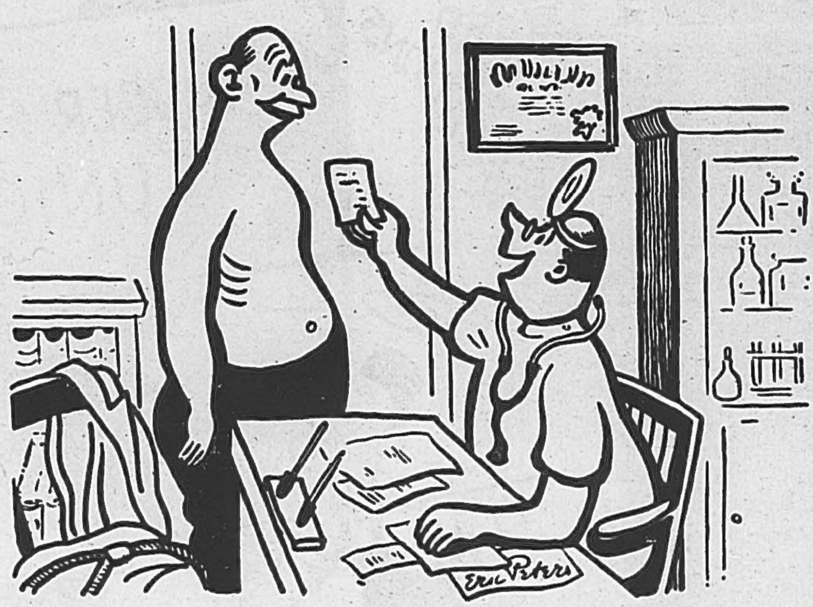
How serious the problem was is shown by the fact that in 1945 the Baltimore Rodent Control Office got 3,678 emergency calls and 3,613 letters about rats. In twelve months 156,210 dead rats were collected, and exterminators believe the rodents actually killed would reach three times that number. More than two thirds of the city area has been freed of rats, and regular inspections by volunteers guarantee that the pests will never return in sufficient numbers to be a menace.

Du Pont researchers working with exterminators in infested warehouses, dumps and stores, report almost 100 per cent control. However, they emphasize that to get best results, ANTU must be used liberally and hence precautions should be taken to keep valuable animals in restraint during the overnight period recommended for an ANTU-rat blitz. All unconsumed baits should be carefully removed before animals are released.

Dr. Richter, meanwhile, is digging deeper into the instincts of the wily rat. How does a rat know what he likes?

Is it by smell or taste, or both? Rats with their olfactory nerves removed, and others with their sense of taste destroyed, choose their foods under Dr. Richter's watchful eye. By their behavior in specially designed pens, by their reactions to the stimuli of various drugs, others teach him how the rat mind works. Bit by bit he's learning everything we need to know to drive this ancient enemy out of our cities and away from our farms. ANTU is now coming on the market and soon will be available in stores nationally. From now on, the rat that outguesses us will have to be good!

THE END



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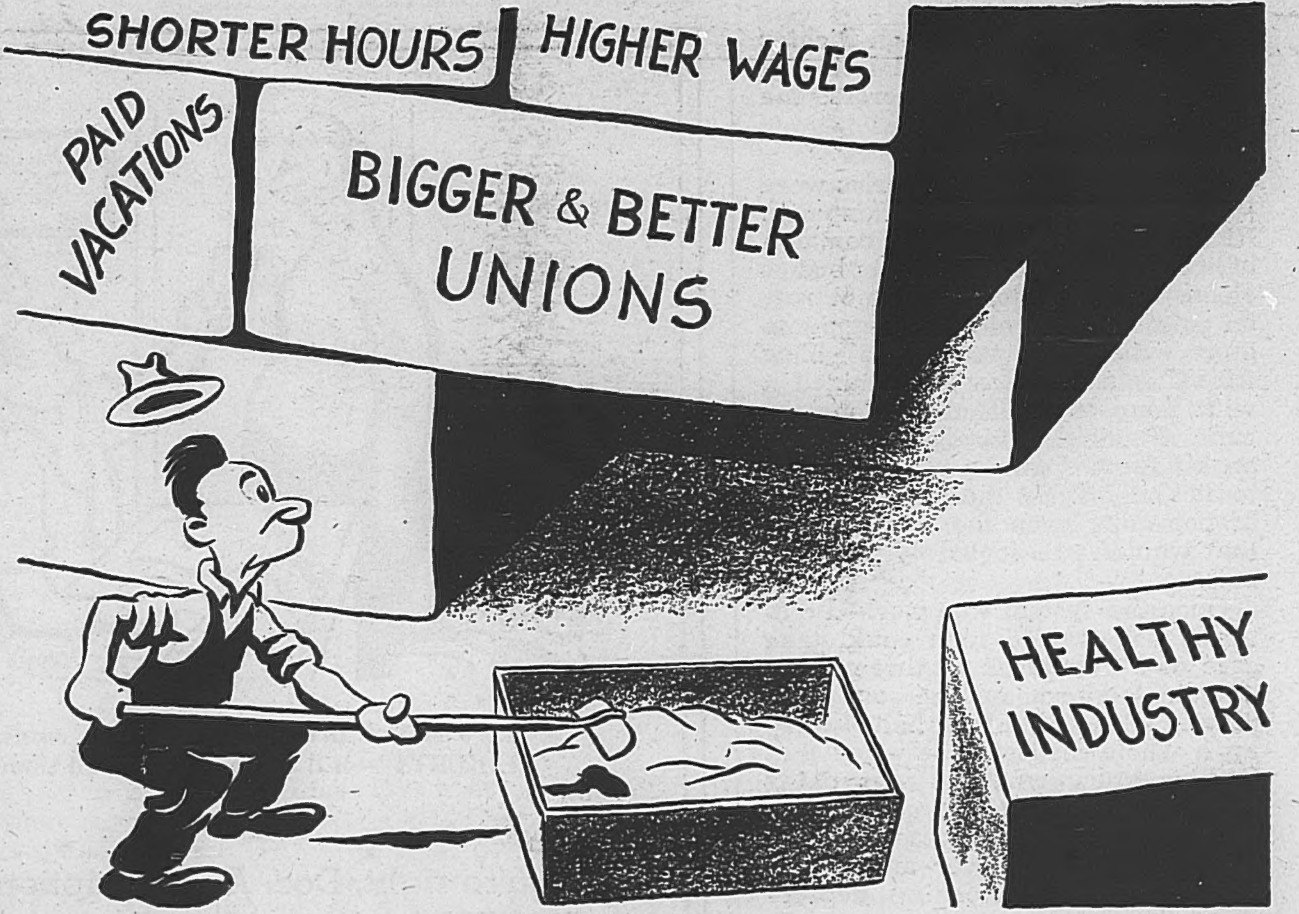


THE CORNERSTONE OF UNIONISM

NEARLY all important leaders of American labor are emphatic in their expressions of faith in our free economic system, yet only rarely do their remarks indicate an understanding of this system and its workings.

To judge by their public statements, labor leaders seem to think the most important business in America is the "union business." They constantly sell their membership the idea that bigger and better unions are all that are needed to make them prosperous and happy. Little or no recognition is given to the fact that before unions can exist at all, *industry* must be healthy and successful.

Now, it stands to reason a union and its members can be happy and prosperous only if the industry in which it operates is prosperous. For example, the United Automobile Workers are, first of all, in the automobile business. Their individual economic welfare and the welfare of their union will vary according to whether the business of making and selling automobiles is good or bad. Yet no recognition whatever of this fact was apparent in the recent manifesto outlining union policy issued by President Walter Reuther of U.A.W.

Reuther's statement to the public concerned itself with the need to promote solidarity in the union, shorter hours, more pay, longer vacations, equal wages for equal work, union security, etc. All of these are legitimate union objectives. However, none can be realized unless the industry from which Mr. Reuther and his members draw their living is itself prosperous and able to make constant technological progress so that it can produce more cars for more people at less cost.

This truth seems so self-evident that it is remarkable no recognition of it was included in the union's expression of policy. The future welfare of the union would seem to call for recognition of the advisability, in fact the absolute need, of promoting growth, expansion, and economic health in the auto industry.

The automobile union is used here merely as an illustration. The same observations can be applied to the public statements of the leaders of nearly all the major unions. There are some notable exceptions, to be sure.

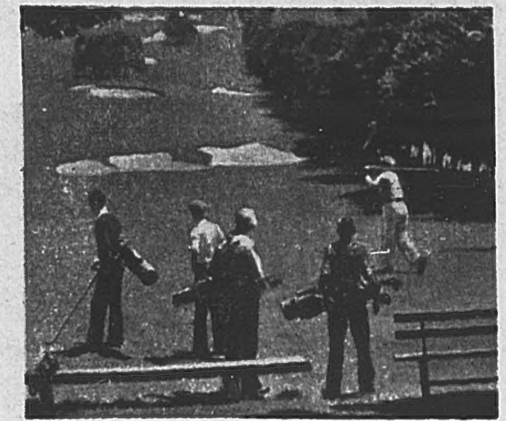
Labor leaders who believe in a free economic system, which we must retain if labor itself is to remain free, would do well to reacquaint themselves with the fundamental objectives of unionism in a free economy. Bigger and better unions can assure their members of a proper and growing share in the fruits of enterprise. They can protect their members against any exploitation by unenlightened employers.

But unionism itself is not a business. It cannot create one additional dollar of wealth to be whacked up. However, by promoting increased production, it can be a powerful factor in the creation of additional wealth, and this should be its primary objective.

Paul Hunter

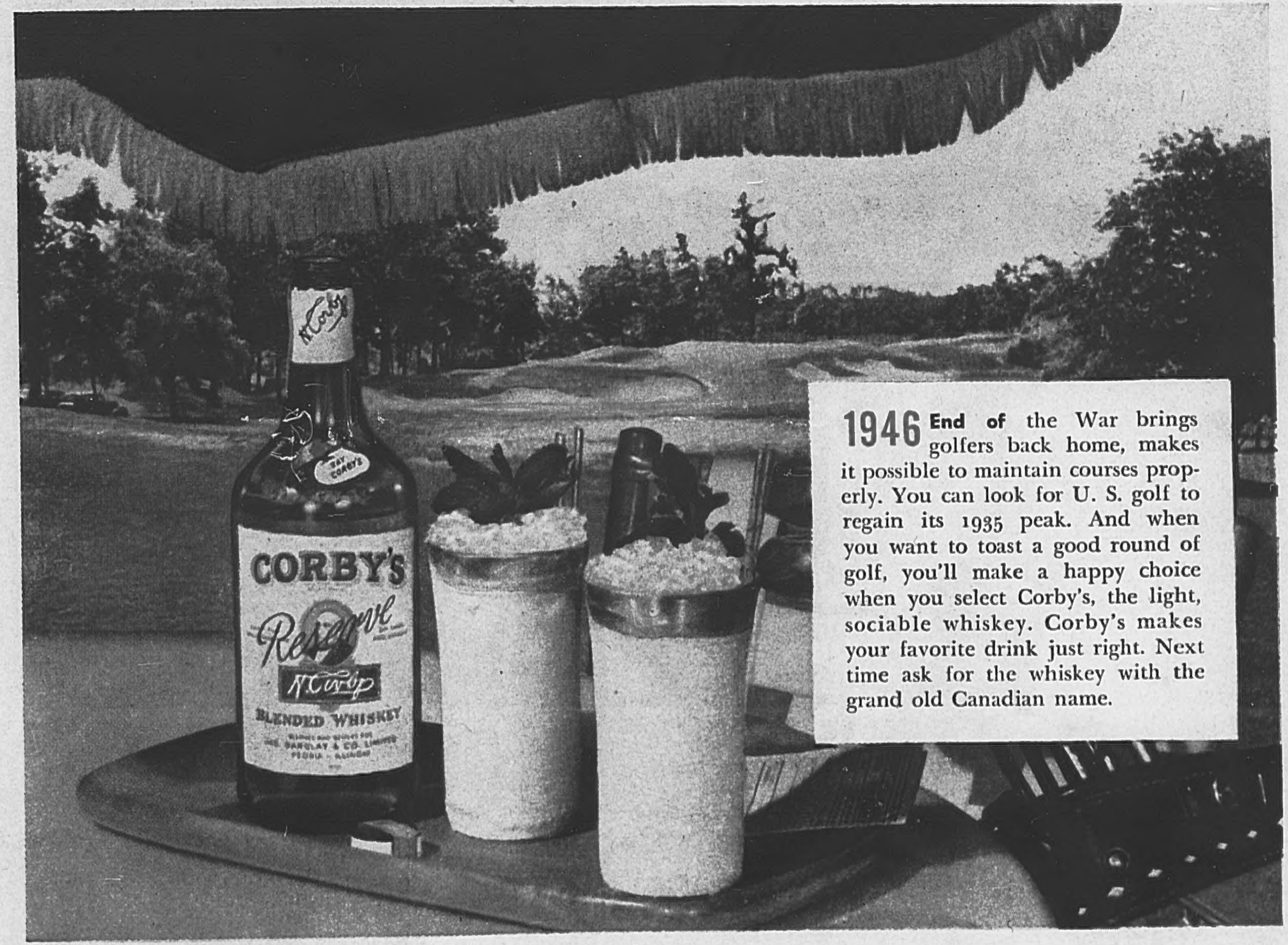
Short, short story for golfers

1864 **If you're one** of this country's millions of golfers, here's how you got that way: 82 years ago, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for six years, the first golf club was formally organized in England.



1913 **Through the years,** Englishmen perfected the game, but only a few Americans played golf. Then in 1913, when Corby's reached its 55th year of Canadian fame, a Boston caddy defeated the world's top players in match play.

1935 **Golf was news** in Corby's 77th year as a great Canadian name. There were 5,727 courses and 13 million players in the U. S. An American golfer had won the British Open, British Amateur, U. S. Open and U. S. Amateur in a single season.



1946 **End of** the War brings golfers back home, makes it possible to maintain courses properly. You can look for U. S. golf to regain its 1935 peak. And when you want to toast a good round of golf, you'll make a happy choice when you select Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey. Corby's makes your favorite drink just right. Next time ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blend*
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5
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